

Sooner or later

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A sunny day

A sunny day,
as the wind it blows through the trees,
and oh, what a glorious breeze,
and what a beautiful field,
and how majestic natures glories before me are,
so grandly revealed,
and here I am, healed,
here I am healed,
healed from the stress of modern life,
that causes such havoc with my life,
and my mind,
but when I walk through the fields,
how glad I am to sit amongst the finery of nature,
that fulfils my every aesthetic wish,
and how quickly in such a place my mind it comes to rest,
and how greatly this stillness it pleases me,
and how it touches me like a kiss,
a kiss upon the lips,
but time sadly, how rapidly it slips,
how despicably rapidly it slips,
but on a sunny day,
I will outdoors happily sit, and sit, and sit,
and I will no matter what make the most of it,
and it is for all I wish,
peace, and the calmness and the quiet of nature,
of which I savour and revel in every little bit,
and oh, how glorious it is,
how glorious it is.

Alone

Alone, I roam, wherever there is a calm breeze and the sun,
because time means nothing to me,
and I despise how it flies as fast as a bullet from a gun,
and in the sun, you won't see me run,
and I will only contemplate nothingness,
and bemoan with great sadness,
how fast modern life has become,
and I have no wishes for the bombacity of modern society,
and for huge amounts of material things,
because as a way of life,
wasting time on such materialism,
it is no good for my heart and my mind,
and because of the bombacity of modern life,
my mind will only unravel far too frequently,
and the heart it will with great strain,
encounter such stress and pain, again and again,
and I only wish for a simple life,
and to lay in the sun, at one with the world,
and not having to race around as time,
time it flies like a bullet from a gun,
and all this frantic chaos it is not much fun at all,
and at it my heart it cowers and at it it is appalled,
so here I sit alone in the sun, with a happy heart,
and with my mind as still and as calm as a lake,
and with great wonderment,
how beautiful nature is, and how wonderful life it is,
far from the madding crowds,
and far from modern life's tireful pandemonium.

Body moving

Body moving,
stretching and a yawn,
stretching and a yawn at the break of dawn,
waking the sleep from the eyes,
mesmerised,
by the sunlight coming through the window,
as tired eyes,
tired eyes are rejuvenated,
and intoxicated by the sunlight,
that fights off the night without a pause.
Body moving,
stretching and a yawn,
stretching and a yawn at the break of dawn,
time to rise,
time for coffee and orange juice and breakfast,
here at the table as we sit with excited minds,
excited about the day that has just got its start,
as the sunlight comes through and enters you,
oh, the sunlight how it rouses the heart.
Here, just after dawn,
sat with the ones we love,
laughing and joking,
and grooving on the thoughts,
that are inspired by the sunlight,
and that are quickly being born,
as we find inspiration in our imaginations,
and find great fascination in the possibilities to come,
and as we plan and scheme,

how beautiful the time together is,
and how glorious the possibilities,
and what a happy scene,
as the sunlight comes through the windows,
and we conjure up our dreams,
our dreams that work has delayed far too often,
because work is mean,
and here we are about to get in the car,
and head for new destinations and a holiday,
that we for far too long have long wanted,
and in which we will find the rejuvenation that we need,
and for which we have pleaded,
and which is a reality,
as we sit here,
body moving,
stretching and a yawning,
stretching and a yawning at the break of dawn,
soon to be free,
free of work that deprives us of happiness in life,
and of which we far too often bemoan and mourn.

Chaos

A relationship on the rocks,
chaos all the time,
chaos all week,
chaos inside,
a maelstrom of the heart,
the voodoo arts,
plucking at the heart strings,

a million times,
chaos,
chaos that you wish you could ignore,
and pay it no mind,
and uncertain love how it does sit so,
uncomfortably inside,
yes, chaos, tearing you apart,
chaos decimating the mind,
chaos discombobulating the thoughts,
chaos in your moods,
moods like hurricanes,
angry, bitter, and destructive,
moods going nowhere,
except around in circles all the time.
A relationship on the rocks,
and broken hearts,
and frequent shouting,
and misunderstanding,
and words that are cruel and unkind,
and vitriol that is never-ending,
and as they say love is blind,
blind a lot of the time,
and stupid and idiotic,
and neurotic and jealous,
oh, the frailties of the heart,
and humankind,
love, far too tragic far too often,
and happiness is far too often,
far too often,
far away from the heart and the mind.

