

Alright

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1,2,3,4,5,6,7

1,2,3,4,5,6,7,
flutters of the eyelids,
and a smile from her,
and I,
I am in heaven.
And waiting,
waiting happily,
as she runs towards me,
as if in slow motion,
with her arms outstretched,
in a gentle motion,
and with her,
perfume filling the air,
so delicately and flagrantly,
oh, how wonderful it is,
and how wonderful is she,
as she runs towards me,
and her eyes,
they light up with delight,
and she is poetry in motion,
beautiful and elegant,
and soft and glorious,
in her physicality,
and tender in her emotions,
and I,
I am happily lost,
lost in her eyes,
lost as if upon an ocean.

4.25 AM

4.25 AM,
my eyes were blinking rapidly in R.E.M,
yes, at 4.25 AM,
my mind was full of dreams and moonbeams,
in the quiet of the night,
under my roof,
in my house by the cherry tree,
yes, at 4.25 AM,
with my eyes blinking rapidly in R.E.M,
as my girlfriend she watched wide awake,
with her arms wrapped around me,
and she smiled,
she smiled at me,
and shone her love light on me,
and her eyes they sparkled in the moonlight,
as she lay beside me,
with her heart beating next to mine and she,
she was happy as can be she told me.
Oh, what a wonder love is,
true love,
a silent love,
love whilst asleep,
silent,
elegant,
romantic beauty,
a happy memory of hers,
and now,
now a happy memory of me.

Alright

What words are there to say to you my darling daughter,
except it is true,
yes, I have shuffled off this mortal coil,
but please, do not feel blue,
please, do not feel blue,
because I had a good life,
I had a good life with your mother and you.
Yes, it is goodbye,
but please, please do not sigh,
yes, please do not sigh, or cry,
but look at the sun and think of me,
and let the warmth fill you inside,
and although I am no more,
please, think of me happily as time goes by,
think of me as time goes by with a smile on your face,
and with no tears of misery,
because life is far too short,
and unfortunately, life for time is far too fast a race,
so, my darling daughter think of me often,
and think of me happily,
and think of our best times together,
because I am in a different place,
I am in a different place looking down on you,
and wanting you to be happy,
yes, so please, remember me with a smile on your face,
and remember our happy times with joy in your heart,
and a smile on your face,
and let there be no tears,

no tears at all,
and no frowns,
because time and history,
time and history cannot be changed,
but, my darling, please remember this,
think of the good times that we had together,
and when you read this,
when you read this,
think of this as a cuddle and a kiss,
yes, think of this as a cuddle and a kiss.

Amongst

I lay,
amongst the memories,
amongst the letters,
amongst the photographs,
on the bed,
with clear memories,
and also, hazy memories drifting through my head,
yes, memories,
memories of places been,
and conversations with friends,
and happy days and sad days,
and blue skies and greys,
and the beauties of the world,
and the worlds ugly realities,
passing through my mind,
and also, such joy passing through my heart and my head,
and oh, what a wonder it is,

what a wonder, the visions that I have seen,
and the emotions that I have felt, and the experiences,
glorious ebullient wonderful times that I slumber in,
as the sunlight through the windows, it filters in,
and what relaxation there is in my imagination,
as I revisit them,
and as I think of them,
and the glow of happiness it fills me from within,
my eyelids they slowly begin to close,
as I think of the things that I still want to do,
and the places that I wish to visit,
and as I do, I fall asleep,
and I dream, I dream of them and of new possibilities,
in the sunlight amongst my old memories,
in the warmth of the day, as my mind it whirls away,
and I sleep,
I sleep in between the old memories and the new,
and to far off destinations, I do travel,
to sights that I have never seen,
and I meet people that I have never met,
and it is a wonderful dream,
a goal, a dream within a dream,
time out of life, time in between,
the future and the past,
as I go forwards and backwards in a dream,
and there is happiness and excitement and anticipation
with the body asleep,
and the mind it is filled with bombastic activity,
yes, oh, the brain, what a wonderful machine,
what a wonderful machine.

Awake

Awake,
waiting in the low light,
forsaken,
nothing bright,
just rain,
and trees,
and leaves blowing in the breeze,
and the silhouettes of the shadows,
they bend and vanish as they please,
but not me,
I march on,
I march on determinedly,
I march on trying to avoid the bitter icy raindrops,
the icy rain drops that bombard me,
as I walk down from the mountaintop,
and as I walk the flash of lightning,
and the roar of thunder it hurries me,
and faster and faster I run,
with my heart beating in anticipation,
as the lightning it strikes without hesitating,
and my legs they walk as fast as they can,
in trepidation,
oh, what power the heavens have,
and what a glory the storm it is in my vision,
the storm that leaves me with palpitations,
yes, it is a life or a death moment,
because the lightning could decide to take me,
from the Earth in a moment of angry frustration,

but I,
I march on,
I march on with the heavens above so dark,
and gloomy yet briefly filled with light,
as down the path I walk,
with a wariness but with great delight,
oh, what grand power the heavens have,
and nature that casts,
such a beguiling spell before my eyes, before my eyes,
oh, what glorious variation and surprise,
sound and light, anxiety, and mild fright,
as I march on,
as the sound of thunder booms above my head,
and I march on rapidly down,
the mountain top in the fearsome night.

Belonging

I am longing to belong,
and I have longed,
and I have felt empty for so long,
and for so long,
and this heartbreak,
it has gone on,
and this pain, oh, how it has dragged on,
and this demonic devilry taunting me
and haunting me inside,
that has not yet allowed me to move on,
it has so cruelly torn at my heart and my mind,
shattering me into pieces,

and leaving me devoid of form,
and it has left me truly lost inside,
and not knowing,
where I truly belong,
yes, I am blank,
void,
empty,
with a wasteland of ill content inside me,
where nothing is right,
and where everything is wrong,
and sadness it is like a lake,
that I am drowning in,
inside,
sadness yes,
filling me,
and I am a misery,
and I am not like me,
and how it went wrong,
how?
Well, I left you,
I left you,
After disagreeing with you about what you wanted,
and what I did,
and I was wrong,
wrong,
wrong,
so very wrong,
and now, I am lost with no way back,
oh, what a stupid thing I have done,
what a stupid thing I have done.

Black

Black sky,
warm heart,
dressed in my coat and hat,
and looking up into the pitch-black night,
gazing up at the stars,
as the clouds are scattered by the winds,
and the meteors they shoot across the sky in majestic arcs,
and as the moon it glows,
reflecting the sunshine's ebullient revelry,
I stand beguiled, awed by its beautiful majesty,
nature at its finest and so filled with creation,
death and tragedy.
Oh, what a wonder they are,
heavens highest glories,
yes, the highest that humans can see,
and what high praise I do have for thee,
and oh, how my heart and my eyes,
at the sight they delight in the effervescent light,
that filters into me,
and here as I stand under a solitary tree,
the leaves they do fall so gently,
and so beautifully to the ground,
and oh, how the sight of the heavens,
does so greatly move me as I stand in the blackest of nights,
in the freshest of breezes,
under the stars that twinkle,
and display their glories for all to see,
and, what a wonder the sight is,

and how elegantly they capture my heart the stars,
because here for hours and hours,
I can happily stand gazing up at the night sky,
pondering the glorious firmament above me,
wondering of the time it took to create,
and wondering how such beauty exploded,
from such violent chaos,
that does away my breath take,
that does take my breath away,
in awe at the sight that does delight,
on an autumn evening,
by the log fire that will keep me warm all night,
and as I revel in the majesty of the heavens,
whose cloak of stars so gloriously,
spreads itself across the sky,
my mind it whirls at a million miles an hour,
and my brain it asks countless questions,
of what, how, and why,
and oh, what a beauty it is the night,
with such glorious light,
reflecting into thine eyes from the heavens above,
from the glorious heavens so wise,
so wise to be able to create such magnificence above,
and oh, what a glorious universe it is,
that from which I was born and that I do so love,
and that fills me up inside with the magic of its light,
and when I look at it and when I revel in it,
there is heaven in my heart,
and heaven in my mind,
and there is heaven in my eyes,

yes, oh, what a glorious wonder thou art,
for thou takest my heart like a thief,
but I do not mind, I do not mind you being so brief,
because you always amaze me,
and are most welcoming,
and I am happy for you to steal my heart away,
in the black of night,
as I stand by the log fire,
and I sigh,
I sigh as the meteors fly across the sky,
a sight, oh so beautiful,
and magical and brief,
and the universe in its age,
it watches them at play,
and I admire them,
the whole night through,
and it is not enough for me,
no, not enough majesty,
so, whilst the sun,
it warms me so beautifully,
I wander across the magnificent heavens,
in my dreams,
and dance upon the moonbeams,
and then, when I awake,
I start the day so happily,
with a smile upon my face,
grateful for the creation of the universe,
that so happily does my soul take,
and that I will always carry,
I will always carry in the nights wake.

