

Breaking up

© Ben Robinson 2022

Index

A shot fired, 4
A vacant heart, 5
Abundant, 6
Anger, 7
Angst, 8
Animated, 9
Anxiety, 10
At the end of the night, 11
Basketball, 12
Black and white, 12
Breaking up, 13
Chasing ideas, 14
Clever, 14
Darkness, 16
Dash, 18
Educated, 19
Eight minutes, 20
Empty glass, 20
Ending, 21
Failed dreams, 22
Flying high, 25
Full, 25
Gentle, 27
Guess, 27
Happy times, 28
He headbutts the wall, 28
Heading away, 29
Hold me, 30
I find you, 23
I look at your words, 31
If I was nine feet fall, 32
In the ocean, 33
In your eyes, 33
Into battle, 34
It is only me, 35
Long looks, 36
Madness, 37
Magic, 38
Masterful, 39
Myriad, 39
Night, 41
November, 42
One more thought, 42
Over the hills, 44
Ready, 45
Reminisce, 46
Revolution, 47
Salient, 48
Save me, 49
Seagulls, 50
Seven, 51
She was aggrieved, 52
Shout, 54
Slave, 54
Summers evening in June, 55
Sunrise, 56
Terrible, 56
Tested to the limited, 58
Thirteen minutes, 59
Times, 60
Totally in love, 60
Visions, 61
Willing, 62
Winter, 63
Working hard, 64
Write, 64
Your fingers, 65

A shot fired

A shot fired,
a warning shot,
a barrage of anger and pain,
yes, she says,
do not look at me as if I am stupid,
I smelt the perfume on your clothing,
now, isn't it time that we go our separate ways?
A man caught in his girlfriend's furious gaze,
lost for words with guilt written all over his face,
normally a man for all seasons,
but he had committed a treason,
and she through gritted teeth,
told him to leave straight away,
as she began to rue the day,
as she began to rue the day that she met him,
and told him to pack his things,
and cried countless tears over a relationship destroyed,
in an instant,
as he, whilst packing tried to remonstrate,
that what she thought he had done he had not done,
but she stood firm and told him to leave right away,
and what guts and mental strength it takes,
to stand your ground,
and to not give in to crying,
and begging and pleading,
and emotional blackmail,
and to end a relationship,
at the first sign of betrayal and walk away.

A vacant heart

A vacant heart,
a departed love,
a shattered mind,
a broken life,
a woman crucified,
and suffering inside,
because of the insensitivities of the male kind,
and oh, how she cries,
how she cries at home,
and upon her friend's shoulders,
and in bars and in clubs and wherever she roams,
and how she with alcohol tries to forget,
but it never goes from her mind,
and she continually commits emotional suicide,
and she is mistrusting,
and malcontented and bitter inside,
because of ill meaning men,
have savaged her heart,
so viciously inside,
and destroyed her life so many times,
oh, the misery of love,
and broken romances and lies,
and she truly has had enough,
so, no, no more,
no, more she screams into the pitch-black night,
and oh, how she cries,
oh, how she cries,
and how she wishes the bastards would die.

Abundant

Society is abundant in all its forms of conformity.
and society unhappily, is full of the willing and the weak,
yes, countless sheep, being blindly lead,
a society filled with so many people so easily fooled,
a society that leads so many people,
with blinkered thinking, into distress, a terrible thing,
and the eradication of being able to think for yourself,
without someone telling you what to think no less,
but when will people see the reality,
that humanity in its crushing conformity,
does not advance society but slows it down,
and the world's problems, especially poverty,
continue growing, leaving countless people in distress,
oh, how terrible is the lack of individuality,
and illogicality that makes the world suffer,
such traumas and tragedies, more often than not,
because of the lack of individuality, the lack of individuality,
it is like putting a metaphorical bullet in your head,
and inside ending up numb and dead, and like a robot,
barely able to function, without someone programming you,
and guiding you to do what they want you to do,
yes, it is a mess society with little individuality,
and it is not advancing anything in this world,
yes, it is a world filled with zombies,
who cannot barely think for themselves,
a terrible shame, but who is to blame,
the ignorant and the uneducated,
the silver tongued, and the power fixated no less.

Anger

Anger,
fists through walls,
objects through glass windows,
words that appal,
violence,
mental abuse,
loneliness,
anxiety,
pain and suffering,
caused by illnesses in people's brains,
making them act that way,
yes, a terrible tragedy for society,
the lack of morality,
yes, oh, the insanity,
and the illogicality of people acting like that,
and regularly inflicting it,
upon unsuspecting people,
who curse those bitter and the hateful,
and the spiteful and vicious louts,
who bully and belittle,
and reign such verbal and physical blows,
upon unsuspecting souls,
unsuspecting souls,
who are often their family and friends,
with great regularity,
oh, what good are people like that for society,
people instilled with no morality,
no morality at all.

Angst

Angst,
in the bank,
an expensive life,
a nice home,
a business in the red,
countless worry,
and despair in your head,
waiting for the bank manager,
waiting for a meeting,
hoping for him,
or her to rescue you,
in a time of crisis,
but usually, what good does it do,
what good it is true,
because trying to get the bank manager to believe you,
when you say you need help,
is like getting blood from a stone,
and the only way,
to get money,
from him or her is if they die,
and for you clone them,
by having surgery,
to look like them,
and carrying on their job,
oh, the things,
the things you have to do,
to get money,
what a hullabaloo.

Animated

Animated,
fixated,
overheated,
and irritated,
suffocated,
claustrophobic,
in the underground station,
in a carriage on your way,
to a faraway part of London,
as someone down the end shouts angrily,
at someone that you cannot see,
out of great frustration,
probably after getting an elbow in the face,
a sweaty armpit,
or a dirty look,
oh, the joys,
of journeys in the underground,
as people with subterranean blues,
suffer short tempers,
and regularly blow a fuse,
and far too often shout abuse after being abused,
abused by the loud,
the opinionated,
and the occasional racist,
oh, the joys,
of travelling in the underground,
with most people standing,
and barely any room to move.

