

Havoc and destruction

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Havoc and destruction

Havoc and destruction, and no satisfaction,
and savage acts by uncool cats,
with limited capacity for compassion,
and the inability to listen and to understand,
and with lust and greed in their hearts and in their minds,
and with their evil machivellian plans and schemes,
for massive killing sprees,
devised by their vicious mentalities,
and their thoughts filled with barbarous insanities,
oh, what terrible times are these, what terrible times,
filled with ignorance and hate and war,
and thoughts of killing with weapons,
that have greater and greater capacity,
greater capacity to murder,
to murder far more rapidly,
and with the capacity for killing much more quickly,
and much more effectively and much more destructively,
oh, when will we see,
when will we see that peace is better,
far better than this vicious cycle of insanity,
that plays out far too often in our ears and before our eyes,
on the radio, and on the television,
and in the newspapers and in the magazines,
and online,
oh, how sad the cruelty, the barbarity,
and the evil inflicted by humanity,
the tortures, the rapes, the murders,
and the seemingly incessant war, war, war!

A glass of wine

A glass of wine,
a valentine?
A hope,
a dream,
a goal,
a plan,
a scheme,
a wish to meet someone nice.
But at what place,
and at what time,
I do not mind,
because spontaneity is better,
and what a wonderful thing chance is,
and with chance there is no reason or rhyme.
So, I make a choice,
yes, a glass of wine,
at a restaurant on a Saturday night,
under the glass ceiling,
looking at the stars and the moon,
at the restaurant by the riverside,
waiting for chance,
and waiting for fate to bring me someone nice,
and there is anxiety,
and there are possibilities of surprise,
as lonely strangers are surrounded by couples,
and lonely hearts look on wantonly,
hoping to meet the gaze of another,
and find heaven in their eyes.

A moment

A moment,
as if in slow motion as you come into view,
and when you do,
I am always wary of you,
beautiful you,
broken you,
damaged you,
because in you,
there is anxiety,
and insanity,
and your cold heart it is ready to bring misery I see,
and you,
as you stand before me,
I see icy cold in your eyes,
and your heart it is as cold as the winter that I despise,
and I wonder what has made you so cold,
so cold inside,
because these days you are only filled with lies,
lies and bitterness,
and you have nothing with which to beguile,
and I,
I pity you but I should not do,
because what good does it do,
what good does it do?
And you,
what makes you so bitter,
what makes you so callous,
what fills you with such vitriol,

the vitriol that I have seen so many times,
the vitriol that you spew forth from your tongue,
when someone falls for you,
and love begins to grow in their eyes,
and here I stand,
and I ponder and I wonder you,
the changed person who I once knew,
the person who is a mystery before my eyes,
and as you stand before me,
I see your sadness,
I see the sadness in your eyes,
and there is a touch of sensitivity,
but you toughen up when you realise,
you realise that I am looking at you,
and you walk off ready to unleash your fury upon the world,
and I am glad as you pass on by,
and though I wish you no harm,
every time I see you,
you cause me alarm,
and I still feel for you,
and you are empty and lonely,
and unhappy as can be,
and it is a tragedy to see such misery,
and such unhappiness inside,
and I wonder what caused it,
and although I have compassion,
It is you who have to fix it, not me,
and time how slowly it passes by waiting for the time,
the time that you change your life,
but I wish you well and I wish you happiness,

as I step aside and you pass on by,
someone who I used to know,
someone who I once cared for,
someone who now wallows in miseries mire,
unable to drag themselves up,
unable to rise,
unable to find contentment,
unable to lift yourself out of the darkness,
and with only a cold heart,
and with only bitterness on your mind,
how terrible it is to see you in such a state,
the woman that I stil love pass like the wintry wind,
as it howls so icily on by.

Ages of you

Ages of you,
pictures by the flowers,
sat there for hours,
thinking of you,
with my heart empty,
but not my mind of memories,
and me, me missing you,
missing you intensely,
although it had been a year, almost two,
the feelings had not died down.
And there was still sadness,
and tears, as I drank whisky and beers,
and still powerful and strong,
was my love for you, my love for you.

Oh, how weird it is to be alone,
alone upon my unhappy throne,
thinking of your kisses and your cuddles,
as my tears roll down my cheeks,
and my heart, my heart it is still in pieces,
and I no longer without you feel at home,
yes, I no longer feel at home,
and there is only misery in my heart,
now, we are two worlds apart,
and I am lost without you,
and my soul is gone, my soul is gone,
having disappeared from within me,
the minute you were gone,
and now, I feel more dead than alive,
more dead than alive upon my unhappy throne,
where I sit drunk and alone,
where I sit drunk and alone.