Eyelashes

Eyelashes, flutter, flutter, flutter,
in slow motion and my heart, it leaps,
at the beauty before me,
and I am lost for words, and I stutter,
I stutter, wanting to speak, but slowly my words come out,
and I crumble before your beauty,
that rouses my heart to leap,
to leap with such joy that it distracts me,
because, oh, what beauty you do employ,
upon a man who is willing and weak,
and that smile of yours, how glorious it is to me,
for it is like the sunshine,
and how it overwhelms me so wonderfully,
and there is magic when you speak,
there is magic when you speak,
and when you kiss me,
when you kiss me so tenderly,
and how delicate the kisses,
that you reign down upon me so wonderfully,
and as you smile so radiantly at me,
oh, how grateful for you I am,
and for the love of you,
because when I wear a frown,
and when I am feeling down,
I am, stronger because of you,
and you pick up and lift me up,
as only an Angel can do,
as only an Angel can do.

Exit

We exit the bar loudly and drunkenly,
and drunk as skunks, drunk in the night,
the night, that you set fire to it,
the night that you set fire to my heart,
and how I am loving every bit, every bit,
and how we smile as we stumble down the street drunkenly,
with you on my arm, and you on mine,
and how easily I was won over by you,
and you were won over by me,
both of us won over by our mutual charms,
and won over by each other's sense of humour,
and oh, how easily we clicked,
and now, we are as happy as hell,
as we revel in creating new and fresh memories,
as we stumble down the street,
with our lives changed and rearranged by fate,
and oh, what a night, what a revelation,
what an epiphany, to meet you so randomly,
but this night is the best night that could ever be,
with you and me laughing happily,
bouncing off each other so easily,
a well-suited chemistry,
a majesty of intoxication,
and sensation, and glorious beauty,
on the night that you set fire to my heart,
born of the time of a single line,
a single line plucked from my mind,
a single line that made you laugh.

Far away

I am in a mood,
and far, far away,
far, far away in my thoughts,
yes, it is another black day,
oh, come what may,
come what may,
and let the crows come down and peck out my eyes,
but, only in a metaphorical way,
because I am sick of all I see before me,
and all I see before me are wars and violence,
on the television,
and in the newspapers,
in the magazines,
and online,
and all I hear are stories on the radio of stabbings,
and shootings,
and violent robberies that tear global society apart,
each and every day,
and every day, I curse the loss of life,
and every day, the pain inside me,
because of what I see it grows and it grows,
and it does not go,
and so, the suffering,
and the torturing of families,
because of the loss of loved ones gets worse every day,
and oh, what has the world become today,
I do not know, and though I pray, though I pray,
what great evil there is in the world,

that has settled in so many hearts,
evil, that has left the world so dark,
it is a crying shame, a crying shame,
and why does it have to be, I wish I knew,
but why it is, I cannot say,
and of the horrors of violence,
how I hope that they go, that they go away,
because, how many tears have been cried,
how many tears have been cried,
more than all the oceans and the seas in the world combined,
and the atrocity of humanity,
it continues its barbarity, and it blights the Earth,
in increasingly more and more brutal ways,
and oh, how dark is each day,
darker than night in the minds of many,
who prefer the sun,
but alas, from the darkness of violence they cannot get away,
and why, why can't so many see that violence is not the way,
and why is it, why is it that so many fail to see,
that humanity can with education,
eradicate violence and hate from the world,
I wish I knew, and it is an awful act, any violent act,
and as they say, the whole world is a stage,
but it is covered in blood these days,
and the blood it soaks the Earth,
it soaks the Earth as if a flood,
oh, what a sad state of affairs,
that eats so viciously at the dreams of peace,
the dreams of peace,
that so many in the world wish for today.