Anxiety

Anxiety,
possibly,
psychiatry,
no, not for me,
but give me the fresh air,
the fresh air,
where I can ramble,
without a care,
and the countryside,
where I will not swear,
and get discombobulated,
and frustrated in my mind,
and find myself around in circles,
going around in circles,
and not getting anywhere,
and just living,
in a permanent state of despair,
yes, take me away,
forever and a day,
to the countryside,
where there is less stress,
and barely anyone truly depressed,
and of a mind,
to take it out on other people,
with angry words and their fists,
far too readily,
amongst the pub tables,
and the chairs.

At the end of the night

At the end of the night, fireworks in the sky,
and loud noises far away from the dogs inside,
the dogs who still bark in fright,
whilst we stand and stare outside,
while they are inside and mildly terrified,
yes, oh, it is a conflicting emotion,
the tradition that we inflict upon them,
and the fireworks oh, what a beautiful sight,
glorious fireworks of many colours,
as loud explosions rattle the sky,
and the dogs inside, they bark in fright,
and some of us scream in delight,
and there is pleasure and pain,
and gladly for the dogs it is a short-lived thing,
and at the end we go back to the calmness,
and the warmth inside,
to make sure they the dogs are alright,
at the end of the night.

Basketball

A bouncing ball,
the thrill of the court,
the skill,
the speed,
the dodging,
the darting about,
the running,

the excited shouts,
yes, basketball it is quite an art,
quite an art for the tall,
those athletic men and women,
who have no trouble to leap so high,
as if pole-vaulters with invisible poles,
that send them flying through the air,
apparently without any trouble at all,
yes, the thrill of the court,
what a great place it is to be for shorter people,
who can barely leap at all.

Black and white

My friend,
you are black and white,
as clear as day and clear as night,
and you are true,
you are true through and through,
and always to the point,
and you always tell the truth,
yes, that is what I like about you,
yes,
honest,
and open minded,
and open hearted,
and unwilling to lie,
and you are compassionate and caring and kind,
and you do not make people cry, and that is why I like you,
good old you, good old you.

Breaking up

Breaking up,
a relationship on the rocks,
all anger,
and verbal barbarity and linguistic shocks,
a black comedy,
a tragedy,
a failed attempt at love,
two people filled with bitter arguments and malcontent,
and screams and shouts,
and upsets and words that you wish you could repent,
words that bring down the house,
and leave countless tears in the eyes,
and bring great heartbreak,
and that tear us apart,
two people at war with each other,
fighting like cats and dogs,
as love unsteadily departs.

Chasing ideas

Whether sat at a desk,
or sat on the sofa at home,
alone with no distractions,
chasing fleeting ideas through the mind,
those rare ideas that hardly come at all,
those jewels of the imagination,
shining inside you like a glorious sun,
filling you with excitement,

those magnificent ideas,
that could change your life,
ideas that could change the world,
ideas as powerful as they come,
ideas that are sometimes fully formed,
and sometimes not,
ideas that are exciting and inspiring,
and hot, hot, hot,
wonderful ideas that come from out of nowhere,
wonderful ideas that could revolutionise the world,
or improve your life,
improve it a lot.

Clever

Clever and sweet,
funny and kind,
elegant and beautiful,
and witty and refined,
with a good heart,
and with a good mind,
and generous with your time,
and patient and caring and kind,
and strong and tough,
and gentle and compassionate at the same time,
yes, you have wonderful qualities in you,
and maybe I see an angel in you,
and though I am a bit shy,
when I look in your eyes,
I know I am falling for you,

and your smile seems to imply,
that you are falling for me too,
and I am a little nervous,
and probably you,
but in our exploratory ways,
we are leading towards,
going the romantic way,
after knowing each other for several years,
and friendship,
and good times and sad times,
and times filled with tears,
and how wonderful it is,
the possibilities,
of a new romance between us,
and yes, the thrill,
and the magic of the beginnings of love,
it is inside both of us,
and I can see it in your eyes,
yes, there is a spark between us,
a spark inside,
a heavenly feeling that lifts the heart,
and makes it jump for joy,
and the time we spend,
is a wonderful time,
and what shall be we shall see,
and it seems,
romance is definitely on the cards,
and how my heart,
how my heart it palpitates,
in the excitement of the times.

Darkness

Darkness,
in my heart,
darkness in the day,
darkness wherefore thou art,
with your black moods,
that send my good spirits away,
darkness in the sky,
darkness in the news,
darkness every day,
all hard to take,
and hard to shift,
hard to lift from my soul,
hard to wipe from my eyes,
and you,
you walk around always like a rain cloud,
threatening to burst,
and threatening to send tears my way,
yes, darkness in my heart,
and darkness in the day,
darkness wherefore thou art,
oh, how I wish that you would find a more cheerful way,
a more cheerful way of being,
an epiphany,
yes, a better way,
and a symphony or a melody,
any change at all to light your path to a better place,
a better place that leads you away from the dark,
and to better days, but you,

you always seem so stuck in a rut to me,
that it would be,
that it would be a miracle to me,
but I am hopeful,
which is better than being gloomy,
and being like you, a misery,
and no, I do not know what troubles you,
because you never tell me,
no, you never tell me,
and sadly, it is a daily reality that I see,
and though I only know you a little,
it is not the way that I would want anyone to be,
and I have sympathy and empathy,
because mental health means a lot to me,
but some people are hard to reach,
no matter how much you reach out,
and no matter how much you try,
and whatever the words that you use,
rarely is there a smile,
but I hope that one day you will see,
that life does not always have to be all gloomy,
so, I wish for you,
and I pray for you I do to one day see,
that the hurricanes,
and the tornados whirling around inside you,
and your darkened moods they need not be,
but until you come to me,
or you talk to me,
you are mostly a stranger in the place where I work,
who's daily struggles through life,

are written upon your face in expressions of misery,
but I will pray,
I will pray that through life you find a better way,
and you will be happy again,
but all you are to me is a stranger on a metaphorical train,
going to an unknown destination,
with a permanently sad face,
yes, going to an unknown destination,
but one that I cannot explain,
one that I do not understand,
but all I understand sadly,
is the expressions of your pain.