Amazing

Amazing, beautiful,
wonderful, magical,
you, in my arms,
and your gentle touch,
as we take time out of mind,
far away from the stresses of life,
and I gaze into your eyes at your beautiful smile,
and your lips oh,
how sweet they are,
your lips that taste like butterscotch.

On angels' wings

On angels' wings,
she lifts me up as she sings,
my love,
my love who stands before me,
and it is as if a dream,
with her voice a honey covered sweet, glorious thing,
that stirs my soul,
and oh, how her voice it does beguile me,
and how it does so mesmerise,
and wake me,
as if the sun in the morning light,
oh, my love,
and oh, the songs that she sings,
and what wonder she brings,
and such magic,
and light,
light so bright in the reflections of my eyes,
as she sings to me so gloriously,
and she lifts me up with her joyful delights,
and as she does,
with all the notes that she sings,
and all the songs that to me from her heart she brings,
heaven is before me and in my eyes,
with songs that inspire my heart,
and as I listen,
how I rise, how I rise up out of the darkness and into light,
rejuvenated, fascinated, and captivated,
as if she had brought heaven down from the skies.

Another month

Another month,
another month of quiet,
a solitary month,
a month most probably inside,
yes, probably with the world shut,
out and lots of time,
lots of time and peace of mind,
yes, a single month,
possibly extending until the end of time,
a time of creativity,
away from humankind,
a lonely time,
a lonely time,
maybe talking to oneself in the mirror,
maybe losing my mind,
but safe,
safe, away from COVID-19,
and socially distancing,
quite happily inside,
yes, inside where I have all I need,
and there is no fear,
and no threats from COVID-19,
and only food and beer,
and where there is only time,
to write and write and write,
and forget about time,
whilst it rapidly and happily,
disappears from my life.

Be still

Be still,
sit,
listen,
yes, just be quiet for a bit,
and let the silence sink in,
and let the bombacity of life disappear,
as fast as you can from your mind,
and to the pressures of life do not give in,
but take time to do nothing and just exist,
just exist,
and live in the solitude,
and let the clarity bring fortitude and renewal,
and relax,
and stop your mind from racing around,
as if your life depended on it,
yes, for a bit,
let there be peace,
and let there be calm,
and let there be tranquillity,
and free yourself of those overwhelming thoughts,
that invade your brain mostly without a pause,
and that disturb your heart and your mind,
at an alarming rate,
and that leave you with a discombobulated brain,
in a painful refrain that without peace and quiet,
leaves you worn at the edges and fraught,
yes, be still,
and sit,

and listen.

Yes, just be quiet for a bit,
and let the silence sink in,
and wear a smile upon your face,
far away from the world that pressures you every day,
and that leaves you in the mire of life's miseries,
and that leaves you traumatised,
and far too often with tears in your eyes,
and that leaves you filled with regret,
and that leaves you feeling that life is worthless mostly,
and of your time feeling it is such a waste,
a waste of time that far too often you cannot forget.

Black

Black,
night,
climbing the walls,
looking outside,
watching the snow fall,
watching the stars shine bright,
watching the moon glow,
and snowed in,
snowed in,
oh, the beauty and the wonder of it all,
the crisp white,
under the black of the night,
staring out of boredom but finding some delight,
in nature outside,
but looking for something to fill my time,

with the telly gone wrong,
there's not much fun with no one home,
but soon I will forget it all with a bottle of rum,
and I'll soon forget the setting of the sun,
and the snowflakes that are blocking me,
in from which I am hiding,
as I stand inside climbing the walls,
and about to get drunk,
and forget the boredom and the wonder of it all,
the wonder that has cut me off from my friends,
the white apocalypse of which I salute,
as I sit by the fireside,
whilst toasting it ironically with a glass of rum.

Close to your heart

Close to your heart,
into the light from the dark,
separated by time from you,
but alone,
but happy and bright,
and as cheerful as a lark,
and feeling alive,
feeling alive in the morning light in the park,
post separation,
post blues,
post heartbreak,
after the depression has gone,
and long after your world was torn apart,
in the park,

with the sunshine beaming down,
and with nary a frown,
how glorious the light that fills your eyes,
and that does rejuvenate the heart,
yes, what a wonderful world it is despite being alone,
and with no partner at home,
how glorious existence is in the sunshine,
as the birds sing,
and you sit next to the roses,
as the fragrance of the flowers rise,
and you sit as if in heaven upon the grass,
a glorious green,
a green crowned by the roses,
so beautiful in all their colours,
roses so beautiful that so mesmerise the eyes,
and that so gloriously capture your heart.