Heaven

Heaven,
wherever I am with you,
yes, in heaven it is true,
because you,
you complete me you do,
and when you hold me in your arms,
how much better could it be,
no better at all,
because the unfettered joy that you bring to me,
it is as if magic conjured up in a magician's dream,
a magical mystery that envelopes me,
and that fills me so beautifully,
and what a wonder you are to me,
what a wonder,
and what a miracle,
a miracle as great as the parting of the sea,
a force so powerful,
a force that captures my heart so wonderfully,
and as I gaze into your eyes,
oh, how you mesmerise me,
and oh, how you beguile me,
and how beautiful your voice it is to me,
because it is so soft, gentle, and beautiful,
and eloquent,
and your words they are like diamonds,
like diamonds sparkling in the sun,
shining so beautifully,
words that linger long in my memory,

never to be erased,
and when I recall them,
it is like a symphony,
a symphony that stirs my heart when we are apart,
a symphony that brings tears of joy to my eyes,
a symphony that makes me smile,
and that fills me with warmth,
as if of the heat of the glorious sun that does rise.
Oh, how wonderful it is my darling,
to be by your side,
oh, how wonderful it is
to be in your arms and to be filled by your charms,
and your love,
it is a glorious blessing,
and with you always I am in heaven,
and there is always within me,
heaven inside.

If you had have loved me

If you had have loved me,
if you had have loved me,
now where would I be,
I do not know,
but I am here,
and here in me,
there is a raging sea,
a raging sea,
and I cannot see,
I cannot see clearly,

for time has stopped,
and it is as if time only exists to torment me,
and to remind me of my loneliness,
and, oh, what a sad state of affairs it is,
and what great misery,
what great misery,
there is in me,
oh, if you had have loved me,
how much better life would have been,
how much better life truly would have been,
but sadly, it is not reality,
and you,
you rejected me,
and I had built my hopes up so high,
and I wanted our love to be,
but it was not to be,
and instead inside me, there is a raging sea,
a raging sea of uncertainty,
and how unbalanced I feel,
with so many mixed feelings in me,
and I cannot seemingly escape this misery,
for everywhere I go, I swear I see you,
and I think of you more than is healthy,
and it compounds the misery,
and there are few smiles upon my face these days,
though, I wish it were not the case,
but I cannot seem to forget you,
and I cannot stop thinking about what could have been,
and here alone,
is a terrifying place sometimes,

because it scares me,
it scares me that it may have been my last chance at love,
oh, what could have been,
oh, what could have been,
I do not know,
I do not know sadly,
but it was a magnificent dream,
a magnificent dream,
and unfortunately, here I stand,
pondering my future,
a future without love possibly,
and here I stand,
a single man,
a single man whose tear drops fall like rain,
far too frequently,
far too frequently.

In memory of you

It has only been a few days since I buried you,
but sometimes, I light a candle for you,
although, if you were human, you would have understood,
and if you had sentience,
you being a dog,
you probably would have thought it silly,
but, no matter,
In memory of you,
I have been lighting a candle or two,
In memory of you,
and today as I stand here,

a lonely tear falls from my eyes,
and hits the ground where I buried you,
here I stand in a sombre mood,
wishing you were here running here and there,
as you used to do,
on your four legs,
and oh, how you used to make me smile,
when you walked on your hind legs,
but, alas my friendly dog,
you have shuffled off your mortal coil,
and now, now you are at rest,
and laying before me in the soil,
in the soil where you came from,
and where I came from,
and how much my best friend,
how much I miss you and your crazy antics,
and though I, though I am an old age pensioner now,
I will soon most likely be joining you,
but what a life you had, what a life,
and what pleasure you brought to me,
and I hope I brought you pleasure too,
as I stand here, I have no fear,
because I have had a good life too,
so, goodbye my friend, for now,
because it is starting to rain,
and I am going inside now for a cup of tea,
yes, tea like sometimes I used to give to you,
so, goodbye for now my dear friend,
travel well to heaven,
and kindly give my regards to God, would you?

In the brutality of man

In the brutality of man,
how do you describe the beast inside,
the beast inside so many that rages,
and that causes so many not to give a damn,
In the brutality of man,
what terrible greed and jealousy there is,
that ignites the sparks,
the sparks that light the flames,
that causes the explosions,
and that fills minds with rage,
minds filled with rage that cause such evil across the world,
and that cause such inhumanity to humanity,
minds filled with rage that causes such violence,
such violence with guns and knives,
and bombs, and fists,
and all weapons that are so easy to find.
Minds of rage that cause terrorism,
and the wars that we wage,
leaving many countries devastated,
and destroyed, destroyed by the ignorant, the intolerant,
and the bitter and the furiously annoyed,
oh, the brutality of man,
what a shame it is that it is so often employed,
because of the inability to listen,
and oh, what a shame it is,
that education has not so far eradicated violence,
from the world is so frequently,
and ineffectively employed.