Dash

You dash here and there,
and everywhere,
and do not despair,
or worry about the time,
and you do not mind or care,
because you are free,
free of the daily drudgery,
the daily drudgery of working indoors,
and outdoors in jobs that bore,
and you are as an artist able to work anywhere,
anywhere at all,
and what could be better,
than to revel in such creativity,
that the heart and the mind can breed,
anywhere,

anywhere there is fascination,
and inspiration,
yes, what beauty there is,
created from the heart and the imagination,
wherever there is fascination,
and what a great achievement it is to be able to create,
instead of getting bored and frustrated,
by doing something that you hate,
instead of something that you truly adore.

Educated

If you are fascinated,
inspired,
happy to listen,
happy to learn,
happy to understand,
and patient,
and determined,
and you persevere,
nothing is difficult and unachievable,
if you are an educated woman,
or an educated man,
or an educated boy or an educated girl,
yes, there is nothing that you cannot understand,
and education is the key to a happy heart,
and wherever there is learning,
if you have the yearning,
life is greatly improved by knowledge,
and how much more successful will be your plans.

Eight minutes

Eight minutes and fading fast,
yes, nearly there,
nearly time for bed,
with only sleep in my thoughts,
and rest,
yes,
eight minutes till the end of the working day,
and I have been working all day happily away
and what a joy it is to be able to be free,
to be creative and to be able to be creative,
and express yourself in so many varied ways,
and at the end of the day,
art is in my heart,
and what great joy it creates.

Empty glass

An empty glass,
a man with half a heart,
going nowhere,
torn apart,
weary,
worn out,
frustrated at the world,
wanting to give up his life,
and the struggle of the days that lead nowhere,
nowhere exciting,
nowhere fascinating,

the end of the line,
a flat line,
a dead time,
a dead time that means nothing,
a time about which you do not care,
a wasted time,
a time of despair.
Another pint?
Another pint?
Hell, yeah!

Ending

We are ending the day,
fading away,
travelling away,
so far away,
bright and happy,
and joyous,
and with fresh minds,
on the way to a new country,
arranging for somewhere to rest and stay,
looking forward to a time meeting the locals,
and drinking their beer and wine in the summertime,
looking forward to the relaxation in a foreign land,
that we will find,
and the magnificent sights,
where we will unwind,
and expand our minds,
and explore all the places we can with smiles on our faces,

as we view them and meet the local people,
and dive into a different culture,
a wonderful stimulation of the mind,
a holiday somewhere new,
with me and you,
and our camera too,
and no stresses or worries,
that we have happily left far behind.

Failed dreams

Failed dreams,
failed,
totally failed,
nothing achieved,
apart from still being alive,
well,
you have to be grateful for small mercies,
although,
I do not feel like I am alive,
and life it is killing me,
life it is killing me,
and life it is only but a misery,
only but a misery, and it is not how it should be,
and we should not suffer as we do in this insanity,
that we call modern life,
the fast pace life that is destroying humanity,
and with far too little time,
we are less compassionate, and angrier than we used to be,
and we do not have enough time,

for our friends and our family,
and life is far too often,
viewed through a lense of misery,
a lense of misery,
and life is far too much of a struggle,
compared to how it used to be,
and we achieve far less than we want to,
and only achieve,
mostly ongoing depression,
and modern life it is mostly an insanity,
killing our braincells,
and destroying our minds with stress,
and it is not how life should be.

I find you

An old memory of you before I knew you.
I replay in my mind,
the time,
that I found you alone,
looking for conversation,
sat waiting for someone,
in your trilby hat,
and in your black coat,
sat there as if a vision of a distant past,
the 1940's or the 1950's,
stylish and elegant like Cary Grant,
yes, you,
sat at the bar looking into the mirror,
so, content with a glass of whiskey in hand,

with your civil sensibilities, and your intellect and your wit,
waiting to unleash them in some joyous revelry,
that in time I would come to always expect,
a moment, a moment before we met,
as you sat there with your smouldering looks,
and on first sight,
I presumed wrong you were a man of machiavellian ways,
but you were not at all like the image that I first saw,
you were the opposite, and now you are known to me,
your heart is as open as book could get,
and your mind how sharp it is,
and happily, here you are again,
a pleasure to see you as stylish,
and as elegant as a man could get,
waiting for me at the bar with a drink for you and me,
on a night in a bar like in the film Casablanca,
a night, a night that we will fill with good conversation,
and smiles and laughter,
a night that we will never forget.

Flying high

Flying high on empty,
flying high with nothing at all,
no, not a penny in the world barely,
but I am happy,
yes, I am truly happy,
and I am not brought low,
by the anxieties of most people's lives,
because life lived simply is a better life for me,

and I live simply, and it is extremely good for me,
and life lived in such a way is much more enjoyable,
and I do not want for much,
and I do not desire great extravagance,
and things that I can barely afford,
and things that I waste far too much time upon,
things that have overinflated values,
expensive things that do no good for me at all,
so, yes, a simple life for me is the best way for me,
and the only way for me live,
so, a simple life it is,
and how great I feel,
with barely any material possessions at all.

Full

Life,
stress,
stressless,
and no chance at happiness barely at all,
and with not much money,
and no fun,
and not much work,
but life,
life,
what life?
Yes, in such circumstances,
there is no life,
only a big mess,
and it is an empty life,

and it is not a full life,
and not a half full life,
and because of the stresses,
and because of the strains,
upon the mind and the brain,
far too many alcohol bottles,
are far too quickly emptied,
and life is not very often meaningful,
but mostly unmeaningful,
and very unhelpful,
and not happy at all,
but unhappy,
and extremely miserable,
and filled with self-loathing,
and far too often feeling despicable,
and far too regularly continuing
and habitually continuing,
a habitual ritual,
a cigarette in the morning,
a cigarette every hour,
and the girlfriend and I,
drink beers,
and almost a bottle of whisky,
at night each mostly,
and end up far too regularly,
with a headache in the morning,
awaking to a girlfriend,
who's angry and sour,
saying that we had a fight,
a fight that I do not recall.