Clouds

Clouds in my eyes and in yours,
and the sun on our faces,
walking at a gentle pace,
taking time to pay time no mind,
and making light of the world with no haste,
no haste to go at a rapid pace,
and allowing the conversation to flow between you and I,
under the blue, blue sky,
in the sunlight,
where our words mix with the sound of the songbirds,
and we delight in each other's company,

and we revel in each other's good-natured vibes,
and we laugh ourselves silly,
over jovial rhymes,
and as we walk through the fields,
with your hand in mine,
in the sunlight,
with joy in our hearts,
and happiness in our minds,
how glorious is the day,
and how beautiful the simplicity of the times,
two together, two side by side, in synchronicity,
and in simplicity with glorious smiles,
smiles and smiles, as we stride and stride,
and laugh and joke and put the world to rights,
oh, what great delights,
oh, what sensation in the heart,
and in nature that does inspire,
and your company of which I truly admire,
that elevates our states,
and mood so majestically,
with every footstep that we take,
as we revel in the sunshine,
feeling so fine, feeling so good,
wherever we roam, wherever we desire,
and wherever we are there is laughter everywhere,
and the day it is beautiful,
as we walk with the sunlight on our faces,
and with clouds in our eyes,
and nature how wonderfully us,
it does beguile us and does so mesmerise.

Dark thoughts and dreams and machivellian schemes

Oh, what a world it is, with such tragedies and insanities,
and oh, what dark thoughts and dreams,
and plans wrought from cold hearts and minds,
and what fearful cogitations there are,
that form some men and women's machivellian schemes,
machivellian schemes that help destroy society,
schemes that devastate so many nations,
and that come from the ego,
the selfishness, the bitterness,
and the hatred that men and women keep within,
and because of misunderstanding and the inability to listen,
and the lack of compassion,
what terrible evil they unleash upon the world,
again and again,
and because of their delusions and ego,
how the world suffers,
and sadly mostly, the evil never repent,
and continue with their evil ways until their lives are spent,
and how terribly the world is damaged,
and ravaged because of their terrible ideas,
and how many people suffer the terror and the evil ideas that
spew forth from their vicious minds,
and what despicable acts they cause,
what violent brutal acts,
what tortures and murders and wars,
that are inflicted so cruelly upon humankind,
thoughts and devastation,

caused by evil cogitation and contemplation,
thoughts guided by ignorance and not by education,
and the hate and the greed of the times,
oh, the suffering and the slaughter of humankind,
what insanity it is,
and what sickness there is in the dark hearts,
and the dark minds of leaders,
who with power in their hands,
belittle and cajole,
and rule their people with fear,
and kill people so needlessly all the time.

A big heart

A big heart,
a kind caring mind,
and blue,
blue eyes,
beauty in the candlelight,
the bedevilling kind,
sensual and teasing,
and a glorious smile,
and magnificent and effervescent,
and bubbling with style,
and before my eyes,
a glorious surprise,
a wonderful woman with wickedness on her mind,
but I do not mind,
I do not mind at all,
and I am a sucker for love,

and oh, how quickly I fall,
oh, how quickly I fall,
and how my heart it rises so rapidly,
with the wonder of it all,
as I sit before her,
the one who I barely know at all,
yes, how glorious she looks and how beautiful,
how beautiful she looks,
with her ringlets,
and those eyes so wide,
and with her smiling so bright,
and that smile it is as if it is a mile wide,
and I look at her with lust and tonight,
maybe,
maybe tonight,
tonight, will be the night,
and everything is alright,
sat opposite her in the candlelight,
listening to her silky voice,
and being drawn in so easily by the temptation,
before my eyes,
as she with the big heart,
and the glorious laugh,
and the kind caring mind,
and the blue,
blue eyes,
And she flutters her eyelids at me,
and blows me a kiss sensually,
and my heart it leaps,
it leaps what seems a million miles.

