

Heaven in their eyes

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6 windowpanes

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6 windowpanes,
blue sky,
a tree,
and tiredness,
tiredness in my brain,
6 windowpanes,
and rain,
and feeling sleepy,
wishing the day away.
6 windowpanes, and sun,
and enthusiasm and wonder,
often views mostly of grey this time of year,
and blue,
and nature at its best and its worst,
and happiness,
and dullness too,
but what a view,
what a view no matter the weather,
in the warm and the cool,
and at home,
alone,
alone with a book,
relaxing not listening to the phone,
and engrossed in the stories that I love the most,
in my happy home,
with my mind as calm as can be,
on its quest to explore strange worlds,
far from misery.

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 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,
strong was my love for you,
strong was my love for you.
But 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.

Alone

Alone,
a hero to some,
yes, just one,
a man with a telepathic mind and a gun,
in dismal places,
people with darkened ways,
waifs and strays,
loitering on manic days in the city,
as people with grim faces,
speed in frantic races, in the small spacecraft,
that speed through the alleyways,
trying to avoid the bullets,
from those inebriated intoxicated wasters,
those with drunken ways and ugly faces,
In Futura,
In Futura city, there is no pity,
just agony and pain,
and violence and devastation,
and anger and frustration on the way,
on the way to collect,
to collect pay,
and body armour,
and orders to kill,
whilst chewing on a pill,
trying not to be a statistic to those psychopaths,
who will kill at will,
after shooting you out of the sky,
and who drink their victims' blood for a thrill.

Amazing

Amazing,
beautiful,
wonderful,
magical,
you, in my arms,
and your gentle touch,
your gentle touch,
as we take time out of mind,
far away from the stresses of life,
and I gaze into your eyes,
and 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 the 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.

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.

Behind the curtains

Behind the curtains,
in the house,
there moves barely a mouse,
in the house,
and with the music on,
how beautiful it is with your eyes closed,
and your favourite song,
and the time how joyfully it moves along,
with a few beers and wine,
and the fire roaring high,
and the chestnuts on,
as the music plays and you while away the evening,
with a loved one in your arms,
and the night it is truly a happy one,
with quiet and tranquillity,
and ruddy cheeks,
and music,
what a better night could there be,
at Christmas time,
after all the eating and all the festivities are done,
and what better a time could be spent,
than in the arms of a loved one,
with a few beers and wine,
and the fire roaring high,
and with the chestnuts upon it,
and in the arms of a loved one,
and with happiness and smiles,
and the music on.

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.

Blackouts

Futura,
the city of the damned upon the ravaged Earth,
the Earth shattered by the weapons,
and the inhumanity and the savagery of man,
a place where menial workers go about their miserable way,
and killers, with little time for peace,
who go looking for their prey.

Futura,
a place where death calls regularly,
a place where there are blackouts,
and attacks,
and people sent into comas by the drugs companies,
who test out new drugs on hapless people passing by,
and every day,
there are people with drunken hangovers,
from the bacchanalian feasts upon pills,
alcohol replacements pills,
cheap and available 24 hours a day,

Futura,
a city with anger, frustration, and rage,
a ferocious beast, the city,
a city on the edge, a city with teeth,
a city that is not a place to live if you can help it,
and definitely not a place to exist in happiness,
a destructive place with most of the population high,
or insane,
a place no good for the heart,
a place no good for the brain.

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 yours,
and 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 mesmerise.

Dark thoughts and dreams and machiavellian 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 machiavellian schemes,
machiavellian 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, 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 mankind,
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,
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.

End of the year

End of the year, the end of time,
a time filled with bitterness,
and a time of fear, a time of sorrow,
and a time of goodbyes to those who have died,
those unlucky many,
the many who struggled and fought so valiantly to survive,
COVID-19,
a nightmare of the 21st century,
a nightmare that preyed on the weak and the strong,
a nightmare that far too often killed our loved ones, often in
the blink of an eye.

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 from the machinations of life,
and with plenty of time on your side,
as words flow through your mind far from humankind,
and your heart it thrills at every word,
and beautifully to a distant place 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 led willingly by the blind.