Gentle

Gentle, gentle and smooth,
pebbles upon a beach,
cold and shiny, worn by time,
pebbles of all colours,
beautiful colours underneath my feet,
medium sized pebbles,
pebbles flying through the air,
flung from my hand, so, far from me,
pebbles skipping across the sea,
ripples upon it, under the blue sky,
where the sunlight comes down,
and shines so gloriously upon me,
oh, what beauty there is in tranquillity,
and what pleasure there is,
what pleasure there is in skipping stones across the sea.

Guess

Guess, guess, that is what you do,
you guess, you judge people far too soon
you jump to conclusions you do,
the heartbroken you,
yes, you do not give anyone a chance,
you, the jaded you,
yes, your heart it does that downtrodden dance,
oh, you, the vulnerable you,
how I do care for you, you with those sad eyes so blue,
you with those sad eyes so blue.

Happy times

Happy times,
good times,
bad times,
sad times,
all things are discussed at the pub in good company,
with the fire going and with great conversation,
and great laughter,
and sensitivity,
and gentility,
and rambunctiousness,
and glee,
yes, there are wonderful times,
and happy times at the pub with a pint or three,
in great company,
and it is much better than staying home and watching TV.

He headbutts the wall

Alone,
alone at home in the bathroom,
he headbutts the wall,
and he does it again,
and he screams and he calls,
and he shouts at his invisible friends,
the voices in his head that are so hard to comprehend,
and he cannot get them to shut up,
and they will not cease, on that he can depend,
and he does not want medication if he can help it,

but he is failing to get the voices inside his head to end,
and he no longer can pretend that he is getting better,
and it is a constant battle that never ends,
and as he looks in the mirror,
and the blood pours down his head,
he cries countless tears,
countless tears,
ruining his life and the misery inside,
the misery inside caused by his invisible friends,
his mental illness causing him such distress,
leaving him in such a mess,
and not many truly understand,
including his family who do their best,
and as he stands in front of the mirror and prays to God,
he sobs and he cries,
and wishes he was dead; he wishes he was dead.

Heading away

Heading away,
to new a place,
a new town,
a new home,
a new job,
a new life,
oh, what trepidation,
and what anticipation,
and what niggles and anxieties,
that bombard a man's imagination,
especially on moving day,

from the place that I now hate,
and from which I cannot wait to get away,
so, yes today it is hip hip hooray,
hip hip hooray,
and tonight, with all my things not yet unpacked,
how grateful I will be,
to be somewhere new,
far away from those ignorant and stupid few,
who made this town where I live become so toxic,
and miserable to the intelligent majority,
all of whom mostly want to move too.

Hold me

Please hold me,
hold me now,
and do not wait until later,
because I have waited too long already my love,
and all through the day I have suffered being away,
yes, away,
away from you, the one that I love,
yes, my true love,
yes, my dear,
oh, please do come and hold me in your arms,
and let me once again feel your delightful charms,
and fill me with you compassion,
and caring and cheer,
and let me hold you so tenderly,
and let me hold you close,
and kiss you again so gently,

because I have had enough of separation anxiety,
and the day it has been so cruel to me
and you,
you treat me so beautifully,
and you kiss me so wonderfully,
yes, oh, my darling,
how greatly, how greatly I have missed you!

I look at your words

I look at your words,
and I look at them with a smile upon my face,
and I hear your voice in my head,
and I admire your language,
and your linguistic skills and your style,
and the words upon the page come to life,
and leap into my imagination,
with elegance and grace,
words so descriptive and evocative,
and beautiful and inspiring, and moving,
yes, what skill you have I think,
and what dedication,
and what great craftsmanship,
to be able to transport me into your world,
and how easily my brain it interprets your imagination,
and as I envision what you have written,
in the voice with which you speak upon the television,
my heart how it leaps, and oh, how you fire my inspiration,
a true visionary whose words I devour so thankfully,
in solitude and with great gratitude and admiration.

If I was nine feet fall

If I was nine feet tall,
would people bother to talk to me at all,
yes, if I was nine feet tall,
or would people just stand and stare,
and wonder what I was eating to be so tall,
yes, if I was nine feet tall,
would people shun me,
and not talk to me,
because they would keep hurting their necks,
and hold me responsible,
yes, if I was nine feet tall, would no one talk to me,
or would I instead have to talk to the clouds,
and the sky who are more my size,
yes, talk to them in a lonely soliloquy,
in my terrible solitary eloquent verbosity,
or would I have to admit defeat,
and lay down on my back, to get some company?

In the ocean

In the ocean I float upon my back,
looking at the sky with wonderment in my eyes,
as the sun it warms me,
and the clouds above they float on by,
and I, relax, relax, relax,
with no stresses and strains,
and no worries of the brain,
in the gentle ocean,

in the ocean so blue,
oh, how glorious it is with no cares in the world,
and how beautiful the water is,
and how clear and blue,
and what a great place it is to unwind,
and think of nothing barely at all,
in the summertime in the Caribbean,
where my heart is still and calm,
and my life is filled with glorious views,
living in the Caribbean,
watching the fish swim beneath me,
where there is no need to rush,
or race,
but just float and stare at the fish,
and the beautiful sky so blue,
the beautiful sky so blue.

In your eyes

On video, a work of art,
a vision of humanity and its frailty,
a vision of you, a vision of your eyes,
and in your eyes, a tear in slow motion,
as it begins to well up,
yes, a single tear, beautiful and sad,
a part of you saying goodbye,
a part of you departing,
because of your mind and your heart,
to another place in time,
a tear escaping your internal misery,

slowly in my eyes,
and so painfully,
a snapshot of a miserable time,
a tear in the eye of a friend of mine,
oh, the sadness,
but what beauty at the same time,
and such elegance,
and glorious symmetry in the single tear,
the single tear growing and then falling,
so slowly in slow-motion from your beautiful eyes.