Death

Death, it comes to us rapidly,
death it comes for us all,
and how quickly,
how quickly we shuffle off of our mortal coils,
and often far too young,
and it is terrible, truly terrible,
and death it does not care at all,
and sadly, it is the good who die young,
and not the mentally abusive,
the racists,
the rapists,
the violent,
the torturers and the murderers,
no, no,
life is truly not fair at all,
and life is far too often cruel,
and how humanity suffers because of fate,
and death with which all of us have a final date,
it constantly laughs in our faces,
and time it marches on to a bitter song,
a tune that death plays to us all,
and death through life it taunts us, and it haunts us,
and teases I can take you away,
any moment of the day,
and how aware we are of it,
and how aware we are of time slipping away,
and life it is far too often to the good,
so, so, so terribly cruel.

Every time

Every time,
every time there is a heart break,
and your heart has been torn apart by a hurricane,
and inside you feel all the seasons of which you complain,
the continual snow and the continual rain,
fill your head with light and good,
and empty your heart through time,
and the distractions of activities,
that numb the pain,
that numb the terrible pain that ravages you in the days,
and the months after a breakup,
and cast away the darkness,
and refuse the moods,
of the bitter seasons of lonely thoughts,
and dark reflections,
that pounce upon you like vultures,
ready to send you into despair,
and an early grave,
and do not complain,
yes, do not complain too much,
because it will happen again and again and again,
and wherever you go,
and no matter what heartbreak will linger in you for a while,
so, put it to shame, put it to shame,
and walk in the light,
and fill your mind with humour,
and try not to reflect too much,
on that which you cannot change.

Fading away

Fading away,
fading away,
on a summer's day,
amongst the grass,
and the hay,
in the sun,
with a book,
as the clouds float away,
and the time it rolls by,
in a joyful genteel way,
a time of splendour,
in the sunlight,
with the mind as calm,
as the quiet of the day,
and how glorious it is,
the mind at play,
in the relaxation of the times,
far from strife,
and far from the machivellian,
machinations of life,
and with plenty of time on your side,
as words flow through your mind,
far from humankind,
and your heart,
how it thrills at every word,
and beautifully,
carries you to a distant place,
that carries you away.

Far off

Far off,
far off in time,
far away in another place,
in another state of mind,
far away from today,
far away from the place that I currently stay,
far away from unhappiness,
I hope to find peace,
and tranquillity,
and distant though it may be,
with patience it I will find,
far off,
far off in time,
saying goodbye,
saying goodbye to the misery of life,
that haunts so many people in these modern times,
and how happy I will be,
and content as if in a beautiful dream,
for modern life, it means not much to me,
it means not much,
with all this materialism and stress,
and the hustle and the bustle of life's,
fast paced insanities,
no, it is not for me,
but alas, how rocky the road it is,
how rocky the road,
to the place where I will find sanity,
but I will persevere,

I will persevere,
and I will with determination,
and courage get there, eventually,
yes, I will,
because I am no quitter me,
I am no quitter,
and I will carry on,
until I reach the end of this savagery,
this savagery of the times,
and the savagery of the mind,
that is inflicted upon me daily,
in the modern society where I live,
a place filled with hate, violence, and gluttony,
a place that I do not truly wish to be,
because the only place I wish to be is far off,
far off in time, on a desert Island,
in the middle of a glorious blue ocean,
where is no misery, and only relaxation,
in beautiful tranquillity.

Forever changed

Forever changed,
never to be the same,
numbed and pained,
taking it slow and sure,
mental health recovery,
a new person rising from out of the destruction,
and rising slowly,
like a phoenix out of the ashes of war,

one step at a time,
not ready to leap,
but ready to move forward no matter the pain.
Analysing,
evaluating,
cogitating,
healing at a pace that can't be rushed,
healing slowly,
healing,
but progress all the same.

Freedom

In this world in the history of humankind,
have we not had enough of suffering,
and have we not had enough of people dying?
Have we not had enough of war,
and have we not seen enough visions of them all,
visions which haunt our past,
and out from which we struggle to crawl out of,
because of the ill choices that humanity constantly makes,
and because of the ill advices,
of far too many whose advices we take,
advices that are not truly wise,
and that cause humanity far too often to stumble and crawl,
stumble and crawl far too often,
so, let us all, together,
with education,
and with morals well taught,
bring freedom of the heart,

and freedom of the mind,
and with freedom of speech,
and civility,
and respect,
bring about equality for all of humankind,
and let us set a course for a better future by leaving hate,
racism, sexism, hate and greed and inequality behind,
and let us step into the light,
and leave the darkness of our mistakes in the history of time,
and let us not continue to make them,
and let us not continue to be lead willingly by the blind.