Cataclysmic

Grey skies,
sad eyes,
cataclysmic shocks.
Vicious words,
hurt and pain,
heart breaks,
whiskey bottles,
broken windows and teardrops,
teardrops filled with sorrow,
more than an ocean or a seas worth it seems,
and seismic waves,
seismic waves of misery,
yes, nothing new,
but always terrible it is true when heartbreak comes to play,
and how devastating it is when heartbreak shatters your
mind and your mood.
Goodbye happy you,
goodbye happy you.

Cloud

Clouds,
clouds hanging around,
and me wishing I was so calm,
wishing I was so calm and floating so free,
but unfortunately, it is not currently me,
it is not currently me,
because you have discombobulated me,

you have irritated me,
and you have annoyed me,
and you have disturbed me,
by being combative,
for no reason at all logically,
yes, damn you and your combative illogicality,
damn you,
and your anger over something so truly innocuous,
yes, there was truly no need for it,
but that is jealousy,
that is jealousy,
and with it,
how you have discombobulated me,
and I sit here,
wishing I could escape from it,
but wherever I will go,
it will still be in me,
and I wish it wasn't so,
but I can only hope,
I can only hope that one day you will see,
that it is no good for either of us,
and it definitely is not the way,
that our relationship should be,
and I wish you,
were like the clouds,
hanging around so tranquilly,
but unfortunately,
but unfortunately,
you are more like a storm,
upon a raging sea.

Come together

Come together forever,
and help dispel this curse from humanity,
and let us no more see,
let us no more see, the starving and the thirsty,
no, let there not be, please, let there not be,
millions of people continuing to die so needlessly,
because what sickness it is that we,
that we as humanity, have not done enough to eradicate,
starvation and drought from humanity,
and starvation and drought, it truly should not be,
because is it not terrible enough that we,
we the human race have to our great disgrace,
not done enough,
and have we, have not seen it far too often enough,
and have we not listened to stories about it,
on the radio far too often,
and have we have not,
thrown huge amounts of money at the problem,
without the permanent solution never being found,
yes, it appears that we have,
and haven't we treated our fellow humans badly enough,
and for far too long,
and haven't we made them suffer far more than enough?
Yes, it is horrific that in the twenty first century,
with enough food and water for all on the planet,
that this problem continues to persist,
and us letting it happen continually,
it is truly, truly insanity!

Crow

A crow,
a beautiful crow,
as elegant and as black as night,
with fast eyes it rapidly surveys the world before it,
as it sits upon a fence post,
gazing at the sunrise,
warming its bones as it looks to fly.
How calm it seems,
and I wonder about what it dreams at night,
and I wonder in the day where it will go,
when the sky is so blue and so full of light,
as it flies into the air and it hovers upon the breeze,
oh, what a view it must be,
what a view it must be,
and what a delight it is to me,
as it glides so gently across the sky,
in such genteel movements,
there one moment,
and then gone quickly past in the blink of an eye.

Darkened clouds

A few solitary darkened clouds,
moving across my eyes,
with not much light at all outside,
except for the fire that I sit besides,
in the woods, as the leaves fall from the trees,
and the shelter it covers me,

and the beauty of the stars they envelope me,
and inspire me,
as the moon glows bright,
and I sit under the magic of the glorious night,
mesmerised,
and beguiled,
with my brain racing through countless thoughts,
trying to capture the mood of the times,
and the light that shines down into my eyes,
how wonderful it is,
and how beautiful a night,
writing poetry by the fireside.

Dumb

Dumb,
delicate and destructive,
your moods,
your moods,
yes, they are not attractive,
not attractive to me at all,
for you are like a nuclear bomb,
when you come to call,
and you always explode ferociously with such intensity,
that sometimes I wonder,
after a heated argument what I see in you at all,
yes, in that moment I think what do I see?
I know not, I know not but there is good in you,
yes, please don't get me wrong,
it is just that your moods they scare me,

and the arguments are painful,
and they make not much sense to me at all,
and I am mostly left,
decimated by your hot headedness,
and my heart far too often,
it is metaphorically splattered all over the walls,
and in a bloody mess,
as away on my knees,
from your verbal ferocities I crawl,
oh, yes,
what good is it at all,
what good?
Should we end it all,
should we,
no,
no,
that is not what I want,
and I cannot drag myself away from you,
and I hope that you will,
mellow eventually,
but until then I am a martyr to your moods,
and I suffer but there is far more love for you,
than the pain that I sometimes suffer,
because of you,
and yes, there is good in you,
and you,
you just need to understand yourself better,
yes, love is never easy,
but how boring it would be,
if there were no disagreements at all.

Flowers in a vase

Flowers in a vase,
sunlight shining through,
colours bright and beautiful,
and fragrances rising up that delight the senses,
as the view,
it leaves you with a smile on your face,
and your heart,
how it lifts up so gloriously,
as you do,
as you do my love,
who before me sit,
you with your caring heart,
your tenderness and your gentleness,
and your spirit, and your courage and your bravery,
and your intellect and your wit,
a determined lady,
a determined lady never one to quit,
and always one to fight,
oh, how beautifully you sit before me,
with your hair long gone,
and with cancer inside you,
as you hold my hand with such fortitude and strength,
and with a smile upon your face,
and full of goodness and good graces,
and laughter,
and despite the seriousness of cancer,
you do not show fear,
no, you do not show fear one little bit,

and I admire you, I admire you for your courage,
your bravery and your true grit,
yes, you, the love of my love,
who smiles so bright despite the battle that you are going
through, yes, my darling,
you are the bravest person that I know,
whose warmth could melt all the winter snows,
and who I know will never quit,
yes, you, my darling who will give all you can give,
to live, live, live,
and oh, how I love you,
how I love every little bit,
every little bit of you,
my brave fighter,
the love of my life,
smiling so beautifully before me,
yes, my darling,
who despite all adversity will never give up the fight,
and who will fight with all her might both day and night,
yes, how I admire you,
and how I love you,
how I love every little bit,
every little bit of you,
my darling whose eyes shine so bright,
and who will give all that she has to give,
in the battle against cancer,
and will never quit,
will never quit fighting,
no, no, no, not one little bit,
no, she is not a quitter at all.

Fury

Fury and agony,
aaaaaaaagh,
you've not seen anything,
but get away from me before I unleash all my fury,
all my fury onto who knows what,
and with what consequences I am not sure,
yes, please take them away,
take away this suffering from me,
take it away!
I beg of thee,
because my heart and my mind is torn apart,
and the shadows inside me,
are threatening to explode out of me and cover up the sun,
and I am done with the pain,
I am truly done with it,
so, no more,
no more I beg of you,
I cannot take it anymore,
yes,
yes, please, do not torture me anymore,
and do not belittle and do not hound me anymore,
I beg of thee,
oh, curse these voices inside my head,
curse them all,
please,
please,
I beg of thee,
no more, no more!!!!

I cannot take it anymore,
and my mind,
oh, my mind how it tortures me,
oh, these voices,
these voices inside my head,
please,
please,
I beg of thee,
no more,
no more!!!!