Into battle

Into battle,
into a war,
yes, I head ready to fight once more,
ready to fight with all my might,
ready to destroy my enemies,
and my miseries with such rapidity,
in the night,
yes, headed to fight,
headed to fight in my dreams,
so, tired of the day,
so tired and stressed,
and wanting to get away,
and now here I am off to bed,
to get some sleep,
but unfortunately, reality being what it is,
the night is unfortunately far too often,
with the stresses of the day,

unlike to rest me,
and usually broken sleep shatters my mind,
and night-time it is never mostly a peaceful time,
and no matter which day of the week,
the night is never an undisturbed night,
but a night of tossing and turning,
and a night filled with the nightmares of the day,
nightmares that in my dreams do not go away,
so, in my pyjamas I go to bed dreading the night's sleep
because of the day's stresses floating around my head,
and when I am awake in the light of the morning,
and when I arise from my slumber into the day
I am barely more rested than when I went to sleep,
and it is driving me I swear,
driving me into an early grave.

It is only me

My friend,
it is only me,
so, do not worry,
yes, it is only me,
and I have just come for tea,
and to see how you are my friend,
because the lengths of the days,
are getting shorter every day, or so it seems,
and the days of our lives are numbered,
and we do not know,
how many cups of tea are left together,
before we disappear to heaven,

or knowing you and me, to hell,
where they will probably only serve gin and whiskey,
and every alcoholic drink you could imagine,
whilst having to watch and suffer the devil sat down,
with a sad look upon his face,
and surrounded by flames and bored of his job,
and sat with his hand upon his chin,
whilst toasting marshmallows again.

Long looks

Long looks,
reflection,
thoughtfulness,
wistfulness,
in and out of a book,
time out in language,
and imagination,
far away from mental aggravation,
enjoying the stimulation,
your brain racing,
and your eyes darting all over the place.
Long looks,
reflection,
thoughtfulness,
wistfulness,
gloriousness,
and words so beautiful and evocative and sad,
whilst reading a heart-breaking part,
of an auto biography of someone that you love,

and as you read tears fall from your eyes,
because of the magic in the words held inside,
and your heart is glad and sad,
and you feel every emotion that you could ever have,
oh, what power words have,
what power there is,
when the words are true,
and the writing is strong, eloquent, and good,
and how beautiful it is,
how beautiful it is to lose yourself in a book.

Madness

Some humour,
some hairbrained madness,
some joyful craziness,
some playful insanity,
that is what you need,
that is what you need,
in this world to survive,
because if you are not crazy,
you will lose your way in life,
and suffer countless miseries,
after being brought down,
by life's difficult times,
so, keep your humour,
and you will be sane,
yes, keep your humour,
and you will keep your mind,
you will keep your mind.

Magic

Magic,
pure magic,
magnificent,
and eloquent,
and beautiful,
and transcendent,
and effervescent,
and inspirational,
and wonderful,
and beautiful,
yes, every second,
every minute,
every hour,
every day,
every month,
every year,
every time I am with you my love,
and every time that I cuddle you,
and I kiss you,
oh, how magical,
and how glorious is the beautiful day,
the spectacular day,
spent in your company,
the wonderful day,
with the one that I love,
yes you,
the true love of my life,
yes, what great magic there is, always.

Masterful

Masterful, moody,
a melancholic alcoholic,
yet witty, arty, and pretty,
and intellectual,
a happy face in the place that I know so well,
a joy to see, a great person,
who I love, a wonderful person,
with which to spend time,
in their colourful company,
yes, hello my friend, hello again,
have you been rebelling again I say,
and you laugh,
of course,
because if I didn't around here,
there would be no joy at all.

Myriad

Swirling around,
a myriad of thoughts,
an abundance of witty remarks,
and retorts,
retorts to stir your addled brain,
yes, you come to me with your inanity,
and unfortunately, here we go again,
here stood at the bar at half past ten,
with you rambling,
and me trying to amble away,

but avoiding you is not easy,
and I cannot pretend,
and I am easy prey,
although I have no wish to listen,
it seems to me your mission,
is to talk no sense to me at all,
and to waffle at me with a drunken stare
with alcohol spilling down your chin,
and I can barely make out a word you say,
but you are not rude, just boring,
going on about the same subjects again,
and driving me crazy again,
and not letting me get a word in edgeways,
oh, how I rue the night,
and although I am polite,
your words are easily forgotten,
and by them I am not besotten,
and the time it drips slowly away,
like water leaking from a tap,
bit by bit, and mind numbing every bit,
and alcohol has less appeal when looking at you,
and I feel like jumping for joy when you walk away,
but you are human after all,
and you have your frailties,
and you stumble off down the street,
and to everyone you meet, you are no trouble at all,
and I should be thankful,
thankful that you are not like many others,
many others who after a few too many beers,
like to fight and brawl.

Night

A man alone at home,
at night,
in the low light,
sat alone at a table,
under a single bulb,
a table with stacks of dollar bills,
and drugs upon it,
his choice,
an easy life,
but not paying any mind,
to those who suffer and who die,
from the hard drugs he supplies,
oh, for money,
how humanity is so easily ignored,
when you have only visions of money in the eyes,
and oh, how easy it is,
how easy it is because of money to become dehumanised.

November

November,
how quickly it is here,
and winters chills,
the icy cold, and the tumbles and the spills,
on the pavements,
whereby through accident,
we get unfortunate momentary unwanted thrills,
because of the cold and the grey and the wet,

and the ice and the snow,
but there is no snow and ice just yet today,
yes, no ice and snow,
that is few and far between these days,
and how I wish the rain was not so regular,
and oh, what it does to my brain,
yes, it drives me insane,
and oh, how I complain,
not funny at all I say to the sky,
as I shake my fist at it far too regularly,
whilst expecting God to get annoyed,
and for him to kill me with a lightning bolt,
but instead, all I get is,
grey, grey, grey,
and the pleasure of being alive, as I sigh.

One more thought

I heard something,
but what I am not quite sure,
did just hear what I thought?
Did you say what I wanted to hear?
Yes, I catch myself,
I catch myself,
and I wait for you to say it again,
and you do,
and how wonderful it is,
and my heart
my heart it jumps for joy as you say,
I love you; I love you,

and you kiss me so tenderly,
so tenderly for the first time,
oh, my beating heart,
oh, my beating heart it is true,
yes, truly magnificent.
Oh, what glorious wonder,
you have just spoken to my heart,
what beautiful,
wonderful words,
oh, what love I feel for you,
and how glad I am,
that your words they are true,
and oh, how beautiful you look,
as I look at you,
and those words,
I love you,
what sensuality,
and emotion they convey,
and what gorgeous kisses upon my lips,
kisses as sweet as honey,
a smile so beautiful,
a moment so glorious,
so spontaneous,
so wonderful,
a moment with such happiness,
and oh,
oh, my beating heart,
how lucky I am,
how truly lucky I am,
that it is true.