Good

Good, good life, good times,
happy hearts, happy minds,
blue skies, the sun on the rise,
effervescent light, magnificent times,
standing in the ocean,
so calm and quiet with peace inside,
and happy thoughts that float so gently out of the mind,
as you watch the sun,
and as the waves they crash around your feet,
and glorious visions of the sea,
and rocks pass before your enchanted eyes,
and oh, how beautiful the delight, and the sights,
and what inspiration in your heart,
that comes from the outside,
that comes from the view of nature,
that the wonders of the universe have so gloriously defined.

Greatness

Greatness,
goodness,
light and dark,
compassion,
tenderness,
and broken hearts,
a brighter tomorrow?
A brighter tomorrow at the dawn,
to the sound of the lark,
to the sound of all the birds that nourish the heart,
in the sunlight by the river,
reflecting on why you left my world and tore it apart,
why,
why, I wish I knew,
but you,
you shattered my heart,
and all I am left with is your parting remarks,
your parting remarks that flew from your tongue so bitterly,
remarks that were filled with vicious barbs,
and here I am once more alone,
once more sat by the river,
sat here once more with no love,
sat here reflecting,
and with only sadness in my eyes,
yes, only sadness in my eyes,
that rises like a flood in my heart.
Greatness,
goodness,

light and dark,
happiness and sadness,
and mixed memories that disturb my soul,
as the river flows so gently past,
oh, how I wish my heart were so calm,
and how I wish I did not feel such pain,
and how I wish I had not fallen for your charms,
but I did, and all I have is heartache,
and the thoughts of you walking out the door,
forevermore, never again,
never again to be of my world a part.

Grief and sorrow

Feelings of grief,
feelings of sorrow,
emptiness inside,
empty and hollow,
and no joy around to beg,
steal or borrow,
and only darkness to give,
the darkness in which you live,
and that you cannot get rid of,
and that eats away at you and that clouds your heart,
and that makes you wish,
not to wake up again on the morrow.
Yes, feelings of grief,
feelings of sorrow, and emptiness inside,
emptiness and hollowness,
and no joy around to beg, steal or borrow,

but misery aplenty and tears like rain,
and never-ending pain, never-ending pain,
and heartache and complaints,
far too many to mention,
and such great bitterness in an angry refrain,
oh, the grief and the sorrow,
unfortunately lingering for far too long after a heartbreak,
and damaging the mind,
with such thoughts that pierce the heart,
with memories of vicious linguistic barbs,
that slice at you and that rip you apart.
Yes, oh, those terrible memories of lost love,
and of losing love,
that the mind repeats again and again,
and from midnight to midnight,
there is such pain,
such mental anguish and torment every second,
every minute,
every hour,
every day,
every week,
every month,
memories of lost love, a damaging lament,
and a terrible suffering that never seems to end,
And as the memories of lost love linger,
like such unwelcome guests,
Unwelcome guests that leave your heart on the floor,
forever more, forever more,
And that leave you in the back of your mind,
forever depressed.

Help me heal, God

Help me heal, God,
help me find my way out of the dark and into the light,
help me find my feet,
and help me move forward along the rocky road of life,
yes, please, help me dear God,
help me choose the right path,
and let me move forwards out of the pain,
and let me find myself again,
and dear God, please hold back time,
please, I beg of thee,
because I have no wish to waste it on pain,
and life is far too precious,
because in this life, dear God,
you do not give us much time,
and it is a terrible shame.

Here we are

Here we are, us, us with gentle minds,
gentle minds and scars,
and broken hearts,
and tearful eyes,
and traumatised minds on the precipices of life,
yes, here we are waiting for angels,
waiting for heaven to take us,
waiting for God to wake us,
waiting for God to wake us on the other side,
whilst having to live with devils with evil minds,

and here we are, counting the time,
waiting for the sublime,
with no heaven on Earth in sight,
but destruction and savagery,
and barbarity in dystopian times,
yes, here we are,
trying not to be hard of heart,
and cold and callous of mind,
yes, here we are, here we are with such pain inside,
yes, here we are, trying to crawl out of the shadows,
whilst looking for the light,
and whilst having to suffer the ignorant and the unkind.
Yes, here we are, waiting with jaded minds,
yes, here we are, hoping for fate to change,
and waiting to be blessed by happiness, in the meantime,
waiting impatiently as joy too infrequently flows,
and sadness mostly grows and grows,
and oh, what a world it is,
a world of suffering and inhumanity to humanity,
a world of pressure and a world of anxiety,
a world that grinds us down into the ground,
a world that spins us around and around,
leaving us back where we started far too many times.
Yes, here we are,
hoping for the best whilst living with the worst,
yes, here we are looking for the answers,
but mostly finding no answers at all,
in the chaos of the times,
and for the answers to life's problems,
having to rely on God to mostly provide.