In time

In time,
no longer will the tears fall from thine eyes,
yes, in time,
no longer will you mind,
the once broken heart,
the heart torn apart,
and the suffering of the mind,
yes, in time,
all the pain will mostly go,
and no longer inside,
will you feel as cold as the winter snows,
because out of those times will come the best of times,
and in the new sunshine of the heart,
the mind and the soul,
life will go on,
and in time,
you will forget the misunderstandings,
and the bitter words,
and the raised voices and the angry confrontations,
and the frustrations,
that spiralled out of control,
and in time you will forget how you suffered for love,
and how you spent all the money that you had on romance,
and how you apparently sold your soul,
sold your soul to the devil,
the one that you thought you loved,
but who left you feeling less than whole,
yes, in time,

will come a new love born of such tiny sparks,
that inflame the heart so deliciously,
and that put a smile back on your face again,
and how happy you will be in the glow,
the glow of your new love,
and the excitement and the magic and the majesty of it all,
yes, oh, how wonderful it will be,
when the bad times have gone,
and you have picked your heart up from the floor once more,
and your heart has mended,
and there are no bitter words anymore,
and this time inside you there will be a new hope,
a new hope that this love will be,
the only one forevermore,
yes, in time,
you will wave goodbye and you will no longer cry,
and in time there will be,
happiness in the eyes once more,
and in your heart,
there will be no longer the gloom and the doom,
but the beautify of a new love,
a different love,
a love so much more powerful than before,
a wonderful love,
yes, a true love maybe,
but in time, you will see if it is to be,
or if it is not to be,
but anyway, you can only try try try again,
and hopefully it will be,
much less destructive than the previous love,

this new love that conquers you,
more powerfully than before,
this new love that conquers you,
like all the seas and the oceans combined,
that brings you such joy and relief,
in its glorious majesty,
that of old pains does wipe the mind,
in the enjoyment, and in the excitement of the times,
yes, in time,
a love anew will come to you,
and what glorious, good it will do you,
and how you will rise,
like a phoenix from the flames of the old,
inspired by the new,
the new love that has come to you,
from out of the blue,
and how good it will be,
a love so beautiful and true.

Life

The rustle of the trees,
and at ease,
soliloquy,
tranquillity,
a gentle breeze,
and the beautiful birds,
making the most of the summer sun,
and me,
with a smile on my face,

as the clouds float by gently overhead,
here I sit with only enjoyment,
and inspiration inside me,
and with great fascination all around,
and what a world it is with all the great creations,
that do in their abundance so wonderfully astound,
and what delicate beauty there is,
in the flowers amongst the grass,
and how varied the colours that I espy,
with such pleasure that the gift of sight grants me,
sights that so beautifully rouse and stir my heart,
and nature, it is all that I want to see, mostly,
and not so much,
the modern buildings that rarely do much for me,
and of which I see in them no great works of art,
and here as a gentle yellow butterfly,
it passes on by in its glorious delicate state,
and what a wonder it is upon thine eyes,
and of which upon to fixate,
and how I envy it and the ease it seems to fly about the place,
and there is nothing greater than walking down the lane,
and crossing the fields and sitting in them,
and contemplating life and the majesty of nature,
that so beautifully the mind does awake,
and does so powerfully stimulate,
and time, time it stands still,
and I am glad it no longer does race,
because upon it I do not meditate,
or fixate, and for time I hold no wake,
I just revel in it and explore everything,

everything with a spring in my step with great happiness,
that nothing else could ever replace,
and as the breeze rustles through the trees,
unlike the wind I am happy going nowhere,
and I am happy to sit peacefully,
and I am thankful to the powers that be,
that created all that I see,
and who showered me with such grace,
and with such beauty that does fascinate me,
oh, what a wonderful life it is,
and this Earth what a wonderful place,
what a wonderful place to exist,
for nature upon the eyes, it is like a never ending a kiss,
a never-ending kiss upon the lips,
a kiss that lingers long in the heart and the mind,
and that lingers long after I arrive home,
and that so wonderfully fills me with such glorious bliss,
and oh, what a life, what a great great life is this,
and what a great great gift it is to exist.
I just revel in it and explore everything,
everything with a spring in my step with great happiness,
that nothing else could ever replace,
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a kiss that lingers long in the heart and the mind,
and that lingers long after I arrive home,
and that so wonderfully fills me with such glorious bliss,
and oh, what a life, what a great great life is this,
and what a great great gift it is to exist.