Futile

Futile was the night,
that you came to me,
futile was that time,
the time that I could not save you,
from your insanity,
futile,
and though you tried to smile,
there was such pain behind your eyes,

an oceans worth of pain,
an ocean of tears I did surmise,
yes, futile was the night,
that we sat together by the fire,
with our glasses of wine,
and your heart it was filled with unhappiness,
and you,
you talked to me about it all,
and you described your unhappy relationship,
and you explained why it was that way,
and you explained,
that he was vicious, rude, and crude,
and not sensitive at all,
and you, you initially fell for his looks,
and he wined and dined,
and charmed you by buying you gifts,
and you were for a moment happy until reality began to hit,
because then came the drinking,
and the belittling and the abuse,
of which he would not quit,
and that night you reached out to me to comfort you,
and I did,
and we kissed,
we kissed,
and we cuddled and we embraced,
and we gave in to our desires,
and we had our fun by the fire,
but no pain,
no pain in the end was erased,
and though we talked the rest of the night,

you ran back to him,
and at the time I felt like a fool,
but at least,
at least to make you see sense I had tried,
but sadly, sense never entered your brain,
and you,
he beat you to pulp,
and you came to an early demise,
and oh, the pain,
the pain,
and the guilt and the shame,
the shame that I could not save you,
the shame that I will always carry inside.

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.

Goodbye Johnny

Goodbye Johnny,
goodbye,
a tall man plucks out a dead man's eye,
and pops it in his mouth and sucks on it a while,
goodbye Johnny he says,
goodbye,
well, Johnny was barely a man anyway,
but mostly a cybernetic organism,
who liked to whine and cry,
and who can be recycled mostly,
in exchange for bootleg whisky and gin,
alcohol so dangerous,
that you will always feel like you have died,
died with a smile on your face,
alcohol that generates hallucinations,
and that gives you superpowers,
that make you feel like you can fly,
fly, fly, fly,
and live,

even if you throw yourself out of a building,
yes, there's no recollection,
and incredible reflexes when on the juice,
the name for all the alcohol made in the shanty town,
sometimes known as the juice from the other side,
the demented side,
the cities shanty town,
where animals are fermented with narcotics,
and hallucinogenic and made into the juice,
the juice that helps you forget life in Futura,
and that gives you strength,
and that helps you fly, fly, fly and survive.

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 terrible suffering that never seems to end,
as the memories of lost love linger,
like such unwelcome guests,
and that leaves your heart on the floor,

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 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, 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, 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,
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 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 unkind.

I fell for it

I fell for it,
I fell for someone new,
I fell for you,
I fell for the look of love,
that you cast upon me,
you with those eyes that shine so blue,
a second,
a split second was all it took,
and in my gaze,
you were captured,
yes you,
with your fleeting ways,
but I stopped you,
and said hello,
and my heart,
my heart,
it already did not want to let you go,
and how you smiled at me,
so gloriously,
and how warm,
and intriguing,
you seemed to me,
and how beautiful you looked,
in your black dress,
with your earrings in,
and with your hair a bit of mess,
after coming in from the rain,
and how enticing you were to me,

you with your eyes all aglow,
as I walked towards you,
from across the other side of the room,
a stranger who you did not know,
but how you welcomed me though,
and how my heart it melted,
how my heart it melted,
when you looked at me,
and simply said hello.

I prayed

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,
skill, and courage,
and great mental strength,
and if without God,
you achieve those,
then you are truly,
truly blessed.

In the 21st century

In the 21st century,
why is there still homelessness,
and why are there people,
suffering in such misery,
and dying so needlessly,
when there are natural resources,
and land available,
to the governments of the world for free,
now, it does not make sense to me,
when we can free the homeless,
from such misery so easily,
by using our brains more logically,
more logically than before you see?

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,
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 rave,
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 heart beat,
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 rave 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,
your devilry that has never done any good for me.

In the night

In the night,
the bullets fly,
as demented killers,
with black hearts and depraved minds,
search in the alleyways,
for their prey,

wanting a thrill in dangerous times,
wanting to see the blood spill,
wanting diamonds and dollars,
and wanting to buy girls,
who shout and holler,
killers who want to eradicate their competition,
and who want those numbed out,
worn-out burnt-out fools,
out of their minds,
the menial workers,
who are not really alive,
yes, in Futura in the night,
the bullets fly,
and bodies lay rotting in the gutter,
in Futura,
and the goal,
the cleansing of the city,
the eradication of humankind,
the mass extermination of the population,
the decimation of every human,
and their bonuses,
for cleaning citywide,
after getting it ready for its destruction,
and after receiving the money that comes,
with the death of the population,
and the salvation of the land,
from the eradication of the rundown city,
the city that blights the land,
and the city,
that is a bloody scourge on the eyes.