Hurricane

I've got a hurricane,
a hurricane inside,
yes, I've got a devil in my mind,
and I've got the time,
and I've got the reason,
and I've got the rhyme,
and I,
I am ready for war,
because you told me that you loved me,
and then you quickly left my heart upon the floor,
and then just as quickly you walked out the door,
and you shattered my heart into a million pieces,
and how they cut at me inside,
and I am ready to give you what for,
and I have the metaphorical bullets,
to put inside the metaphorical gun,
but you will probably only run,
because you are a coward for sure,
a coward for loving me and leaving me,
and leaving my heart in pieces upon the floor,
and inside me now, I am like a hurricane,
fierce and bitter,
and ready to destroy you,
and the words that you speak,
and you will,
Yes, you will remember mine forevermore,
yes, as I do remember your cruel words,
which should never have been heard,

words that have left me bitter,
and in such pain,
and bereft and lost,
and suffering,
yes, oh, the bitterness,
oh, the bitterness,
here it comes again,
here it comes with every thought,
and here you come towards me,
with your dark heart,
and with me ready,
to unleash the bitter vitriol,
already fully formed in my brain,
and you, you do not know my pain,
you do not know my pain,
and how could you,
you with such a cold heart,
that I do not understand,
yes, you with the selfish mind,
and those words,
those painful words,
that explode inside me,
and that destroy my mind,
yes, those evil words,
those malicious words,
that were never true,
but more fool you,
more fool you,
for being so cruel,
and so unkind.

I prayed for you

I prayed for you, the lost, the victims,
the tortured, the murdered,
the oppressed, the persecuted,
the worn out and the weary, and the depressed,
yes, I prayed for you,
I prayed for you to be blessed,
and it is with a heavy heart,
that I await God to come and do his thing,
and to fix the mess,
yes, I prayed for you, I prayed for you,
the lost, the victims,
the tortured, the murdered,
the oppressed, the persecuted,
the worn out and the weary,
and the depressed,
and where it will lead,
I can only guess, I can only guess,
and I shall try not to be jaded dear Lord,
and I shall wait for you to do what you do,
and if fate and chance, bring peace and happiness,
and calm is restored by those who struggle and suffer,
well, I will think of them as Gods too,
because to be able to seek out what is wrong,
and to know thyself and to be able to correct thyself,
takes intelligence and skill and courage,
and great mental strength,
and if without God, you achieve those,
then you are truly truly blessed.

In the Church

In the Church,
by the river,
in Charminster,
the 11th century church,
extended and improved in the 14th and 16th centuries,
by the local Trenchard family,
the Church with a clock and five bells,
oh, what great light it is inside that shines so bright,
light that comes through yonder windows,
the plain windows,
and the stained-glass windows,
and from the lamps,
illuminating the glorious architecture built in ancient times,
and what intricate carving hewn from the local stone,
that builds the columns so high,
so high, right up to the vaulted roof,
the roof made of large solid wooden beams,
carved by strong arms and with intelligent minds,
and aesthetic eyes,
and what wise sayings high upon the walls,
quotes from the Bible that uplift you,
and that are as relevant today,
as of times of old,
and what a glorious arch,
shaped like a rainbow,
that leads to the alter and the cross,
in front of the stone window so skilfully sculpted,
so many years ago, by dextrous hands,

and by those with artistic hearts and minds,
and what evocative painting sculpture,
and gilded art there is in the Grace Pole memorial,
before my eyes,
fashioned with dedication,
and skill in memoriam of Grace,
the second born daughter,
of Thomas Trenchard, a Knight,
and in memorial to their sons so sadly,
and prematurely snatched away by death,
who are buried at Colyton in the county of Devon.
The Church,
a place to reflect,
a place with many memorials and memories and burials,
a place filled with thoughtfulness,
and prayers and revelries,
a place to muse and ponder,
the wrongs in the world and the good,
a place to listen,
a place to talk to friends,
a place to talk to God,
a place to pray,
a place to sing,
a place to be heard,
a place to be understood,
a place to enjoy,
a place to be uplifted and filled with the holy spirit,
and the teachings of God,
a place to admire,
especially the stained-glass windows,