Getting away

Getting away, from the chaos of the day and modern society,
oh, what a joy it is to be headed to the blue ocean,
where the boats play,
and the people they lay upon the beaches,
so happily, every day, under the bluest of skies,
with happiness in their eyes, as the seagulls fly so high,
and the people they sit and lay upon the sandy beaches,
mesmerised and beguiled by the waves,
waves that crash upon the shore,
with a glorious roar, as relaxation calms the mind,
and so easily with no persuasion, no persuasion needed,
as people sit in glorious beauty upon the beach,
where such wonder does fill the heart and light the eyes,
and fill the eyes so happily with great delectations,
delectations that inspire the imagination,
and of which nature,
showers upon all with such great inspiration,

Good and bad

A misery of a day,
a misery of a day that will not go away,
and feelings good and bad,
and mad and sad,
and outside thunderclaps and lightning strikes,
and palpitations inside you,
and what seems like tiny heart attacks,
and vicious nights where you cannot relax,
sweating in the sheets in 90 degrees of heat,
laying there with great anxiety,
and countless panic attacks,
on a moonlight night,
with sleeping pills by your side,
but fearful that if you take them,
you may never see the other side,
and there will be no coming back.
Good and bad,
mad and sad,
laying there in confusion, thinking your life away,
wondering if you are going mad, going mad,
with a cigarette in your hand,
as the rain pours down the windowpane,
with your pain echoing inside your brain,
your brain that is whirling at a million miles an hour,
as you restlessly lay flat on your back,
looking at the rain, and wanting to complain,
complain to God for the pain,
but when is God ever coming back?

Grand

Grand,
majestic,
and wonders out of all proportions to expectation,
oh, such beauteous delights in simplicity,
and complexity in nature,
that beguile the mind,
and that fill it with such fascination,
and that stir the heart into such joys,
beyond all imagination,
in the day and the night,
and amongst the green fields,
and amongst the rocks,
the rivers,
the streams,
and upon the hills and the mountain tops,
and at the sea and the ocean,
oh, how calming it is,
afloat upon them as the waves,
large and small rise in their timidity,
and in their grandiosity,
as you float upon a boat,
under sunny skies and grey,
as clouds come and go slowly and rapidly of all shades,
and you head for the horizon,
as the seagulls fly across the sky,
and life upon the waves it delights you in its sway.
Nature at its most magnificent.
Water sparkling, and effervescent and ebullient,

water that nourishes the Earth,
and encourages growth,
and glorious majesties of such worth,
oh, the grandeur,
oh, the fragility and the majesty,
and what wonders out of all proportions to expectation,
that the eyes revel in as time it slips away,
it slips away most pleasurably,
and the nights and the days fly by so happily,
as the sun rises and sets in all its aspects,
and the light it shrinks into such delights,
in the heavens in the black of the night,
and as before our eyes we are blessed,
with such starry delights,
starry delights in the night that you can never forget,
and that in your mind, and your heart will always stay,
nature, a wonder wherever it is you roam,
and wherever it is you lay,
brilliant, bountiful, beguiling, bright and buoyant,
nature in all its shapes and forms,
and simplicities and complexities,
from the universe created in the form of the Earth,
oh, how lucky are we,
how lucky we are to be alive and to be inspired,
upon the most beautiful Earth, the most beautiful blue Earth,
where we by chance have been born,
and where we live in wonder,
amazed by every spectacle of nature that fills our hearts,
and minds with joy, upon the beautiful blue Earth,
where we live, love, work and create and play.

Harder

I know you,
I truly do,
and here I am at the bar,
and although it has been a while,
how beautiful you look,
beautiful and enticing to those without a clue,
and harder than a diamond,
harder than most,
and how numb you are behind the mask,
behind the beauty and the fake smiles,
there lies such great bitterness and pain in you,
and you never feel,
you never feel,
and you walk through life like a ghost,
only stopping to cut at those,
those with softer hearts,
than your bitter heart where an icy wind does blow,
and you never soften,
no,
and you are as sharp as a knife,
and with your words you lash out,
and bring weaker people to their knees,
and break their hearts,
and shatter their minds,
oh, how soulless you are wherever you go,
and how miserable your life must be,
killing everyone so harshly verbally,
but you arrive quickly and thankfully you quickly go,

after dealing your killer linguistic blows,
and I, I try to stay away from your evil verbal dexterity,
because there is not much left of those,
those that you meet,
and I have no wish to be incomplete,
with my heart shattered into pieces,
and me crying like a baby after your wicked love had
conquered me,
and has had my sanity overthrown.
But it will not matter to you,
because you revel in what you do,
and how you grin so sensually at those that you meet,
and how quickly you sweep them off their feet,
to get what you want from them,
and no, it never ends because you are never satisfied,
and there is such lust in your eyes,
and those eyes, they leave you mesmerised,
and I try to stay away from you,
after nearly stupidly falling for you,
but quickly and luckily, I realise what you are like,
and what you wanted from me,
yes, you wanted to spur on an ex-boyfriend's jealousy,
and your pain,
well, you are angrier than most,
and you take it out on those,
those who would fall for you,
for there is the devil in you, the devil in you,
and I am glad to be far away from you, far away,
and out of temptations way, away from you
beautiful, beautiful but dangerous you.

Heart

Butterflies inside,
with smiles upon faces,
and happy eyes shining so bright,
shining so magnificently with delight,
glorious delight and intense wonder and surprise,
what a joy love it is,
with a full heart,
a heart that is full,
full of love and joy anew,
oh, the eyes how they do sparkle with a love so true,
and the tenderness of a likeminded soul who loves you,
and how greatly the heart is moved,
by such great passion of new love,
that so happily comes to you,
and oh, what a joy it is,
a full heart,
a heart that is full,
full of love and joy anew,
a phoenix from out of the ashes of old loves passed,
a bright spark that explodes in your heart and into flames,
oh, love and its beauty,
it is a miracle that astounds you,
a miracle that is so complex but joyous,
and happily, hard to explain,
yes, love,
a delight that from out of nowhere,
so suddenly in its surprise does take hold on your soul,
and does spark the imagination,

and the passions inside as it does radiates inside you,
with such power that overwhelms the senses,
with waves of joy and in glorious refrain.

Oh, love,
what a wonderful feeling it is,
with its magic and its majesty,
its sensations and its emotions,
as new love it gloriously fills you,
with excitement and fascination,
and happiness returns,
as love so welcomely conquers your heart again.

How can you

To the strong men,
the strong women,
the strong boys and girls,
who suffer in this world from such maliciousness,
from the evil words inflicted upon you,
the jealousy,
the bitterness,
the racism,
the hate,
yes, I admire you,
because how difficult it must be to continue to be kind,
despite going through what you have been put through,
and in the face of ill-judged words,
and malicious evil verbal cruelty,
that people use far too easily,
I wonder you,

I wonder you,
yes, how can you continue to be kind,
when people are so cruel,
yes, I admire you,
I truly do,
putting up with those who are so unstable that they
continually bite at those with more heart,
and often intellect than they,
and who have more positivity and good in them,
and the victims do more good than they do,
yes, how do you face them at all without losing your temper,
I do not know, and it is not easy to do,
to suffer so unfortunately the ignorant malicious few,
to face the ill of thought,
and the mentally abusive,
yes, it should not be,
but sadly, such cruelty is far too often true,
and it must take a strong stomach to face it,
and it must take a great deal of courage to suffer,
the psychological trauma,
caused by the belittling,
and the spiteful words of those with evil intent,
because how difficult it is,
coping with the mental health problems,
caused by the ignorant few,
yes, to all of you in this world,
who suffer so much cruelty,
and such bitter words and verbal attacks,
and mental abuse and persecution,
my empathy and my sympathy,

is yours forevermore,
and my heart,
my heart it will always be with you,
always,
and so, I pray and ask,
please, let there be no more,
let there be no more evil upon the Earth,
because and what good can it ever do,
and where is the humanity in the vicious words,
that evil people inflict upon those unfortunate few?
Hurtful words should never be heard,
but to believe they won't be is absurd,
because humanity is ignorant far too often,
and far too hateful and bitter,
and rotten.

I am a little tired

I am a little tired,
I am worn out and weary and admired,
admired by the cat,
that upon the table is sat,
waiting for me patiently to feed it,
as in and out of consciousness and my nap I do slip,
but aware of you quickly out of it I do snap,
oh, cat,
oh, cat,
what a life you lead,
a life as uncomplex as can be,
a life so wild and free,

oh, cat, how glad I am that you are here, at home with me,
and my home is your home,
and there is no need to bring mice or birds home for tea,
and you, you are good company for me,
oh, cat, what a beautiful and wonderful creature you are,
and wherever you roam at day or night,
there is no need to worry,
because my home is your home and it will always be,
and there is no doubt about that,
and now, oh, cat,
it looks like it is tuna for you for tea,
and me, I will sit by the fireside,
as the flames burn brightly with a glass of wine in my hand,
if you wish to come and sit upon my lap and join me?
Oh, cat,
oh, cat,
how I love thee.