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, 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 world

In this world,
they make you bend over backwards,
to achieve even the smallest thing,
and there is little time to relax,
little time for peace of mind,
little time to change tact,
and barely any time for a tranquil mind,
a calm mind,
and peace inside,
and it is sad, very sad,
that the pressure of life forces you to be an acrobat,

all bent out of shape,
and from stress wasting away,
wasting away all the hours of the day,
and unhappy most of the time,
and life it far too often leaves you flat,
and it is no good for me or you,
and the world has gone mad,
and even in home there is no escape from the stresses,
that leave you worn out and weary,
and that make you want to lay down on your back,
and sleep forevermore,
to escape the stress that invades your heart and your mind,
and that you try to get away from,
but no, you are not safe even indoors,
and life it is far too often a stressful bore,
and in this world,
yes, they make you bend over backwards,
to achieve even the smallest thing,
and there is little time to relax,
and it is a tragedy for humanity,
that humanity is miserable,
far too frequently,
and how much suffering there is,
and what little enjoyment in life there really is,
and how cruel it is,
how people are trapped,
and how cruel it is,
that we all suffer far too much,
and can't escape,
a world of misery that humanity creates,

a world of complexity,
of bombacity,
a world of stress,
and of stressful veracity,
that of us it does tax,
tax us far too frequently,
leaving us with such melancholy,
and depressions,
and maladies,
from its insanities,
oh, why cannot the world see,
that it is no good,
because it only cuts lives short,
from such despicable stresses,
stresses that we are forced to endure,
because of bureaucratic acts.

In your hand is mine

In your hand is mine,
and in your heart is mine,
and my heart is in yours,
and how beautiful it is with you,
you, the one that I adore,
and how delicately you wrap your fingers around mine,
and so tenderly,
and how divine it is,
with me and you in the summertime,
walking along the riverside,
amongst the flowers,

with the sunlight in our eyes,
and how beautiful you look,
and that smile, how magnificent it is,
as you look at me and kiss me so tenderly,
and time it stands still,
and you,
you inspire me my gentle beauty,
you inspire me with your wit,
and with your compassion,
and in the sunlight, I savour every bit,
as we hold each other close,
and your arms are wrapped around me,
and my hands are on your hips,
and oh, how wonderful it is,
how wonderful,
and how magical,
and how fantastical,
together,
alone by the riverside,
as the birds sing,
and I,
I gaze into your heavenly eyes,
and my heart it rises in delight,
and we laugh and I smile,
and I am beguiled by you,
as we revel in each other's company,
and we are happy,
truly happy,
as happy as can be,
moving towards the sea,

in the bright sunshine of the day,
as the fragrance of the flowers,
they rise and enchant our senses,
and mesmerise,
and you, oh, how you kiss me,
how you kiss me you do,
and oh, how beautifully,
and so tenderly and wonderfully,
as we walk by the riverside as it heads for the sea,
your hand in mine,
with you, looking so fine,
and with every embrace,
and with every kiss, it is a memory to treasure,
and together,
oh, what a state of bliss, what a state of bliss,
and how glorious it is, how glorious it is.

Leaves of all beauty and size

Leaves of all beauty and sizes,
green and red and in all colours that nature devises,
upon the trees,
and falling free so elegantly,
and as beautiful as can be,
leaves in their wondrous variation and their intricacies,
so, delicate and tender,
and whether alive or dead,
how glorious their form,
and shape that has been born from the Earth,

that in spring are so beautiful to see,
and in the autumn,
and in their soliloquy,
as they cling desperately to the trees,
and as they fall to the Earth,
there is a little sadness that passes in the eyes,
but you know soon,
from the Earth new life will reprise,
and from the soil the trees will be nourished again,
and be given birth,
to new shoots and leaves of green and red,
and in all the colours that nature provides,
and how glorious,
how glorious their delicate beauty,
and what a wonder to the eyes they bring,
and to the heart and to the mind,
yes, oh, what great worth,
oh, what great worth that makes the heart leaps so,
and in great leaps and bounds,
as you enjoy the fresh air,
and the beauty of nature that does surround,
that does surround you and beguile you,
and the leaves,
oh, how they astound you,
in their vibrancy,
and the magnificence of their tenderness,
and in their glorious forms and shapes,
and colours and worth,
oh, what a wonder are leaves,
that are nourished from the soil and the rain,