and the bells, and the tiles,
and the carving in stone,
and the carpentry in glorious wood,
and the architecture and the time that the church has stood,
and the Church here since the 11th century,
what a wonderful place it is,
a beautiful place to visit and worship,
and a great place to meet friends,
and a great place to celebrate all that is good,
and through centuries the Church has stood in all weathers,
a beacon of hope for those in need,
a place that will brighten your day,
and fill your heart with happiness,
a place to listen to hymns and wise words,
and reflect upon life,
and upon the struggles and the strife,
and the joys,
and the sadness,
and in fact, a place to ponder,
and wonder in any mood.
And at the Church by the river in Charminster,
it is a wonder of elegance and magnificence,
that lifts you up out of the dark,
and as the clouds gather outside and threaten to break,
I sit a while on the well-made pews,
that have seen many bottoms over the history of time,
and here,
here I rest mine,
and inspiration is sparked,
in the peace and the quiet,

and the solitude,
before the candle in front,
of the alter that burns bright,
and in front of the bells behind,
the bells that chime so wonderfully,
throughout the village to mark sad and happy times,
the place where happy folk,
meet to celebrate Christmas and Easter and worship,
and who come to pray,
when the time is right,
at a service or at a time of their choosing,
here in the Church by the river,
and now,
now at Christmas time,
oh, how glorious the tree is,
and how it is gloriously decorated so beautifully,
next to the pomegranates on the wall,
the pomegranates,
that are identical to those in Seville cathedral,
probably by a craftsmen sent by King Phillip of Spain,
after he had been entertained at Wolfeton House nearby,
and as I sit here relaxed,
and with a smile on my face,
I wonder how many people have sat here over the years,
and who have sung for joy,
their songs and their praises,
rising up to the wooden ceiling,
with smiles on their faces,
and with great happiness in their hearts,
and with great happiness in their eyes.

Darkest of nights

Inside on the darkest of nights,
there is fear in your eyes,
and sadness in your heart,
and I see you before me,
and I see you torn apart,
and I see unhappiness arriving rapidly,
unhappiness growing,
with each one of your spoken miseries,
of which you gladly give to me from your sorrowful heart,
your sorrowful heart which overshadows me,
like the black of the night,
and your mood it colours mine,
as the tears stream from your eyes,
and my mind is subdued and low,
because of the bitterness and the sadness inside you,
sadness that is eating away at you,
and leaving such a cursed mark,
and here as we stand,
I want to be an angel,
but your love it was shattered and damned,
and violent and angry,
and there was no good in it that I could see,
and I did not know where to start,
and I could not have made it any better,
because it had been a situation that should never have been,
and it was cruel,
so cruel and mean,
and as destructive as could be,

and terrible to see,
such anguish,
such terrible agony,
and the bruises and the scratches and the cuts,
will live with you eternally in your memory,
and I am not an angel,
and I unfortunately, cannot erase this agony magically,
and woe is me,
as before me I see,
your sad eyes,
and tear drops,
as I look at you,
and I listen to your screams and your sighs,
and as I do you verbally rip out your insides,
and I feel as helpless as can be,
as you rant and rage,
and smash anything in sight with such a might,
and with such monstrous violence,
but I understand it, and it does not frighten me,
and oh, how I feel for you,
but there is not much that I can do,
as you get the anger out of you,
and then after you do,
you sit down and break down and cry,
and you are exhausted after having explained,
angrily what you were put through,
and then, you reach out to me,
and you hold me tight,
and I feel your heartbeat,
beat so rapidly,

next to mine in the night,
and your tears,
oh, how they pour from your eyes,
such beauties,
beauties but caused by such terrible memories,
terrible memories,
of those terrible times,
those horrific times,
and as I feel your heartbeat,
next to mine so rapidly,
I can only hope for the best,
and hope that you will never be,
put through again,
what you were put through,
and your tears,
they flow unwittingly into your wine,
and the colour of it,
it suits the mood of my mind,
red, my mind is of a mood of bloody red,
and I, I am seething with anger,
and I am no angel,
and I hate your ex-valentine,
but I shouldn't upon him waste my time,
but the feeling of anger is hard to shift,
hard to shift,
as you hold me tight,
and your tears,
they flow rapidly down your cheeks,
as you look at me so sorrowfully,
in the flickering candlelight.