I await

In heaven I wait,
as the angels stand either side of heavens gates,
and I pound and I pound,
but I am not heard,
I am not heard in heaven today,
and so, I turn to the angels,
and, no one will let me in,
no, not even they, as they do not have the key,
and as far as I can tell God has gone away,
God has gone away,

and I am in limbo in my dreams,
trapped on the edge of heaven,
but I am not alone with the angels who smile so beautifully,
and I have no clue where God is and I do not wish to guess,
but despite God being missing the angels,
they are cheerful anyway,
and after several days of feasting and chatting away,
surprisingly, the devil appears carrying shopping and
undresses before us,
and washes off the red paint upon his body,
and takes off his horns and his tail,
and says surprise as the angel's smile,
and introduces himself as God,
and then has a good laugh about it,
and says he went food shopping,
and then I rapidly awake,
what a strange dream,
what a strange dream today.

I did not understand

I did not understand you,
for you were an enigma to me,
you were an enigma,
a confusing puzzle that I could never completely understand,
and you hid behind a mask,
and never revealed your heart or your feelings to me,
and you were blank faced so many times,
with no smiles and only misery,

as you took your place upon the stage,
you were not happy in life,
but sadly,
you took your own life,
and at such a young age,
oh, the complexities of misery,
the suffering,
and the cruelty of the mind,
and the self-doubt that plagues so many people,
and that haunts them and deprives them of sanity,
in this modern society,
that ravages you and overcomplicates the life that you lead,
oh, how terrible it is to be unable to live,
to truly live,
to be truly free of mental stress and the pain of the brain,
that eats away at your soul,
and that eats you whole,
and that deletes most days of your life,
because they are so forgettable,
and because they are life is mostly blank,
except for the pain,
and the continual revisitations,
of the bombardment of negative thoughts,
that interrupt your days and nights,
and sadly, even in sleep you cannot escape,
and it is a terrible thing,
the construction of society in such a way,
such a way as to create such stress,
and you because of the stress,
you drowned in it and suffered more than most,

because you could not find a balance in life,
but only misery,
only misery,
and you shuffled off your mortal coil far too quick,
and ceased to exist,
you ceased to exist far too rapidly,
and I did not understand,
what you were truly going through,
and I regret every second of it,
I regret every second of it,
but it is too late,
it is too late,
and your fate was sealed by mental pain,
and to me never revealed,
and how sad I am to know,
that I did not know of your struggle and the mental battle,
and the war inside your brain,
memories of you,
memories of you in a bitter never-ending refrain.

I look outside

I look outside,
and I see,
I see the panic in your eyes,
as you are running in slow motion,
but I,
I do not know why,
why you are running,
but I see the fear,

I see the fear in your eyes,
and then the explosion that shattered so many lives,
on winters day where terrorists,
and innocent people were blown to bits and died,
and I,
I survived,
I survived, and I feel guilty inside,
I feel guilty inside for surviving
and now my life is totally changed,
and all I have these days it seems is nightmares,
nightmares in the day,
and nightmares in the night,
and here in bed,
I frequently wake up with a start,
and all sweaty and traumatised,
and panic stricken,
with visions of you,
visions of you who I did not know before,
haunting my mind, haunting my mind.

I miss you

I miss you,
and without you I am not whole,
yes, I miss you, although,
where you are now, I do not know,
yet,
the memory of you is as beautiful,
as the flowers in the meadow,
and I miss you every day,

I miss you through the seasons,
through the rain, the sun, and the snow,
Yes, I miss you,
I miss your voice,
I miss your laughter,
I miss your warm heart,
and never are you far from my thoughts wherever I go,
and whatever my mood,
and in my solitude,
without you the day is as half as bright as it used to be,
with you in my life,
and now it is as if life is empty and dying,
as if leaves falling off of the trees,
as you in time go further away from me,
and I am lost and not me,
yes, I am not me without you,
and in my soliloquy,
and on my own,
oh, how cold the wind,
that through my lonely heart does blow,
yes, how cold,
and I wish this heartache,
that seems to continually grow without you,
without you here,
without you the person that I used to truly love,
the person that I used to love so greatly,
that is gone now,
gone forevermore,
but to where I do not know,
to where I do not know,

and whatever path I take these days,
you are always on my mind,
and in my heart,
and my heart,
it still longs for you,
and it calls for you, my true love,
lost to the history of time,
and silly arguments,
but you, you are always on my mind,
filling me with happiness,
and sadness,
and happy tears,
and tears of joy,
they fall from my eyes,
as often rain falls from the skies,
and I realise,
maybe you were the perfect one for me,
but sadly, now you are gone,
and but only a memory,
only a memory.
And oh, without you,
what sadness,
and emptiness there is in me,
what sadness,
and emptiness,
wherever I walk,
upon the Earth,
because without you,
I am not truly me,
I am not truly me.

I walk on into the night

I walk on into the night,
with my heart still in one piece and my mind,
and with my anger deep inside,
but I let it not get the better of me,
because there is only stupidity in violence,
and I prefer peace,
peace and silence,
and so, I show no reaction at all,
as I tread this road back to the light,
and as I hear your words continuing behind me,
your last words I hope,
words of which I do not mind,
for they were as malevolent,
and evil as they could come,
being spat from out of your mouth,
after tripping so easily from your tongue,
and sensibly, yes, I walk on,
I walk on but I really should run,
I really should run because around here,
there is only darkness and knives and guns,
but you this time had none,
and bitterness and spite it is a vicious evil,
something I despise,
yes, what great ignorance and stupidity in you lies,
but I try to pay it no mind,
and I try to not let your words fester in me,
and because of your racist ways,
I am surprised that no one has shot you with a gun.

I was

I was in a sombre mood on the day that we met,
I was on the bridge,
the bridge that I will never forget,
and I was about to leap,
to leap to my death,
and you,
you came along and although I did not know you,
you extended your hand to me,
and you talked to me,
and you had such compassion and care about you,
and you talked to me so tenderly,
and you,
you were there for me when I thought all was lost,
and you were patient and talked me down,
after listening to me and my sorrows,
and helping me understand my distress,
and finally, your patience it pulled off,
and you,
you changed my life,
and you brought me from out of the dark and into the light,
yes, you saved me from suicide,
you saved me from suicide,
so, thank you,
thank you for eternity,
you my were friend were incredible,
and you still are to me,
and oh, God do I miss you,
because you had a great heart,

and you were so filled with compassion and caring,
and yes, I had never met anyone like you,
and I never have since,
and you were you,
a true friend,
loyal caring, and true,
true, true, and never blue,
and full of joy and optimism and laughter,
and intellect and wit,
h, you, how I miss you, how I truly miss you,
and your smile and your happiness,
because what an incredible person you were,
and you made such an impression on this world,
this world that we once shared,
and as friends, we fought so many battles in World War two,
and luckily, we survived too,
and afterwards together we travelled the world,
and now, I only have my memories of you,
and my pictures of you,
and though my mind is faltering,
oh, how clearly, I remember you,
and you laughing away so cheerfully as you used to do,
and sat in this armchair, with my birthday balloons,
and my family on my eightieth birthday,
tears begin to roll down my face,
on what should be a happy day,
but the sadness it takes hold of me, the sadness,
because life is not the same without you,
and oh, how much my friend I miss you,
how much my friend I miss you,

If the heavens should fall

If the heavens should fall,
and I find myself in hell,
let me wrap myself in a cloak of stars,
amidst the planets,
shattered into pieces,
both large and small,
yes, let me wrap myself in a cloak of stars,
so, I can be close to them all,
and bemoan the loss of the heavens.
Yes, if the heavens should fall,
and I find myself amongst the ruins of the universe,
and God and the devil beside me,
will we all,
will we all commiserate,
and bemoan humanities stupidity and fate,
because we repeatedly damaged nature and ruined it all?