Love connections

Love connections,
moon glow,
waiting on you,
waiting on you to arrive in the winter snows,
as the snowflakes fall,
and the wind to me it calls,
and how cold it is,
but soon I will be with you and in your arms,
in the arms of the one I love,
and my face with love will be all aglow,
for you were sent to me from the heavens above,
and that night we met,
I will never forget,
and that smile of yours,
it goes on forever,
and I hope it goes on forevermore,
and for that I dream,
and for your kisses to extend into infinity,

and for us to see,
for us to see every sun rise together and every night fall,
for you to me,
are so beautiful, wild, and free,
and you pull me back to you,
and distract me so pleasantly,
so pleasantly from the things that I should be doing,
and you pull me back away from them,
as if with the force of the moon that drives the oceans,
and the seas and the waves to the shores,
to the shores of this beautiful planet,
that is our happy home,
and wherever we roam,
how you inspire me, beguile me, and make me laugh,
and charm me with all your feminine wiles,
and oh, how you make me smile,
how you make me smile,
and your smile it goes on as long as if it was a country mile,
and oh, how beautiful and elegant you look,
and how much style you have,
how much style,
and I feel, I feel like I have known you for a million years,
and how glad I am to see you,
whenever we have been apart,
because when we are apart,
it is like the stars have been plucked from the night skies,
and there's only dark, only dark,
and without you,
it is like someone has stolen my heart,
and put it away for a rainy day,

and you to me, are as beautiful as can be,
as beautiful as all the flowers in the world to me,
and how proud, how proud I am to be,
the one that you love,
and how proud you are too,
and we, we were meant to be,
we were meant to be, you and me,
and how grateful and thankful I am for you,
and you for me, and here we stand,
here we stand together underneath the cherry tree,
kissing each other upon the lips so delicately,
and tenderly,
and what a glorious sensation it is to me,
as we stand in a gentle breeze,
and the cherry blossom falls,
and we hold each other so closely and tenderly,
and we gaze in each other's eyes so lovingly,
so lovingly.

There is madness in you

There is madness in you,
there is madness in me,
and today the sea is far from calm,
and there is great power in the sea,
and today,
you and me,
we ran into the waves,
and how brave, were we,
for it was icy, icy cold the sea,

and how grey was the sky,
but we did not mind,
and we just ran into it,
and how we did shout,
and let out a cry,
for it was colder,
far colder than we were expecting,
you and I,
and how we laughed,
how we laughed at the shock,
and how we shivered and were almost frozen to the spot,
but, still we,
we continued to splash around,
and to make quite a sound,
as above us, the seagulls they cried,
and we,
we kept close to the shore,
not wanting to be lost forevermore,
and we,
we hoped for the sun,
but today, it did not come,
and we,
we did not mind the grey and we had our fun,
and though we weren't there for long,
we swam,
and shouted,
and kissed and felt such bliss,
as the roaring waves they did come,
they did come, and wash over us,
and each one,

each one seemingly wanted us to depart from the sea,
but we,
we were truly happy,
and we despite the sea's best efforts,
swam until we were frozen to the bone,
and then we, happily departed with all our limbs intact,
and in the power of the sea and with the rocks so many,
it was quite a courageous act,
swimming in the sea,
and you and me,
we rushed as fast as we can,
to the towels,
and to the car,
and to drink coffee,
and we warmed ourselves through and through,
and the waves,
how they waved frantically at me and you,
and were glad to see the back of us,
and as we dried our hair, how we laughed and stared,
at the brave others who,
who threw themselves in,
and also made quite a din,
and how glad we were,
to have enjoyed it for a short time,
and how wonderful it was,
the experience,
and the laughter and the smiles upon our faces,
as the sea it carried us and it chilled us and it thrilled us,
and wanted with all its power to forsake us,
and in the car,

how we laughed as the chill of the sea it made us,
it made us shiver for quite a while,
and shiver quite unrelentingly,
but how great was the experience,
and how glorious was the warmth of the coffee,
as we sat in the car and kissed,
and the sea it waved at us,
maybe to come back,
maybe in jealousy,
but we will be, we will be back,
for how glorious are the waves,
the waves that carried you and me so powerfully,
and how glorious and magnificent,
the wonderful sea, that made our day so happy,
so, so happy, as happy as can be,
yes, we were truly happy, you and me,
and oh, what a day, oh, what a day at the sea,
what a great day, with you and me in the powerful,
powerful, majestic, glorious, beautiful sea.