Over the hills

Over the hills, and far away, a covering of trees,
standing in a distant place, in green fields,
as flocks of birds, they fly out of the trees and far away,
and what a wonder are natures revelries,
that have risen out of the soil,
in such varieties and so splendidly,
and how wonderfully the eyes they do spoil us,
as we clamber over stiles and gates,
and we head towards them on a walk to have a picnic there,
and to while the time away,
to ease our minds and to explore the trees,
and to take photographs,
of all of the wonders of creation there,
and how wonderfully the imagination is sparked,
by all that we see, on a beautiful walk to a distant place,
with smiles and happy faces,
yes, a day spent so pleasantly, and magnificently,
in the cool breeze as we climb up and down hills,
and walk along down drovers' tracks,
headed for the woodland on the hills,
that we are getting ever nearer to,
the place where we will have our picnic,
and camp out under the stars,
and where we will watch the sunset sat by a fire,
and relax in peace and calm,
amongst natures beauties, and in tranquillity,
yes, oh, how wonderful it will be,
camping out under the stars beneath the trees.

Ready

I look at you,
you look at me,
and we smile,
and say in unison,
ready,
steady,
wherever you want to be,
is fine by me,
yes, wherever you are happy,
we will be happy,
happy together,
as two can be,
enjoying each other's company,
in the sun,
having fun,
probably drinking wine,
drinking wine,
at a gentle pace in a bar,
in the wintertime,
all smiles and filled,
with good humour,
and laughing,
laughing as hard as they come,
yes, what a great escape,
we have from life,
wherever we choose,
to shake off our blues
caused by life's frantic pandemonium.

Reminisce

It seems rather odd, that you are choosing to leave,
and I do not understand why you are going,
or what are your plans,
and you gave barely any warning to me,
and now my heart is filled with uncertainty,
and I love you, but you say, you need time out,
and I wish I knew why, but all I can do is sigh,
and I fear the worst, because to me,
it is a foreboding feeling,
and it feels as if it could be,
the calm before the storm,
the calm before the heartbreak, and the separation,
oh, the anxiety, the terrible anxiety,
not knowing whether we will still be,
whether we will still be us,
whether we will still be we,
or whether we will be just you and I,
and all I can do is impatiently wait,
wait anxiously for you to return to me,
wait anxiously for your decision, if there is any,
and if there isn't, then there will only be that difficult,
continual uncertainty,
and that reality,
and the possibility,
that our relationship will always be,
on the edge of a precipice,
and that you blow hot and cold,
frequently about me.

Revolution

Revolution,
revolution,
yes, it is confusing and frustrating,
when you are spinning around,
and around each day,
and getting nowhere fast,
and how frustration at you, it eats away,
and how ill it makes you,
when you are wrapped in the smothering cloak of daily life,
the daily life that suffocates you,
and that destroys your soul,
and that squeezes your brain,
that squeezes your brain again,
again, and again,
until you feel lifeless constantly,
and you cannot see the wood for the trees,
and life becomes no fun and only a misery,
yes, revolution, the fake revolution I should say,
oh, what a pain,
it makes you beg and plead for change,
when the only revolution you see,
is the hands on the clock ticking away,
and everything stays the same,
yes, what a misery life is,
when life is not filled with positive revolutions,
that advance your life and make life worth living,
yes, life when it is like that it is a terrible shame,
a terrible shame.

Salient

Stood here talking with a friend,
deconstructing the art of conversation in a social situation,
yes, deep in conversation we are us two,
and as you speak your words have great meaning to me,
and I nod my head because I agree,
yes, it is a salient point,
we do not come here to be talked down too,
or to cowardly anoint,
anoint others' views who we do not agree with it is true,
yes, we do not back down to appease,
and we do not come here to spread fear,
no matter how many beers we have had it is true,
and we do not come here to tell people what to think,
or to disable others voices,
or to disparage others points of view,
and that is what is good about you and me,
but it is not easy to do,
when you have to fight off the drunks, and the punks,
and the bellicose and the belligerent,
and those whose hearts are filled with anger and malcontent,
and whose minds are filled with obnoxious views,
but you listen, and if you do have to face them my friend,
we listen politely until the end,
and then disappear quickly out of view.
so, here's to a decent conversation,
with proper sentences and no abbreviation,
and here's to not staring at phones incessantly,
and here's to us and good beer too.

Save me

Hey waitress, please, save me a piece of the pie,
it has been tempting me since earlier,
when I walked on by,
but I have to go outside and smoke and try not to cry,
because my wife she wants a divorce,
and of course,
she has bled me dry,
and I do not mind of course,
and it is only sarcasm in my voice,
and I have nothing much,
and I've been losing weight like horses run out of the barn,
at a rapid rate,
and without a pause,
since she proposed divorce to me,
and we could only agree,
to disagree of course,
but I love her still,
and sadly, the reality is that she still wants a divorce,
and I need to put on weight,
so, please save me a piece of the pie,
because I need to fatten up,
and I need to find,
a sugar mummy,
because my wife of course has bled me dry,
and left me with an empty bank account,
and only wanting to cry,
so, please waitress, please save me a piece of the pie,
well, unless you wish to see a grown man cry.

Seagulls

Seagulls they cry above us all,
and they sweep beautifully,
in their elegance across the skies,
and the clouds above they are sublime,
as the sun shines down,
and we stand on the beach,
and we look at the sea,
and we paddle in the waves,
and as the sensation of the water wash over us,
and what a relief it is on a hot summer's day,
and so gloriously cool,
and beautiful,
and the sand around our feet is glorious in colour,
and how happy we are in the delights,
as the waves crash gently upon the shore,
and we look out to sea,
and see the boats bobbing up and down,
headed for distant shores,
headed away for pleasure,
headed to deliver goods to places far away,
working hard at full speed,
as we relax,
and we are in no hurry at all,
and we laugh and we splash and joke,
and take our time,
in the relaxation we find,
by the seaside, in the waves,
the waves so glorious and cool.