In the afterglow

In the afterglow,
after you left,
how calmness it crept into me,
after you held me so,
so tenderly and gently,
and you had showered me with kisses so beautifully,
and oh, how tranquil was my soul,
with you a new love,

a new love in my life,
a glorious new beginning,
with happiness filling me,
at the cafe by the mediterranean sea,
oh, how gloriously your love it filled me so,
as the waves crashed upon the shore,
and I pondered the new,
the brave new world of you,
oh, what great power love has,
and what great rejuvenation it brings,
and what a rebirth of the soul it is,
and what a great place,
and a space filled with glorious truth,
the truth of love it is,
as the mind and the body,
it rises from the ashes of the old,
and how glad I am to finally find you,
because life has been filled with its tragedies and its miseries,
and after far too many heartbreaks,
my heart had grown so icy cold,
yes, icy cold,
and left me jaded and bitter too,
and after far too many loves,
that had left such terrible destruction in my soul,
now,
here I am,
in the bright, bright light thinking of angelic you,
glorious you,
beautiful you,
and thinking of you and those kisses,

that still linger upon my lips,
as I wait for you,
I wait for you to return to me,
whilst I drink my coffee at the cafe by the mediterranean sea,
under the skies of wonderful blue,
thinking of wonderful you,
wonderful you and our love,
all glorious, exciting, and new.

Inside

Inside,
outside,
I never mind,
but there are buckets of rain,
and tears in your eyes,
yes,
wherever you go,
what sadness plagues you so,
I do not know,
but it is awful,
awful to see you pass by so frequently,
in such an awful state though,
and unfortunately, these days it is no surprise,
no surprise at all,
and I feel for you I truly do,
and I wish I could erase the sadness from your mind,
colour blue,
or that is what I call you,
colour blue,

oh, the sadness in you,
and the sadness in your eyes,
as you wander lost and seemingly alone,
seemingly alone,
through such dark times,
someone I do not know,
and I wish I could help,
but you are such a lonely soul,
not seemingly wanting company,
and I watch you go by reflected in my eyes,
and my heart it sympathises, and it sinks a little,
but I wish you well wherever you go,
because there is a such a storm inside your heart,
and your mind,
that I am fearful for you though,
fearful,
but you I do not know,
I do not know,
but you you walk past me in the rain,
with your heart filled with ice and snow,
oh, how I wish it wasn't so,
how I wish it wasn't so.
Keep your mind light and your heart bright,
and go easy in the day,
and go easy in the night,
and stay away from the dark,
and revel in the light,
and pay no mind to the jealous,
the bitter, the hateful,
and those with spite.

Laying in the dark

Laying in the dark,
with no light,
and the ruminations of my heart,
and only the contemplations of my mind for company,
how quiet the wasteland of the soul,
and a heart torn apart,
from previous loves that I have known,
and with so many thoughts to meander through,
the brain races without a pause,
and my imagination is sparked,
by my longing for love,
love, that rare thing that never visits or calls hardly at all,
because love is mostly an infrequent stranger to me,
and I suffer for the lack of it,
and how tempestuous my mind is,
as it contemplates the delights of love,
that do so entice me and tease me,
in the shadows where I lay alone,
where I lay thinking of a love,
where I lay thinking of another's heart to call my home,
and as I lay in the quiet,
time it goes so slow,
and I,
I am not alone I know,
because out there,
there are millions of people looking for love too,
walking through the shadows of emptiness,
wanting the light and wanting to be whole,

and wanting to feel wanted,
wanting another person to hold,
wanting tenderness and gentle caress,
and wanting sweet kisses from honeyed lips,
and wanting such happy times,
where the heart is as happy as never before and,
in such bliss,
and as joyous as can be in the light of love,
joyous in the happy melody that it sings to me,
and in its beauteous glow,
and oh, how truly happy I would be,
to have love again,
and to see the love of another reflected in their eyes,
and to be mesmerised and beguiled by them,
and revelling in their company as happy as can be,
yes, what a wonder it would be,
to be in the company of love once more,
instead of here alone laying in the dark,
waiting for eros,
waiting for eros whilst nursing an empty heart.

Living

One day I wish to be living a dream,
living in a world where there is no insanity,
and no brutality and no violence,
but sadly, in humanity it seems the only certainty, is
humanities machiavellian destructive schemes,
and I know where I would rather be,
away from such destructiveness,

upon pure beaches,
in the middle of an ocean,
far away from misery,
far away from such destructive societies,
and in a place so clean,
and fresh and unspoiled,
oh, what a dream,
yes, one day I hope,
I hope that I will be,
alone,
with no stresses at all ravaging me,
upon a desert island in an ocean,
where there are views so beautiful and tranquil,
and long life is more likely and happiness, is the reality,
and health is greatly improved,
by relaxation, tranquillity,
beauty and good food,
and how much better I will feel,
far away from societies destructive realities,
a much better reality than living with all the stress,
and the anxiety,
because it shatters you into a million pieces,
and you spend your life constantly looking for the glue,
the glue to glue yourself back together again,
and it is not the life that I wish to constantly lead,
oh, to be alone on an Island in an Ocean so blue,
living the dream,
and being happy,
far away from humanities,
destructive machiavellian schemes.

Long strides

Society,
it is sadly much more stressful than it used to be,
society,
yes, much more rapid, and chaotic,
and with less time to kill,
and here I sit in a bus stop waiting as a man goes by,
all long strides,
and determination in the eyes,
going somewhere,
going somewhere nice,
somewhere nice I wonder?
a man with an angry face,
a man who does not look twice,
and me, I am sat in soliloquy,
amidst the raindrops in a bus stop,
waiting,
contemplating,
pondering time,
no, I do not mind the chance to slow things down,
and I have nowhere to rush to,
and I have no furrowed brow,
or anything stressful on my mind,
because my mind, that it will not allow,
and the raindrops they fall quickly past,
as the man marches down the street,
fast,
fast,
fast,

and I sit and revel in it,
yes, I revel in the time going nowhere,
and my heart and my mind is calm and still,
but he,
his heart must be palpitating,
as he rushes and races so rapidly down the street,
and I,
I am still,
still,
still,
and happy going nowhere with a smile on my face,
as he marches down the street with looks that could kill,
with looks that could kill.

Maybe

Who will be left upon the Earth,
if a sudden disaster came upon us?
Maybe I will be,
maybe we will be,
maybe it will be us,
maybe we may be lucky,
and with our medicines save all of us,
maybe we will save no one,
but we shall see what shall be,
because who knows the certainty,
who truly knows,
the chances of the decimation,
and the eradication of humanity,
from some unknown force that in its malevolent course,

overpowers us despite our advanced science,
medicine and technology.
Yes, maybe I will be left alone,
maybe we will be, maybe it will be us,
maybe it will be all of us,
maybe no one will be left unscathed,
but we shall see what shall be,
but if we are facing destruction,
how will we face the destruction of humanity?
How will we?
Will we be surprised with floods of tears in our eyes,
and will we in our hearts have great misery?
Or will we be too drunk too care,
and too drunk for despair,
who knows, who knows,
but I suppose, only nature knows,
and of nature, of nature we should take more care.

Movement

Movement in the window up above,
a shadow of two people,
arguing and gesticulating violently,
oh, the slings and the arrows of misfortune,
that plays upon the heartstrings,
when the devil comes to play with love,
oh, what a commotion up above,
what a commotion through the partly open window,
as two lovers argue backwards and forwards,
across the room,

and I watch from across the street,
as I smoke my cigarette and the snowflakes fall,
and my breath it rises, and it cools,
as their tempers flare and they are not cool at all,
and oh, how they dance to each other's tune,
and so animatedly and tempestuously,
as I stand in the cold air,
and I take it all in and the nicotine it does no good for me,
and there is shouting,
and ranting and raging,
and the argument it is vicious, but it is a short-lived tragedy,
and a rapprochement,
and kisses,
as my cigarette smoke it rises high into the heavenly skies,
and the stars they shine down so bright,
and there is peace once more,
and the neighbours I am sure are relieved,
to hear the ending,
of the shattering sounds of their argument,
that so rudely shook the night.