Maybe

Maybe,
maybe I will never know,
I will never know why you went,
and I will never know if your heart will ever relent,
for you were as cold as the winter snows,
and maybe,
maybe you are happy,
maybe, but probably,

probably, I will never know,
but I wish you could know this,
I wish you could know,
that I forgave you long ago,
and back then, we two were at fault,
and our hearts were bitter with misunderstanding,
and upon each other we were far too demanding,
and it ripped us apart,
and oh, how we tore at each other's souls,
how we tore at each other's souls,
until both of us could take no more,
and we,
we left each other with such anger inside,
but now,
for me,
for me it has died,
and I wish I could change things,
because I still love you,
but whether you still love me,
I am not so sure,
and time is a healer,
but alas, how it pains me to say,
what a chance for true happiness we let slip away,
and every day,
every day I think of it,
it is a sad day,
a truly sad day,
that never from my mind seems to want to go away,
and how lonely without you I am,
but sadly, probably it will always be that way,

and how I rue the day,
how I rue the day,
when we went our separate ways,
and sometimes,
sometimes, I cry a tear or two,
when I think of you,
how blue I feel,
how blue,
without you,
and now there is only melancholy and unhappiness in me,
and the day is as black as the night to me,
and being alone is truly anathema to me,
and though I try to fight it,
I try to let them be, these thoughts of misery,
these thoughts of misery,
and, for another chance at happiness,
oh, what I wouldn't give to be held again,
and kissed by someone that I love,
because how lonely and desolate without love life it is,
how lonely and desolate without love, life it is.

No matter where

No matter where these feet do tread.
No matter where I roam,
no matter what the day it does bring,
I wander with my dreams and my visions,
and my goals in my head,
and I believe in me,
for in my heart, and in my head,

I have filled them with positivity,
and no matter how rocky a path I tread,
I walk tall and proud and, in the light,
and I let no darkness fill me inside,
and I let no shadows cover me,
for in the light and in the sun, I walk,
and I capture the sun in my eyes happily,
for winter only brings a bitter chill,
but I let it not bother me,
and I walk with a smile upon my face,
and there is no better a place to be,
no better a place to be me,
and by thinking logically, I have great clarity,
and life is filled with happiness and jollity,
and nothing,
absolutely nothing bothers me,
and how wonderful is time,
when time is as carefree as can be,
and problems no matter how big they are,
they disappear rapidly,
for with positive thoughts, I carry me,
I carry me to my destiny,
I carry me to the places that I want to be,
and I let no negativity get in the way,
of what I want to achieve,
and I persevere, strive, and work hard,
and because of positivity,
there is less stress to bother me,
and no mountain is unconquerable,
because I have unconquerable faith in me,

and wherever I tread,
and whatever dreams and goals I strive to achieve,
in them I believe, in them I believe,
and the world, how wonderfully the people,
and the places do inspire me,
and in each step, and with each breath,
how truly thankful I am for life,
and for the opportunities that life has granted me,
for they are true blessings,
and of life and of existence,
it is a magic conjured by who knows what,
but I am grateful for my lot,
and grateful to be upon the Earth,
the most beautiful of places,
a place so filled with inspiration and mystery,
and wherever these feet do tread,
I am truly happy.
There is no tomorrow like today, and no time like now,
because time is too precious to waste,
so, make the most of now,
make the most of now, before it goes with great haste.

Of my heart

Of my heart, I sit with it,
with it in pieces that can't be fixed,
and of my heart, there is no spark,
just memories in my mind,
and emptiness inside me,
that won't quit,

and as the shadows of the night,
they envelope me,
I wander in my thoughts,
and there is no pause,
no pause from the bombacity,
of the savagery of doubts,
that I wear upon my brow,
with as many furrows as sorrow allows,
and with sorrowful remorse,
and, as I ponder this darkness of the soul,
the moon, I am sure it pities me,
and as it shines,
I wish I could steal its light,
and brighten up me,
and this misery,
is as cruel as can be,
and how I wish,
happiness wasn't as fleeting,
as it mostly seems to be,
oh, my heart, oh, my heart,
how many tears must come from my memories,
from my memories,
for it seems there will be no land if this continues,
and only an ocean,
the size of which has never been seen,
and I am drowning in me,
drowning in me,
unable to divert myself,
from my thoughts,
from my thoughts of the love that used to be.