in a cycle that brings you happiness again and again,
as you in the sun, the rain, and the snows,
you stand and survey the nature,
and how your heart how it is nourished so from the view,
and how in happiness it does greatly grow,
and what a glorious view it is,
the trees and the leaves,
born of the soil,
from which you too,
in the evolution of man have been given birth to.
Leaves,
magnificent,
evocative,
elegant,
beautiful,
beautiful forms shapes,
and colours that do so greatly please,
and how elegant their majesty that moves you,
as you stand in the fresh air and in the breeze,
and in the storms and the gales
as they move gently and ferociously in the wind,
and you stand with a smile upon your face,
and are so greatly pleased,
oh, what a wonder are leaves,
leaves upon the trees, leaves upon the breeze,
leaves falling through the air,
leaves in the rivers and the streams,
leaves, glorious leaves,
glorious leaves in all their colours,
and forms and shapes and as beautiful as can be.

Leaving

Leaving with a bit of a sigh,
but leaving without a tear in the eye,
leaving with a smile and a cheery goodbye,
leaving and looking forward to home,
leaving with a happy heart,
after seeing family and friends from a safe distance,
and in these difficult times,
wishing COVID-19 would go as quickly,
as the word's goodbye,
and the blink of an eye,
and as I sit on the bus,
headed for home,
from where I roamed and socialised,
in my thoughts I am happy,
even though life is not what it used to be,
I am more thankful these days,
and truly appreciate these happy times with my family,
and friends,
and soon, soon, I hope will come COVID-19's demise,
but until then, in short bursts I will socialise,
and with great gratitude I appreciate seeing my family,
and friends, and I hate to go,
but in these times of frequent soliloquy,
it is best for us all,
a quick visit to see our friends and family,
in groups that are small,
and yes, we do our best,
and we are blessed,

we are blessed when solitude ends,
and blessed when we can greet our family and friends again,
with smiles and happy faces,
and already, minutes after leaving,
I am longing to see them once more,
longing to see their smiles,
and their happy faces in cheery places,
and for COVID-19 to go,
and end,
and end this cycle of enforced solitude,
and soliloquy,
and socialise more frequently,
more frequently again.

Let us runaway

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 a while,
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.

Little thought

Little thought,
few words,
you,
overheard,
like a bull,
in a China shop,
that won't stop,
and it cannot be forgot,
because your voice,
it shatters the peace and quiet,
and I find it quite absurd,
quite absurd,
that you could be so uncouth,

and so uneducated,
and rude to your child,
yes, you,
the angry one,
the belittling one,
the woman shouting at your son,
upsetting him,
and making the tears run,
making them run, run, and run,
and you seem to delight in them,
and of them make fun,
oh, what a mother you have become,
what a mother upsetting your only son,
in front of everyone,
you of little thought.

Man on a mission

A dark night in Futura,
in the seediest part of town,
a place where even the birds commit suicide,
a dark night in Futura with a plot in mind,
a man sneaking through the shadows,
in the mazes of the city,
the toxic gas filled smoggy streets,
almost oxygen less,
a place with terrible acrid toxicity,
that if you don't wear a mask you will surely go blind,
yes, a dark night in Futura,
a man with plans, a man with plans and scams,

plans for nuclear fission, and plans for a nuclear missile,
a man on a mission, a man with a suitcase,
racing away down the alleyways,
walking through the slime and the grime,
a man with money on his mind,
a man hoping to cleanse and destroy the city,
with a nuclear device,
a man hoping to kill all the citizens at one time,
a man hoping to win first prize,
a man looking to revel in the site,
of the nuclear explosion from a distance,
with cool sunglasses on,
a man that doesn't give a damn about slaughter,
and who will happily watch,
the destruction of the city,
with a bottle of whiskey in his hand and a broad by his side.

Moonshine Sunshine

Moonshine,
sunshine,
bright light,
dizzy heights,
in the blackest of nights,
amongst the stars,
amongst the stars glowing so beautifully in the sky,
amongst the heavens,
the heavens that move the heart and the soul,
and that enlighten the mind with wonder,
that the sight does prescribe,

a medicine for humanity,
high above our heads at the end of a weary day,
a beautiful magnificent effervescent sight,
that so gloriously beguiles the mind and the eyes,
and that excites no matter the tiredness of the body,
and the mind.

Murky skies

Murky skies,
raindrops before my eyes,
yawns and sighs,
a dismal grey,
apathy settling in my mind,
the normal kind,
on this kind of day,
in the wintertime,
not what I want to see but something that I cannot erase,
as God he plays with the most miserable colour,
and paints it across the sky,
but only God knows why,
only God knows why,
and I have to look at it with a sigh,
with a sigh,
as that is all my body naturally will allow,
and my eyes it makes them want to cry,
but I decline them, because there are already enough tears,
enough tears falling from the sky,
maybe God is upset by the paint that was delivered,
maybe it was not his favourite kind.