No

Old memories
old memories,
they come flooding back to me,
oh, please not now,
no, not now,
memories of you and memories of temptation,
and of where and when I was tempted,

but I should not care anyhow,
because all I want from you,
is nothing,
nothing at all,
because you tried to be something that you weren't,
and you used to walk around like a sacred cow,
thinking you were special,
but you were so vacuous and vain,
and there was nothing of intellect,
in you to fire my imagination and my heart and my brain,
because all you were to me then,
was aesthetic beauty,
and how shallow it was to me,
yes, how shallow,
and for you then I had no time anyhow,
and you did not worry your pretty head,
or furrow your brow,
because I passed you by,
and you did not blink an eye,
because I have ignored you so many times,
and even when I did,
you walked around like you were special,
like a sacred cow,
and of not much use to anyone,
especially to me,
but I did not worry, and I did not care,
because I do not care for vanity,
but oh,
those eyes,
and oh, that face,

and oh, those eyes,
and oh, that smile.
Yes, what a smile,
as images of you they come flooding back to me,
but how hollow you are inside,
and how easy it is to decide to take a vow,
a vow to look for deeper meaning,
rather than drown in the pools of your eyes,
where I probably will be captured forever,
forever in time,
yet, I wonder,
have you matured and grown inside,
I do not know,
but, I ponder, and I wonder, and I remember,
and I cogitate and I ruminate,
and pictures you they come to me again so easily,
and I smile, I smile thinking of you,
and I do not know whether I should do,
but I do, and the thought of you,
how it warms me through and through,
and yes, I am strangely tempted, tempted once again,
because it is years since I saw you,
but I hear you are in town,
and I have your number somewhere I still do,
I still do,
oh, the thought of you,
the temptations of you, a new you,
a better, more intelligent you?
Dinner for two?
Dinner for two?

Nobody

Waiting for you,
waiting for you to come to me,
nobody but me,
and whilst I wait,
I contemplate me,
and how happy I am,
as I ponder me,
a million mirages of me,
a million versions of me,
with a million emotions in my mind,
with a million emotions,
in my beating heart,
with a million sensations contained inside,
in a moment of quiet,
a moment of quiet in the summertime,
that summer that I first met you,
that wonderful time,
in the boat upon the lake,
where we got to know each other,
under the blue skies in the sunshine,
in the boat where your kisses rained,
so beautifully down upon me,
as I held you in my arms,
oh, how fine,
how fine the memories,
memories of you as I wait,
memories that age so beautifully,
so beautifully like wine.

Open season

What is it with you?

Open season?

For you come to me again,
with your tales of heartbreak and treason,
and with tales of your pain that seem to me without rhyme,
and with tales of your pain,
that seem to me to have no reason,
and tales of your suffering,
and tales of you suffering ignominies,
but there are far too many for me that I do not believe,
because you have cried wolf far too many times,
and you have cried far too many tears,
an unnatural amount of tears before me,
and sadly, I do not believe you,
I do not believe you one bit,
and I wish that you would quit,
but it seems to be the season,
the season for it,
and I have no want of it,
no want at all,
because you only want pity,
and I fell for it over and over again,
and you tricked me far too many times,
and I cannot be friends with someone who constantly lies,
so, I will no longer be your shoulder to cry on,
because there is no longer any pity in my heart,
and no longer any pity in my eyes,
so, no, do not come to me with your lies,

for your lies I do despise,
and no longer do they beguile me,
and no longer do they mesmerise me,
and make me feel sorrowful,
so, go away and wipe those fake tears from your eyes,
because I am no longer a fool for you!

What?

What is that look on your face,
a look of surprise?

Oh, go away,
go away and cry to yourself,
yes, I really do not care,
but anyway,
you have no shame,
so, go away,
because I am no longer a fool for you,
oh, what a shame,
what a shame!!

Out of time

Waiting for the end of the day,
and the beginning of the night,
thinking of a time,
immemorial to my mind,
a vision of me,
a vision of me and you,
upon a boat upon the sea,
a calm sea,
with you and me,

and the tranquillity,
and us drinking wine,
and us laughing happily,
talking of life,
and of its complexities,
and putting the world to rights,
and delighting in each other's company,
a simple time,
a beautiful time,
oh, such glorious humanity,
and what a wonderful memory,
with your smiles coming back,
so wonderfully to me,
so wonderfully to me,
yes, a simple time,
a magic time,
with you and me and our minds,
and bottles and glasses of wine,
as we relax in the summertime,
in a gentle breeze,
in a boat upon the sea,
how wonderful life was then,
and how wonderful life can be,
in simplicity,
a time immemorial to me,
but a memory that will always be in my heart,
in its majesty,
in its majesty,
oh, what a wonderful time it was,
then with you and me, with you and me.

Quiet

Quiet,
quiet contemplation,
quiet fascination,
pondering another destination,
fuelling our imaginations,
easing the day away, with our plans,
and our maps of foreign countries upon the table,
and the bottles of wine and the glasses of wine,
and our appetites satiated,
with good food and conversation,
oh, what glorious machinations, and contemplations,
and inspirations, as we ponder the seas,
and all the countries to see,
with great excitement and anticipation,
and what smiles there as our hearts are lifted so happily,
so happily, with every examination and discussion,
of the things to see,
and the peoples of so many countries,
all within reach, with the planes, and the trains,
and the cars and the buses and the coaches,
that so rapidly and so easily can carry us away,
to places that will in our hearts so happily stay,
and that will always bring us such great inspiration,
oh, what a day, what a day
of quiet, quiet contemplation, and quiet fascination,
pondering another destination,
fuelling our imaginations, easing the day away,
with great excitement and with such great anticipation.

Rage

A man with a bottle in hand,
filled with rage,
an apoplectic man,
savage of face,
vicious of mind,
frustrations,
irritations,
hot headed,
ranting and raging,
and smashing and crashing,
and intoxicated, and verbally abusive,
a bitter man in the street with his endless repetitions,
and endless hurt and pain, and as angry as hell,
and stumbling in the gutters at all hours,
with his head and his heart filled with pain,
and in a terrible way,
as the stars shine down so bright,
he is lost in a maze of his own frailties,
and unable to see the light,
and in such a state, that he is probably unable to be saved,
and wobbling this way and that,
with his eyes bloodshot,
and looking a little crazed,
just another night out in the city,
another night of self-abuse,
and distress and devastation,
and surely by the looks of him,
sooner rather than later, sadly, awaiting deaths fate.

Really

Really,
really,
you do not know me at all,
you sit there,
and you think,
you understand me,
and you think all men want is your body,
and by being so vain,
you will fall,
so, do not waste your time on me,
because your beauty,
does not mean much to me at all,
no, no, not a thing,
so do not waste your time,
by fluttering your eyelids at me,
because your overt sexuality and your flirting,
when all you have is the air inside your head,
is anathema to me,
so, please, leave me be,
and do not bother wasting your time,
to try and tempt me,
because it will do no good at all,
and because of your ignorance you will fall,
so, please,
do not waste your time at all,
and I,
I will not miss you one bit,
no, I will not miss you at all.

Shade

Shade,
shadows and light,
footsteps on broken glass down an alleyway,
and a dog barking loudly in the night,
and a man in black,
carrying a knife with a look of determination,
and evil in his eyes,
a look of hatred,
a look of bitterness,
and death on his mind,
headed into the darkness,
headed to kill,
headed for revenge if all goes right,
headed for death if not,
headed to assassinate someone he does not know,
but only by sight,
only by sight,
in the dark dark night,
where time crawls uneasily by,
and a man's mind is high on alert,
and high on drugs,
headed for a date with his fate,
and blood on his hands if everything goes to plan,
but death if not,
and no money to spend if he doesn't get it right,
in the shade,
and in the shadows and in the light,
as his footsteps on broken glass,

down an alleyway are heard,
and a dog barks loudly in the night,
and he walks along not silently at all,
and he has little thoughts in his mind,
except,
kill,
kill,
kill,
and thoughts of the blood to be spilled,
under the heavens and the starry skies,
and in the moonlight.

She

She,
she alone,
she got no home,
she got no money,
she got no telephone,
she alone,
in the rain, the sun, and the snows,
and happiness of her life does not play a part
in her heart,
and how lonely it is with no family and barely any friends,
and as she wipes away a tear,
and suffers from a medical condition,
and cries fearful groans,
fearful groans in the gutters and in the alleyways,
how much sadness there is in her alcoholic daze,
in the gutters and in the alleyways,

spending the days wasting away,
wasting away,
with barely a word spoken to her most days,
and what a terrible way,
a terrible way to die,
but come what may,
she suffers no matter what,
she suffers the agony and pain of loss and heartbreak,
and emotional and mental distress,
and this is no life,
and no one should be subject to such barbarity,
on the streets where so many people,
could not barely care less,
homelessness,
a terrible thing,
that brings such devastation and tragedy far too regularly,
on the streets of the world and our nation,
and leads so many to suffer ill health and death.