Seven

Seven,
eleven,
thirty-one,
four six five,
her number,
call me she said,
call me,
anytime,
she with the red lipstick in a black dress,
at a social event,
her with the magnificent eyes,
and her with the beautiful smile,
and legs that seemingly went on for miles,
and me being the jaded kind,
took it politely,
whilst thinking,
what could she want from me?
What could I offer her,
for I am not a beauty as she,
but I have my wiles and my mind,
and although it was a moments conversation,
a crossing of paths,
visions of romance floated stupidly through my mind,
and I was mesmerised, and I was beguiled,
with fantasies of what could be,
and probably hopeless dreams,
hopeless dreams of her being genuine,
oh, what beautiful torture,

oh, the jaded me,
the happy me,
the hopeful me,
walking away already with thoughts of she,
and great romance on my mind,
but the reality,
what will it be?
I will just have to cross my fingers and we shall see,
we shall see what happens,
all in good time.

She was aggrieved

She was aggrieved,
she wanted reprieve,
he wanted excess,
she wanted simplicity,
and they all suffered the malcontent,
and their marriage was not truly a success,
but a mess,
with many arguments,
and he always spent spent spent,
and gambled,
and the kids they suffered,
and he would never repent,
and she never felt like she could leave,
for the sake of the kids,
and despite the poverty,
and the tragedy of his poor choices,
and illogicality of thought,

clouded by his gambling addiction,
but for the kids she stayed,
and he strayed,
and she cried and died a little more inside,
and the kids, they began to hate,
as materialism swallowed him up,
with his constant addictions,
that left them all depressed,
and living in a broken home,
living as if alone,
alone without a father and a husband,
and without the love that he once had for them,
dissipated by addiction,
and countless arguments that upset the neighbours,
and that became a tradition,
and the kids oh, how they cried and cried,
and how terrible a life it was,
and anger how easily it came to their eyes,
and how ready they were to lash out,
and how bitter they were inside,
resenting their father for his ways,
and their mother for making them stay in an unhappy home,
and oh, how they made their mother cry,
until she committed suicide,
and they were taken away and fostered,
a terrible tragedy,
a malady,
materialism and addiction,
a misery of modern society,
a family destroyed.

Shout

Shout,
let it out,
and do not hold it in,
yes, do not hold your anger in,
and do not bear it with a rictus grin, no, do not,
because it will only wear you out,
and your heart will only tolerate so much,
before you explode and your fury comes out viciously,
and at anyone to hand you will only lash out,
so, go ahead my friend and shout,
and get it off your chest, whatever it is,
because it is for the best, and your heart will thank you for it,
and your head it will not be a mess.

Slave

You are a slave to your grave,
yes, I know you, you will never give up,
working yourself into the ground,
you with your crazy work ethic,
saving money, putting it by for a rainy day,
but you, you will never get to spend it,
because you will be dead by then,
and what good will it have done,
because what good will it have done,
to have worked so hard all your life,
and to have had barely any fun?

Summers evening in June

Long shadows,
against the wall,
a golden silence,
as we sit in front of the colourful flowers in the garden,
in the light of the moon,
and at it we gaze in wonder,
and at the stars in the heavens,
on a glorious summers evening in June,
whilst drinking wine,
and admiring the view,
yes, how beautiful it is with you,
with you in my arms,
in the warm air,
pointing out the stars,
that we know by name,
and watching the meteors fly across the sky,
that beguile us with their beauty,
and the speed that they fly,
as we in wonder, and amazement sigh,
yes,
how great it is sat here with you,
how great it is sat here,
holding you and kissing you,
as we stare at the heavens,
and drink wine,
happy and content,
on a beautiful summers evening in June.

Sunrise

Sunrise,
beautiful skies,
glorious blue,
and a beautiful view, waking up with you,
beautiful you,
with your body next to mine,
and our arms intertwined,
and with you asleep,
and looking so fine,
and so, content in your dreams,
oh, how glorious it is as the sun shines through,
and I cuddle up to you,
beautiful you,
yes, glorious you,
my true love,
my true love with a heart so true.

Terrible

Unfortunate meetings,
brought about by chance and fate,
an ungodly character,
so far away from a saint,
but there you are Infront of me and it is sadly too late,
too late to get away,
and it always goes the same way,
and talking to you is a terrible tragedy,
yes, terrible,

and so are your words,
and terrible are your machiavellian schemes,
to bring tears to people's eyes,
and your verbal savagery,
it is a shame upon the human race,
and a total disgrace,
a disgrace that should never have had its place,
and damn that look on your face,
that evil look
that evil look filled with bitterness,
and hate and jealousy,
and anger and rage,
and vitriolic fury, with which so many people you slay,
and leave them crying,
and wanting to crawl into early graves,
yes, damn you,
damn you and your linguistic barbarity,
that distresses anyone normal,
but you have no feelings,
and you do not care at all,
because you have the devil in you,
so, I would rather stare at a blank wall than listen to you,
because you have as much good in you as the devil,
and as much cruelty in you as Torquemada,
oh, yes damn you,
damn you, and I try to look at you at evilly,
as you look at me,
but I am no good at it and I quickly quit,
and I think, yes please, do not talk to me,
and please go back to hell go back to hell would you!

Tested to the limit

Humanity,
tested to the limit,
messed up in the head,
from the want and the need in humanity,
oh, how the crucible of modern society,
makes so many people suffer such anxiety,
and sweat profusely in their beds,
because of a destructive world,
created mostly by advertisers,
and the press,
and peer pressure that shatters people's minds,
and fills them so often with false realities,
and leads them so easily into temptation,
and great destructiveness,
oh, how terrible it is,
but how many people live with it,
people who get so easily sucked in by it all,
people who can only pray and hope,
and wish for so many things,
that are beyond their reach,
and that are far more expensive than they can afford,
and with the thoughts of what they want,
leaving them depressed,
when the things they want,
they cannot get,
what a society,
what a mess,
what a mess.