Mutated food

In Futura,
a high rise,
a high rise painted,
as black as the night,
a high rise with many blocked up windows,
and strange people inside,
and in one apartment a man,
who lives with his mother,
a man who lives with his mother,
even though she's died,
a man,
a man who feeds her biogenetic growth hormones,
and who eats her for dinner all the time.

Never

Never let your heart be overruled by the mind,
and never be bitter,
and never be unkind,
and never whatever the weather,
bring such moods of the heart and the mind to others,
moods who others will despise,
and do not regret what you cannot change,
and do not sigh,
but live in the light,
and shine bright,
and instead cast negativity aside,
and tell the truth,

and then, with a smile on your face,
walk tall and be proud, be proud of the happiness inside,
for tis better than the blanket of black,
that comes with the night,
and the darkness of an unhappy heart,
and an unhappy mind,
because seeing through such a darkened lense,
will destroy so many chances of happiness,
in a very short time,
and life is far too short to destroy yourself,
by bathing in the darkness,
and living in misery with a disheartened heart,
and a disheartened mind,
and life is far too short to continually,
to spew out words of bitterness and unhappiness,
at anyone who crosses your path,
because they will only suffer and you,
you will walk in the shadows,
not able to see where you are going,
and carry a world of pain and misunderstanding,
and every step of the way upon darkened paths,
you will die a little inside.

No, I do not mind

No, I do not mind, I do not mind the time,
I just want your company,
and to hear the symphony of your voice in the evening time,
a voice so beautiful and glorious,
a voice that always rouses my heart,

and that always stirs my mind,
and wherever you are I find, that time drags on slowly by,
and the lines on my face, I am sure they increase in a race,
a race to beat the boredom of my mind,
and whilst I wait for you with a furrowed brow,
and whilst I wait to hear your voice again as you will allow,
the birds outside sing so beautifully,
but not as beautiful as thou,
for thou art the only one who can rouse my heart,
with your high-spirited wit,
and a mind so sharp and quick,
so no, I do not mind, I do not mind the time,
I just want your company,
and to hear the symphony,
of your beautiful voice in the evening time.

On this lonely road

On this lonely road,
on this lonely road to who knows where,
on this road to where many do not go,
how many terrible disturbances in modern society,
there are of the soul, that disturb your mind,
and that disrupt your flow, on this lonely road,
on this lonely road to where many do not go,
what dark times drive you out of your mind,
and to the edge of the precipice,
and to the point where you are ready to commit suicide,
bewildering your loved ones and friends with your
unknown unhappiness who you kept it hidden from,

oh, the devilry and the torments of the soul,
oh, the anguish,
the frustration and the pain that wrecks the brain,
and that shatters the heart,
and that leaves you in a black hole,
a black hole much deeper than you could ever wish to know.

Out of this world

Out of this world,
in another place,
what a wonder it would be,
far away from the human race,
where there is peace,
that far too often on Earth we do not get,
and far too often we are not able to relax in its grace,
yes, out of this world in another place,
far away from the human race,
where there is all to be lost and found,
in the discoveries of the universe,
where life is rarely to be seen,
but there is beauty in its place,
in its place amongst the stars,
where there is wonder and surprise,
and magic in the eyes,
as you float through the universe at a rapid pace,
yes, oh, what a wonder it is,
the joy of magic and the glorious ways of the universe,
as they unfurl before your eyes,
and the light reflects in its magnificence,

and how glorious they are,
all the colours that you delight in,
and in so many ways,
as you wander through the universe,
past the meteorites and the planets,
and through the galaxies,
on your way,
on your way to who knows where,
far away from the destruction of the Earth,
an Earth destroyed by humans who did not care,
who did not care at all,
and as you flee the apocryphal,
looking for a new sun,
a new sun around which to live,
will there be fear,
or will there be excitement about the new life you are to live?