Sheltered by the storm

Sheltered by the storm,
sheltered indoors,
and forlorn,
and worn out and weary at the breaking of the dawn,
with my head a mess,
as I arise from my drunken sleep,
and I climb out of bed
and I view the bottles of alcohol on the floor,
but after last night I do not need anymore,

and as I get up my head it pounds,
and a headache it is trying to beat me into submission,
as I try to stumble for the bathroom door,
and my vision, it is still blurry,
and what happened last night,
I am not quite sure,
but I trip over bottles of alcohol,
no, no more,
no, more I say to myself as I head for the bathroom,
and I pass out on the bathroom floor,
and I sleep, and I begin to dream of sobriety,
sobriety, probably dreaming of the hair of the dog,
probably, because my girlfriend left me,
and it will probably be the same as yesterday,
misery and alcohol,
and a drunken funk, as I am no longer a monk anymore,
no longer a monk anymore.

Step outside

In the city where the streets are clean, but the air is not,
and work,
it is suffocating and an only unhappy means to an end,
and here, we are an unhappy lot,
but here we go happily again,
and it is one of the only happy times of the day,
a ten-minute break,
where people step outside into the rain,
and breathe in the barely fresh air,
the barely fresh air,

that surrounds the inequities of women and men,
the sad,
the downtrodden,
the stressed,
the anxious,
the sodden,
oh, how this world is,
and how quick it is to crush the weak,
and those with sensitive hearts,
again, and again and again,
and in between the rain,
people with ashen faces stride with large paces,
and head for somewhere miserable probably,
destination unhappiness,
probably,
yet again,
oh, what evils there are in the stresses,
and in the anxieties in modern living that torment humanity,
again, and again and again,
yes, in modern society,
where people whose brains are ready to explode in
frustration and irritation far too often,
and who cannot pretend,
who cannot pretend to be happy,
in this life where time is far too short,
and happiness condensed,
and oh, what an empty life it is,
and here am I watching the world go by through the rain,
through the rain,
and all my heart does is complain,

why am I here,
why am I here,
wasting my time,
on a minimum wage job again,
working all hour's godsend,
oh, I wish I could pretend that there was some meaning to it,
but there isn't and really, I should quit,
quit this city,
yes, quit this dull grey mostly awful monstrosity,
that is definitely not my friend,
and that is only killing me through the stress,
oh, what a mess,
what a mess modern living it is,
oh, the insanity and the tragedy,
oh, the modern malady and the despair of the city,
where it is all work, work, work,
and dull,
bland,
and it is an empty boring life,
with not much time for excitement,
and a lot of time spent praying for the end,
praying for the end,
hoping to escape to don't know where,
and only passing time as if a robot,
countless days spend in endless repetition,
endless repetition,
bland endless repetition destroying the mind,
and savaging the human condition,
a life with not much meaning,
but leading to death I am sure,

oh, God help me,
please, get me away from this,
far away,
or I will be lying in my grave,
well before I should be,
oh, what a misery,
what a misery,
ten minutes only,
ten minutes only,
empty,
irrelevant time,
that at which I will look back at,
and not recall any of it,
and it will have had no meaning at all,
and most of life,
will have been a pointless thing,
a needless thing,
with so many countless days,
spent with nothing to write home about,
and nothing of which to jump for joy about,
and only boredom,
and deterioration of the brain,
oh, what is this life about?
what is this life about,
because it is only filled with misery,
and it means very little to me,
but here I am again,
breathing in the barely fresh air,
and yet again,
tired, exhausted, and worn out.

Strange

Strange, silence,
strange silence,
unusual for your place,
because normally next door,
your neighbours scream at each other both night and day,
and right now, oh, what wonderful silence,
but maybe they are dead?!!
Maybe we should call an ambulance right away,
yes, strange silence,
unusual for your place,
maybe they've murdered each other?!!
But then again, maybe they did not die,
but maybe they were taken away in strait jackets,
but anyway, I like the silence,
I like the silence a lot, and long may it stay.

Suspend disbelief

Please, suspend disbelief,
because you know I wear my heart on my sleeve,
but please,
let me in to your heart,
and do not think that I will not love you properly,
or that I will be like the others,
the others who have shattered your heart,
and who have caused you such grief,
and who have caused you endless tears,
that have lasted on and off for years,

no, good grief,
I promise I will not cause you such harm,
yes,
please,
please do not be alarmed,
because my heart is true,
and when you,
when you look into my eyes,
you see it is true,
you see it is true do you not?
And you see it in my smile,
and you hear it in my words,
that are genuine and well meant,
and I truly have no ill intent,
unlike those others,
whose love in your heart is already spent,
and disappeared,
so, yes,
please,
please do not fear,
because I will not promise you the heavens,
and everything in it,
but I will be true to you I promise you,
and time together will be as uncomplicated as can be,
without any lies and no tears from betrayal in your eyes,
and a happy life together with just you and me,
oh, love,
as powerful as it is,
as powerful as the beginnings of new love are,
with broken hearted people,

and people who are jaded from bad relationships,
how difficult gaining trust and belief is,
and I contemplate this, as to the skies I wish,
I wish the lady that I love will believe me,
and I wish that we will be together,
oh, the anticipation and the anxiety of the waiting,
and the contemplating,
as I wait for her to arrive,
and I practice my speech alone,
and I hope for the best as my heart it palpitates,
and it does not rest,
and the butterflies inside me,
they torment me, but I am positive, positive,
and looking forward to seeing you,
and crossing my fingers whilst hoping for the best,
with my heart, with my heart,
in an excited and anxious mess.

The day is

The day is,
of its indecisive ways,
no matter how much I plan,
and not enough is accomplished,
but the day it does not give a damn,
and the night it is a delight,
but the day it wearies me,
and it rubs me up the wrong way,
and does far too frequently not go to plan,
and how it pains me so,

and how it eats at the soul,
and how quickly time does go,
yes, how quickly time flies when the day is your master,
and others timetables,
they drag you down so,
they drag you down so,
oh, to be alone, and oh, for the day to do as it is told,
yes, I pray for it to be so,
but the day it does not want to play,
and despite longful wishes there is far too often regret,
and the day it far too quickly runs away,
with nothing achieved,
but the night, what a delight,
in the quiet, and the calm, and the respite,
and, oh, how great it would be,
for life to be as such as the night,
the night that envelopes you like a welcoming blanket,
and that does relieve the mind,
as the gentle touch of a lover,
in the evening under the moonglow.

The moment

The moment,
the moment of momentum,
from no speed,
and then into take off and speeds as fast as I can recall,
how incredible it is this feeling,
this feeling as we fly across the sky,
and what a technological marvel it is,

to accomplish such a task of creation,
to enable us to be able to travel so fast,
and because of great minds,
and great intellects I revel in the thrill of it,
and I gaze out at the clouds,
and out at the blue of the sky,
and oh, how beautiful the view of it all,
and how wonderful it is,
all of it out of the window from where I sit,
looking down upon the beautiful Earth,
yes, what a glorious thing it is,
and how the view it fills my eyes spectacularly,
with such wonderful worth,
and how it delights my senses instantaneously,
the beautiful blues,
and the magnificent colours of all hues,
and how grand the sight of the land,
flat and mountainous,
and filled with lakes rivers and streams,
a delicate beauty sat below me in its fragility,
a fragile beauty yet as powerful as can be,
and how my heart it leaps in joy,
at the light shining down so beautifully upon the ocean,
as in great wonder I admire the view,
and as we fly so fast across the sky,
my mind is dazzled,
and beguiled by the majesty of it all,
and I,
I am truly happy inside,
truly happy far above the Earth,

taking great delight in everything I see,
as I fly across the sky as fast as can be,
and oh, what a wonder it is,
this incredible magnificence,
that sprawls before me so beautifully,
and that lights up my heart and my mind and my eyes,
as the wonder of flight,
it captures my imagination on my way to my destination,
and how lucky I am,
and in awe and wonder how joyously I sigh.