Thirteen minutes

Thirteen minutes,
counting down,
counting down the little time left,
so, tired, and weary,
but not of words bereft,
yes, thirteen minutes left,
exhausted but still blessed,
with the love of language in my heart and no stress,
and what could be better,
than words which fill my mind all the time,
and that of which I can never get enough,
and that make me happy,
every time I put pen to paper,
there is happiness in my mind,
and warmth inside,
and a smile upon my face,
and I stress no stress!

Times

Time, candlelight, and brine,
and patience,
sat upon a boat under the starry skies,
where the moon glows bright upon the sea,
and where the fishes await,
and if you wait patiently,
you will catch some in-between the moonbeams,
and be able to cook them the next day for tea,

yes, oh, how relaxing it is to be,
at night upon a boat, upon a boat upon the sea,
gently rocking upon the waves,
under the starry heavens, where the stars shine so bright,
and the moon it glows down upon you,
and casts its heavenly light,
and captures you in its magic spell,
as you await fate and the chance to bring you some fish,
to cook the next day for your tea.

Totally in love

I am totally in love with you,
totally head over heels,
with a smile so wide,
and with a heart so filled with love,
and I am besotted by you,
and you with me too,
and we are sticky like glue,
and never far apart,
and happy wherever we go it is true,
and wherever we go,
and whatever we do,
we are well suited me and you,
and we enjoy similar things,
but everything, everything that we take part in,
and our understanding of each other is a great thing,
because we know each other through and through,
and it is like looking through a window,
into each other's souls,

and we together are happy with this clarity,
because there is total trust and honesty and love,
and nothing hidden,
and that is how it should be,
and wherever we go,
and whatever we do,
we are in unison us two,
and how great it is the love that we share,
and how glorious and true.

Visions

Visions, dreams,
awakenings, temptations, and tentalisations,
and sensualities and liberation,
liberation from the stresses of the day,
sat in a chair, or laid in a bed,
a great escape to nowhere, to somewhere, to elsewhere,
elsewhere away from the daily grind,
the daily grind that disturbs your mind,
for which you do not care,
yes, visions, dreams and awakenings,
temptations and tentalisations,
and sensualities and liberation,
a glorious beauty of feelings and sensations,
out of sight, out of mind,
far away from misery and work,
how great are they,
but these days, sadly how rare,
how rare.

Willing

Willing the night,
to come to scare the day away,
and sat at work, with a tired heart,
wanting the day to run away,
wanting work to finish, and wanting to play,
wanting to escape, with an eye on the time,
wanting the day to end, without too much stress and strain,
and for the day to not drive you insane,
wanting happiness, but suffering the boredom,
the boredom of the mundane working day,
wanting pleasure instead of pain,
as the time it ticks far too slowly by,
and the hands turn as if in slow motion,
a nine to five torture, that drives you insane,
as you sit staring far too often into space,
not able to concentrate,
and definitely not able to enjoy your day.

Winter

Winter upon the ground,
fresh snow fall all around,
with barely anyone around,
and our breath like fog in the air,
as we try to keep warm,
on our way to the log cabin,
whilst keeping an eye out for bears,
quiet, and eagle eyed,

and not wanting to disturb any bears around,
and our footsteps in the snow they make barely a sound,
and as we cross it,
the snowflakes fall,
and with each footstep we begin to look more like ghosts,
and winter, it is well below,
minus -30 or so,
in the white landscape,
on a journey to a log cabin that we own,
and as we go,
we drink whiskey with a grin,
and look forward happily,
to the fire at the cabin,
beside which,
we will warm ourselves and feed ourselves,
and revel in the comforting glow,
after a glorious trip,
through the fresh-faced beauty,
of the landscape covered in snow.

Working hard

Working hard,
with not much time for family,
and with countless things and worries on the mind,
and with wages low, and rents high,
and the economy suffering,
and countless sad looks in people's eyes,
and misery in society, and countless muggings,
gun crimes and knife crimes and murders and suicides,

and not much time for fun,
only for just working hard, working hard,
trying to put negativity out of the mind,
but it is not easy when the world is so filled with negativity,
that it brings so many people down into misery,
and into the black hole of life, that so many people in society,
unfortunately find it so easy to slide.

Write

Write, write left,
write right, right write,
left, write, write anywhere you like,
but enjoy and let words,
put a smile upon your face,
and true joy,
with the languages of the world at your fingertips,
and the education of time and effort,
and dedication inside your mind,
yes, whatever you write, if you can write to enjoy,
how happy you will be,
how happy you will be,
if you do not have to write other people's inanities,
and read as much as you can,
and let your heart and your mind,
and your experience pour upon the page
as if writing to a darling valentine,
as if to the love of your life,
shot by cupid upon the stage in life upon which you play,
and write as if making love to the page,

and write beautiful and elegant,
and eloquent and well-chosen words,
words that portray in simplicity,
and complexity and the beauty,
of the languages of the world with which we are blessed,
and with which the world we can describe,
in so many beautiful and descriptive and evocative ways,
that bring joy to yours, and others eyes.

Your fingers

Your fingers in mine,
us with marriage in mind,
together hand in hand,
our fingers intertwined,
looking at wedding dresses,
and you looking so beautiful,
and with joyous tears in your eyes,
and marriage,
such a big a step it is,
but the emotions that we feel,
are knocking us off of our feet constantly,
and what beauty,
and feelings there are,
in the experience of the time,
joy, tenderness, sensitivity,
tears, and beauty,
beauty and us,
the blessed,
the marrying kind,

together in a wedding shop,
as you look at me,
and I look at you,
with our fingers intertwined,
and hand in hand together,
how wonderful it is as I kiss you,
and hold you me so tenderly,
and so gently,
as tears roll down your cheeks,
and we are overwhelmed with emotion,
and in unison,
as we look at wedding dresses,
the magic sinks in,
of the magnificence of the experience,
and the marriage vows spring to mind,
and then together,
overcome in the gloriousness,
of that heartfelt experience,
a unique moment in time,
in which we both cry,
we both cry.