Progress

Progress, it is what it is,
a slow march at best,
an evolutionary trail,
trodden by those who with snail like pace,
crawl along, and get nowhere quick,
and how frustrating it is,
and how irritating it is,
and how often the lack of advancement,
leaves you depressed,
and bereft,
bereft of sanity,

and how terrible it is,
and unfortunately, nothing is quickly fixed,
and bureaucracy causes people to be disenfranchised,
and left in despair,
because of promises, promises, and promises,
that never amount to much,
and all the words are far too often filled with hot air,
and we as society,
far too often go nowhere,
and society suffers, and humanity suffers,
despite there being many people with good hearts,
and minds who stand up for what they believe in,
they never really get anywhere,
and society far too often despairs,
and becomes stressed and jaded,
and bureaucracy far too often these days,
only makes you want to pull out your hair.

Radiant

Radiant,
radiant beauty,
as content as can be,
radiant beauty as if a flower,
amongst the dullness of society,
radiant and elegant,
and not as bland as many in your eccentricity,
and certainly not bland in the way that you dress,
but at peace in your individuality,
and oh, what a smile,

what a smile upon your face,
a blessed thing,
a happiness that comes from within,
as we race to another place,
in the underground,
where there are so many miserable faces,
and some leery grins,
and I, I feel the warmth of you within,
I feel the warmth of you within,
and what a thing it is, what a thing,
and as you leave you smile at me,
and my heart it rises,
and what I wouldn't give to see you again,
what I wouldn't give to see you again,
and feeling the need, I fumble for a pen,
but you are gone, gone so quickly into the rain,
leaving me with the warmth of you within,
and a sorrowful grin.

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, 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,
oh, how glorious a revelation,
how glorious,
and how spectacular an epiphany,
like fire bursting from a spark inside of me,
oh, what majestic beauty there is,
in the realisation that I love someone,
and that they love me.

River walk

Moving slowly without a sound,
crossing the soft earth,
leaving my mark,
as I walk along the river,
that flows so rapidly,
beneath the trees overhanging graceful boughs,
and the river it gloriously bounds,
across the occasional submerged rocks,

and the large ones,
it happily flows around,
flows around others who,
stand proud in the middle,
and the trees they are in bloom,
and the leaves are bright and green,
and are a heavenly sight that does delight,
and that does astound,
and as I move slowly along,
hoping to see the beauty of the animals,
who live by the river,
but who are infrequently seen,
now, what a sight it would be,
I think as I cross my fingers,
and hope for this wish to be granted to me,
by the trees with their overhanging graceful boughs,
as the river runs past and I stand in the sun,
hoping to see the animals who live here,
and if God allows,
I would be happy to see just one.

Sedentary

Sedentary fascinations,
educated distractions,
books filled with escapism and knowledge,
and books that thrill and captivate,
and that motivate,
and that inspire,
words upon pages,

of ancient history and of current times,
words evocative and provocative,
and elegant, and beautiful,
and intelligent and well written,
words that fill you with desire,
the desire to learn more,
to travel more,
and to write,
and to share your own thoughts and words and stories,
words that take people away from the stresses of life,
words that take people away from the strife,
words that you pour over with excitement,
written upon your face,
words that you pour over quizzically,
words that you wonder about and learn for the first time,
words that fill you with desire,
words that you can take anywhere,
and anytime,
and anyplace,
yes, words and languages,
what a thrill,
what an education,
what fascination, what captivation,
what magic in all languages,
that do describe, places and faces,
and feelings and emotions and states of minds,
yes, oh, what wonderful sedentary possibilities,
there are in books,
where you can happily lose yourself,
and so easily forget the time.

Shadows

Shadows,
and roses,
black and red,
how beautifully the colours they juxtapose,
and how wonderfully they fill your eyes,
and leave you mesmerised,
by the gentility of the rose petals,
and the intricacies of their nature,
a glorious delight,
in a photographer's sight,
captured in a second at the click of a button,
months of growth,
captured so majestically,
that leaves the heart and the mind aglow with inspiration,
oh, how great a creation,
shadows,
and roses,
black and red,
in a frame in the photographer's studio upon the wall,
how wonderfully the photographer,
with an eye for aesthetics has captured it all,
the petals, the lines, the colours,
the gradients and the shades,
oh, what a wonderful view it is from a foot or two away,
magic, pure magic,
by a magician with a great eye,
sometimes two, but what a beautiful view,
what a beautiful thing to view.