In the mood

In the mood, for love, no, not I,
but heartbroken and filled with endless sighs,
and in the mood to shout and scream and sigh,
and rage at the world that passes me by,
and in the mood to rage at God,
because I think he does not try,
does not try hard enough to help humanity,
and well, that is his job is it not,
whichever God you believe in,
yes, she or he is never in when you want him mostly,
or he does not listen, but I, I,
in my drunken state I will not care,
and if I, if I rant and rage at the sky,
I would not be surprised if he never answered with words,
and as thunder echoed all around,
he threw lightning bolts at me from the sky,
but anyway, I am in the mood,
to cast aspersions at those who pass by,
as I, in a drunken stupor, utter rubbish from my mouth,
because life has gone rather south,
and it is far from where I would like it to be,
but sadly, it is the reality,
and no, I am definitely not in the mood for love,
no, not I, but I am only in the mood to rant,
and shout and be rude at the sky,
because life for me is as cruel as can be,
and eros, I curse your trickery, and I curse your devilry,
that has never done any good for me.

In this life

In this life,
oh, what strife,
in this life,
strife that cuts through you like a knife,
strife that makes you want to shout and cry,
and sigh,
and rant and rave,
until all your tears you have cried,
after watching years of your life flash so quickly by,
yes, oh, what strife,
that casts such a shadow over the heart and the mind,
strife that is not so easy to cast aside,
strife that eats at you almost every day of your life,
strife that you cannot fathom a way away from,
and whenever you try,
it overwhelms you,
and sadly, it drives so many people to suicide,
and why,
why should it be,
why should it be, this misery?
I wish I knew,
but it is not as simple as I wish it would be,
and this strife it is the anathema of me,
and I wish it would leave me be,
yes, I wish it would leave me be,
but it is incessant in its bombacity,
and it haunts society,
and we are far too often like zombies,

almost lifeless,
and passing through life,
with barely any happy memories to remember at all,
and it seems a terrible shame to me,
this strife, this monstrosity,
and the way we live,
no, it is not living really, not living at all,
and it is terrible, absolutely terrible,
because shouldn't life be more meaningful?
Shouldn't life be more meaningful after all,
and after all what good is strife,
if you have no quality of life,
no, it is no good at all,
and the effort wasted to get nowhere really,
and the suffering so many people have to go through,
it is apocryphal, apocryphal.

In this life

In this life,
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Let us run away

Hey, my friend,
another day, nothing has changed, hey,
another misery,
another heartbreak, hey?
Same as me.
Oh, how cruel life can be.
Oh, why will heartbreak not let us be,
yes, oh, what a depressing state of affairs,
for our sensitive hearts and minds,
that we suffer unendingly.
Oh, damn the frustration,
how about a change,
now, let us see what we want to see,
and let us think, and let us cast away the misery,
the misery of our unfulfilled lives,
and let us run away together,
yes, let us run away,
let us run far away from our terrible love lives,
and let us get as drunk as can be,
because that is the only thing that makes any sense to me,
and romance,
oh, what a cursed thing it has been,
yes, it is as if the devil has conjured it up in an evil dream,
oh, romance,
what has it done for us except bring us misery,
misery and pain, terrible pain,
again, and again and again,
pain that burrows inside our hearts,

and inside our brains,
like worms driving us insane,
oh, romance,
what a pain, what a pain.
Yes, my friend,
let us run away,
far away,
and let us get as drunk as can be,
and let us forget the misery,
for we know we are but fools for love,
but let us run away,
and recover our broken hearts,
and pull out eros's arrows,
that have pierced us with barbs so sharp,
and let us swear and curse at eros,
who seemingly did his best to break our hearts,
and probably unfortunately,
it will be but a passing moment,
and luckily eros suffers fools gladly,
and he will welcome us again my friend,
and probably we will be,
fooled again by love undoubtedly,
but until then,
let us run away as far as can be,
and let us get drunk,
as drunk as can be,
and let us curse eros,
and damn the romantic devilry,
that so often plagues,
and beguiles you and me.

Revelation

Revelation,
epiphany,
the first feelings of love,
blooming like a flower inside of me,
feelings of love as warm as the sun that set me free,
feelings of love,
that bring me out of my soliloquy,
the loss of me,
the beginnings of we,
the early stages of love,
a joyful epiphany,
the beginning of joy,
and happiness,
so beautiful and colourful,
and wonderful,
and magical,
and like a symphony inside of me,
oh, the stirrings of the heart,
when eros's arrows hit their mark,
and love first captures me,
and love wraps me in its embrace,
and from loneliness it liberates me,
and oh, how glorious a revelation,
and how spectacular an epiphany,
like fire bursting from a spark inside of me,
and what majestic beauty there is,
in the realisation that I love someone,
and that they love me.