The path

The path, the lonely path,
walking quietly upon it with an empty heart,
as the birds do sing,
and the breeze whistles through the leaves,
how uncertain the footsteps are after a broken heart,
and how fractured the mind it is,
and filled with such bitterness and such darkness,
yes, how dark it is with the light stolen from your eyes,
as the tears run away from you in distress at your thoughts,
and with your heart devoid of sparks,
and with such numbness inside you and no joy,
how heavy your footsteps seem,
as you try to move on with your life,
and the thought of love,
the thought of love it is like being awake in a terrible dream,
a terrible and unescapable ever painful dream,
as you walk lost down the path,

the lonely path to who knows where in loves aftermath,
never knowing when the path will end,
and cursing love and cursing when love did start,
amidst the shattered pieces of your heart,
as in agony you yell and scream,
and try to recover your sanity,
and you try to recover from the damage done,
but the thoughts of love,
and loves memories they haunt you,
and batter your senses,
with their machiavellian plans to torture you,
and seemingly and ferociously,
try to prolong your misery,
as you walk in a mood of utter solemnity and misery,
oh, how cruel,
how cruel the aftermath of love can be.

There is no tomorrow

There is no tomorrow,
there is only yesterday,
and the broken hearted,
in a suicide of a nuclear age,
oh, what a tragedy,
billions of lives lost,
sacrificed because of the idiocy of the human race,
and the nuclear weapons and the arms race,
and the radiation across the planet,
oh, what a terrible place,
what a terrible place it would be,

devastated and destroyed,
and as horrific,
and as terrible as can be,
the madness of humanity,
destroyed in the insanity of an inferno,
like no one had ever seen,
and felt,
a terrible event,
world war,
and sadly, we proliferate,
and we stockpile,
and continue the madness,
and continue to head towards tragedy,
and I wonder,
what are the chances,
of the evolution of the human race,
or a similar race,
once again rising from the Earth,
not much chance at all probably,
and how sad it would be,
and how terrible it can be,
if we do not eradicate nuclear weapons,
and nuclear power from society,
oh, the madness,
oh, the pain,
and the suffering it would bring,
from the sickening explosions,
and the radiation,
decimating humanity,
from the face of the Earth permanently.

Turn on the radio

Here we are,
having turned on the radio,
and how we go, go, go.
And how we dance in the night,
and forget the day,
and we set the night alight with all our might,
and dance our cares away,
in the house where we live, work and play,
yes, in the happy home that we share
my love and I,
and how time flies,
as we dance,
and we gently hold each other without care,
yes,
how happily we dance upon the tabletops,
we dance upon the sofa,
we dance up the chairs,
and we bop and we rock,
and we dance like Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire,
and we dance over there, and over here,
but wherever it is we go, go, go,
and we dance everywhere,
and we dance fast and slow, and we do not care,
and how happy we are with the radio on,
and in each other's company, and in love,
and what better is there than dancing the night away,
with the radio on, and with someone you truly love,
and about who you truly care.

Twilight seat

Sat in my twilight seat,
with the fire burning,
and the ever-darkening sky,
with the moon so bright,
oh, what a sight,
the glorious colours,
of the flames and the sky,
that warm me and my heart,
as the owl it hoots,
in the still of the night,
and peace returns,
and I rest my mind by the fireside,
and I burn the letters,
of an unhappy love affair,
with a smile on my face,
and with the joy,
of the current time in my heart,
and no longer by love torn apart,
but reflecting on what it means,
to be free finally,
and out of the fire of love gone wrong,
and in my spirits,
riding ever higher,
as do the embers from the fire,
as I a rejuvenating me,
I rise, as if a phoenix from the flames,
arisen from the ashes of old love,
and from old desire.

Twilight

Twilight,
carried away in the middle of the night,
carried away by the river,
the river that flows to the sea,
and then across the sea by boat,
under starry skies as you sit anxiously and thoughtfully,
after having left your troubles behind,
you sit and contemplate your relatives,
and your friends who have died,
and as you look up to the starry skies, with mixed emotions,
and some happiness reflected in your eyes,
and with your heart sometimes joyous in the light,
the moonlight upon your face,
as you flee your country to who knows where,
from a civil war that has decimated your home country,
your home country now filled with war,
bloodshed, tragedy and tears,
your country a once happy place,
a country now sadly a place filled with fear,
a country whose shores disappear from view rapidly,
a country that will never be the same,
a place filled with horrific memories for you,
and without your friends and family who have lost lives,
and who are sadly no more,
and soon there will be others,
who will join them in their graves,
as you, you sit upon the boat in the moonlight,
worried, anxious, nervous,

frightened, and sometimes joyous and sad,
headed to who knows where,
but glad to be distancing yourself,
from the insanity and the horrors of war,
with feelings of guilt and remorse,
that you could have not helped rescue more people,
and not saved more lives, but still, you are glad to be free,
and hopefully free and able to live in peace forevermore.

Ungracious

Ungracious creative stink,
advertising that drives you to drink,
advertising that tells you what to think,
advertising that drives you to the brink,
a disaster,
a disaster in ink,
a waste of time,
that tries to bend your mind,
yes, advertising of the machiavellian kind,
the greedy trying to mislead the blind,
the greedy trying to rob you of your money,
and of your time, all the time,
yes, advertising that leaps out at you everywhere you go,
and invades your mind,
and tries not always subliminally to make you buy, buy, buy,
oh, what a cunning art it is,
but it is wasted on me mostly, and at it I do not blink an eye,
and why should I bow to peer pressure,
that drives me insane,

because there is no reason why,
yes, no reason at all, for it only damages society,
with its greed and pressure,
that you must want and need constantly,
and life is far too short if you ask me,
to suffer such visual atrocities,
and I,
I happily walk on by, by, by,
without a sigh.

Upon the rocks

How magical it is to be sat upon the rocks,
here with you,
holding you,
holding you gently,
with your skin so soft,
as you gaze into my eyes,
and into your eyes so blue,
so blue, and filled with love, beside a lake,
under the blue skies where the fluffy clouds play,
as you shower me with kisses,
and my heart it leaps at every sensation,
and you,
you hold me so tenderly,
and beguile me so splendidly,
and our hearts beat together in synchronicity,
as we sit surrounded by beautiful scenery,
and our love and our happiness,
it continues to grow.

When I want you

When I want you,
you are nowhere to be seen.
When I want you,
I wonder how you could be so mean,
how you could be so mean to me,
so, mean to leave me so lonely,
oh, where are you,
because you are only in my dreams,
the lady of dreams and I am as lonely as can be,
and I could do with your company,
but when I want you,
you are nowhere to be seen,
and you are but wishful thinking and imagining,
so, where are you, my Queen?
Are you in the heavens dancing amongst the stars,
and in the moonbeams,
it is a mystery to me,
a mystery,
but one day I hope that you will fall from the heavens,
into my arms eventually,
but fate I do not rate,
and it has never been so pleasant to me,
but what magic it would be,
if you fell into my arms and then swept me off my feet,
with your charms,
now, how beautiful that would be,
and so, until then I can only think of you,
and dream of you in my dreams.

White as snow

A vision,
a wonderful vision,
a moment or two,
a vision of you,
elegant,
and with skin as white as snow,
and pale upon your feet as you go,
in your winter coat,
in your hat,
with your cheeks all rosy,
all rosy with a healthy glow,
headed for where,
for where with your breathe,
hanging so beautifully in the air?
I do not know,
I do not know,
but how beautiful you look,
as you walk,
through the snow,
how magnificently divine you look,
as my heart it leaps at the sight of you,
the sight of you as you go,
an ethereal vision before me,
that melts my heart,
and delights my eyes,
leaving me mesmerised and beguiled,
and my heart,
my heart all aglow.

White

White, white walls, people standing tall,
sunlight beaming down upon us all,
warmth and friendship,
at the house of a friend,
in the mountains looking down to the sea,
the sea that beckons to us and calls,
where have you been, for I have not seen you lately at all,
and we answer in unison,
talking of you, and the dreams to be,
oh, grand sea, oh, grand sea, how beautiful you are to us,
and how wonderfully you inspire us,
and what magic you bring to our hearts and our minds,
and soon we will sail our boat upon you,
and we will cross you so elegantly oh sea,
and how wonderful it will be,
it will be to have your company,
oh, glorious sea, oh, glorious sea,
no, it will not be long,
so do not worry, do not worry at all,
for we long for your embrace, and the grace,
the grace of your power to carry us to distant shores,
and how wonderful it will be to live with you again oh sea,
because you are magical to us,
and we, we cannot wait to be with you again,
and sail by the grace of you to distant shores,
so do not despair at all,
because you are always in our hearts,
and of you, of you we always want more.