She's gone

Story telling in space,
on the way to somewhere distant in time,
in a spacecraft with the remnants of the human race,
and with memories of Amalie,
the singer from the sea, yes, she's gone,
she's gone to the beyond,
with a pretty song,
yes, we remembered her from the break of day,
to the end of the night,
and for the first time in years, we let our tears fall like rain,
surrounded by the destruction of our days,
and contamination, and radiation,
and bullet holes, amidst the rubble of the buildings,
and the angry, the fearful and the destroyed,
and the bodies lying all around,
rotting in the gutters of the city,
where so many of us were permanently ripped,
so brutally away from the terrible dream like states in,
which so many of us stayed,
a place where we only survived helped by the drugs,
the pills and the insanity,
in Futura City,
where so many lost their lives,
when a new type of bomb ripped apart the city,
and decimated most of the population,
in so many brutal ways,
but we, we who survived, we sang Amelie's song,
we sang it as as we got in the spacecraft,

knowing that we had been through hell and had somehow,
god knows how we had survived,
survived with terrible sights in our minds,
and the sounds of screams still resonating in our ears,
as we lifted into the sky,
and the rubble of Futura City grew smaller beneath us,
and the ruined Earth lay before our eyes,
and we remembered Amelie as the spacecraft began to rise,
and Amelie,
she tried to save us,
she tried to save us and tried to stop the madman,
she tried to stab him twice before he exploded the bomb,
and the city it was destroyed, destroyed forever,
and we, we sang Amelie's song,
with happy hearts and ecstatic minds,
as we kissed the Earth goodbye.

Stole my heart

After a dismal day,
and a dismal time,
I stole my heart away,
for dark was life and my mind was neither here nor there,
but far away,
yes, I stole my heart and my mind,
and my body away,
to a tropical place on a summer's day,
to somewhere tropical,
to somewhere far away,
and how quickly I forgot the grey,

by jumping on a plane,
and flying to a far-off place in the bluest of ocean,
ocean so clear and so far, away,
because I needed the sun in my heart,
and the sun in my brain,
and because I like to be filled with thoughts of jollity,
and filled with frivolity,
and I like to dance the night away,
under the stars,
and under the moon so bright,
on the blackest of nights,
and in the day,
I like to wander by the oceanside,
and be as free as can be,
in the glorious sun,
that encourages such goodness in my mentality,
yes, I like to be happy,
and I no longer let there be,
I no longer let there be sadness in me,
but I let there only be light,
because life is far too often far too dismal,
and why,
why should it be,
and yes, it was easy for me,
a simple choice,
and I chose to live simply in the sunshine,
in the eternal sunshine,
because it is the only way that I can be happy,
truly happy,
and life in the grey,

and the mundanity it was as morose as can be,
and after much misery,
and after jumping on a plane,
to live in the sunshine every day,
there is no longer woe in me,
but contentment and happiness,
and jollity,
and I know it is a state of mind,
and to live in the sunshine it is natural to me,
and darkness to the soul,
is as unnatural as can be,
and how powerful nature is,
to make you feel so despondent because of a colour,
a colour that colours my mood so negatively,
and that so depresses me,
and tis much better to live in the sun for me,
and to live life simply,
and never do I regret that I stole my heart and my mind,
and my body away,
to somewhere far away,
to a tropical place on a summer's day,
and how glad I am for in my heart and in my mind,
now there are no longer any darkened days,
and only happiness, frivolity, and jollity,
and life it is as good as it can be,
and oh, what a difference distance and time makes,
on an island in the bluest of ocean,
where dullness and unhappiness,
is a fading memory,
a place where life, life is as good as can be.

Sunset

Yellow,
a sunny hollow,
a lonely path through the trees to follow,
heading for the horizon,
up a steep incline,
breathing hard,
and the beauty of the sunset,
with contentment in your mind,
and a happy heart,
as the clouds part,
and time it ebbs slowly away,
and time what is time,
not much good without time to rest and recuperate,
and time to recover,
from the insanity of modern times,
yes, one foot,
one foot after another brother,
in the fresh air,
and what a climb,
what a climb,
a climb that lifts the spirits and the mind,
a beautiful time,
a beautiful time,
in a beautiful place to unwind,
at a pace so slow,
so slow, but what a delight,
climbing the hill,
and walking through the trees,

in the early evening light,
with your heart uplifted,
in the magic of the time,
sunset time,
a wonderful time,
a glorious time,
with yellows and blues in the eyes,
as the mile passes slowly by,
and as you revel in the evening light,
with the wonder of nature in your eyes,
how enriching it is,
and how wonderful it is,
to be inspired by the sunset,
the sunset,
that delights your heart and your mind.

Terrible power

Terrible power,
hurricanes,
tornadoes,
lives there one minute,
and gone the next,
whole families devastated,
as bodies float in the water,
amidst the wrecks,
the wrecks of buildings,
and the crying,
and the distressed,
oh, the terrible power of nature,

a fearsome beast,
and beautiful at best,
life and death,
life and death,
life forever changed,
lives rearranged,
leaving trauma,
trauma in people's eyes,
for the rest of their lives,
and countries,
in a terrible mess,
yes, a terrible power,
no matter the hour,
oh, what fear hurricanes,
and tornadoes bring,
and what terrible great distress.

The jangle of keys

The jangle of keys,
a man with a disease,
a man with urgency,
a man hustling a prospective tenant from the street,
a man trying to avoid the resurrected mutated teradactyls,
the mutated teradactyls that fly so high,
and that pick on pedestrians with ease,
the mutated teradactyls that eat pedestrians flesh so happily,
there outside in the street,
shuffling feet,
a cripple and a man diseased,

and the jangle of keys,
and the cripple,
the landlord, eager to please,
eager to please,
because no money rarely comes in,
Futura in the city without killing somebody,
and here on a Tuesday,
the landlord unlocks the door,
and the landlord he stands five foot four,
five foot four with neon hair,
that glows in the low light of the hallway,
and who smells like BO,
the landlord, who doesn't care anymore,
and neither does the tenant,
but here, rent is as cheap almost as the cemetery,
and you get free dysentery,
because the toilet looks like it has seen germ warfare,
and it doesn't want to exist anymore,
yes, a crippled landlord and a tenant,
yeah, it's a great place the landlord says,
and you won't survive,
anywhere else in the city,
yes, with your unhealthy looks,
and your head for books,
you won't survive I am sure,
and the man hands over the money,
and the landlord gets out a submachine gun,
and the tenant is no more,
blood stains and bits of flesh all over the walls,
food for the mutated tera dactyl's, I am sure.

Timid

Timid,
a woman sat in a cafe,
a nervous woman sat with a cup of coffee,
sat with her nervous disposition with a slice of cake,
amidst the fray,
sat amidst the hustle and the bustle,
as the waiters and waitresses race back and forth,
and as she watches others conversations,
she lifts her cup and spills her tea into her saucer.
And she is beautiful, beautiful with her golden hair,
and delicate in her sensitive way,
and as she sits taking time out and time slowly slips away,
she smiles timidly at a couple in love,
and shyly looks away,
a gentle soul, alone,
with her frailty openly on display.

Yesterday

Today, my mind is far away,
and I am blown away,
on a miserable day,
a day of delay, holding flowers in my arms,
waiting for you to come my way,
on the 7 o'clock train,
waiting in the rain,
watching the last rays of sun,
try to come through the clouds of grey,

waiting for you to kiss me, waiting for the raindrops,
waiting for the raindrops to stop,
waiting for the raindrops to get out of my way,
wishing it were a summers day,
and I was far away,
and the cancellations,
and the frustrations never existed,
but unfortunately,
it is an irritation that will not go away,
yes, no arrival today, only soggy flowers,
and despair, and loneliness,
and having to walk off into the rain,
the incessant rain that doesn't care,
yes, wishing you were here, but you are not,
but tomorrow I hope the day will bring sun,
and you with a smile upon your face,
and we will be together,
and happier hand in hand,
wherever the weather does not bring despair.

Whatever

Whatever,
whatever you feel,
I feel it too,
for we are in synchronicity,
me and you,
and as we stand together,
in troubled times,
under dark clouds,

and stormy skies,
life it eats at us,
as far too often we stand on the precipice,
wondering what of life,
what of life and of its cruelties,
what of life and of its terrible times,
as we hold each other's hands,
and we look for the light,
and we try to keep the darkness from our minds,
no, not an easy thing,
in these troubled times,
not easy thing in these troubled times,
but together we try,
and brighter we are together,
as your heart it beats next to mine,
and we kiss in the wavering light,
upon the precipice,
amidst the difficulties of life,
how much better,
we are together you and I.

Winter snows

Winter snows,
cold toes,
snowflakes,
and a cold nose,
watching the robins,
in the wintertime,
their beauteous red breasts,

so wonderful and warm in colour,
a vision of elegance,
and magnificence,
and gentility,
on top of the hedgerows,
well, worth the wait,
despite the snow,
well worth bringing a flask though,
as they sing so beautifully,
and as I watch them fly,
across the sky to their homes,
my breath,
it hangs ghost like upon the air,
but I do not care,
as I am happy that they came along,
and I am thankful,
for their song,
and I am glad to watch them return,
to the warmth of their homes.