On my own

On my own,
alone,
with the wind,
and the sun,
on my own alone outdoors,
with no wish to run,
on my own alone,
not worrying about the time or how fast it goes,
not caring about anything except the moment,
only caring about the present,
only caring about the here and the now,
and happy,
happy in the sunshine glow,
happy alone,
happy with no stress and no anxiety,
amongst the miracle of nature,
in the countryside where I often roam,
and how good it is,
how good it is being alone,
alone with only happy thoughts,
and no home,
no home for the stresses and the anxieties in my mind,
and no worldly troubles inside,
no worldly troubles inside me,
but only joy and contentment,
in the solitude and the soliloquy,
and what better a place could there be,
than in the green fields as the sun it shines down,

as upon my face there is no unhappy frown,
and there is only inspiration before me,
upon the hill,
upon the hill in the peace and the quiet of the day,
looking towards the distant sea.
as the birds they sing,
the birds they sing so cheerfully,
oh,
oh, what better a place could there be to be?
No, none at all,
none at all for me.

One

One for unity, one for you and me,
one hand upon a hand,
one, together as one,
your hand on mine,
so delicate and graceful,
and as calming as the sea,
one, one beauty,
the nature of us,
the nature of we,
together as one, hand in hand,
as we walk the land, in the sun,
with the sun so glorious and shining down so beautifully,
yes, one, together as one,
and at peace in nature's glorious majesty,
one, together, in harmony,
oh, how magical this feeling is with you and me.

Out here

Out here in the world,
where the sun far too often doesn't shine in my heart,
there is a black mood,
a black mood,
an attitude,
a mood, that is hard to define,
a mood that will not depart,
and in here,
here in my heart,
how cold it is,
how cold it is without any sunlight,
and how cold it is with no positivity,
in so many people's minds,
and how cold it is in a world,
where so many people do nothing except work all the time,
and where there is so much violence seemingly all the time,
oh, what a crime,
oh, what a crime it is,
and how unkind,
how unkind is society,
because so many people are deprived,
deprived of love,
and the world is filled with such great misery,
and we, we need a miracle,
a miracle to part the sea,
the sea of tears that so many people have cried,
and that so many people have created over the years,
yes, countless tears,

that have flowed like rivers because of hate,
and because of violence and fear,
and how sad it is,
how sad it is that there is in this world,
so little cheer,
and how little time there is in the metaphorical sun,
barely none,
for in our hearts when there is, along comes another horror,
another violent act,
and how frustrating it is,
that the human race,
seems determined to take part in suicidal acts,
acts that will only make the world come undone,
acts that will never really be forgotten,
and that will not go away,
acts that bring such great dismay,
oh, how much time we spend in the grey,
oh, the grey, grey, grey that just will not go away,
yes, oh, how dismal it is,
and in what great despair I lay,
as I watch the stories on the television and online,
and read in the magazines,
and in the newspapers,
and that I hear on the radio,
oh, how frightening and how terrible it is,
and it is from these horrors,
so, hard to get away,
so, so hard to get away,
but, what are we to do,
I wish I knew,

because so many people have failed,
at what they said they were going to do,
and the problems of the world remain,
and the suffering and the pain it is a crying shame,
an awful shame and it is truly insane,
that there is not more logic and common sense,
in people's brains,
and unfortunately, the world's problems remain,
and, on how to fix them,
I have my ideas,
and so, do many others too,
and the weight of the world,
it presses down upon my shoulders so heavily,
and world peace is a sacred cow,
but an elusive one,
and peace is far too infrequently here,
and I have hoped, and I have wished for better times,
so many times, now,
and of the world, I am not proud barely at all,
because there are so many people,
intent on inflicting suffering,
and because of the constant sight of it all,
it has brought me low,
and it has brought me down into a depression,
that I have no wish to know,
and I do not walk so tall now,
I do not walk so tall,
because there is much not to be proud of in this world,
and far too much suffering and pain,
but in my heart, I will do my part,

my part, to make it better for us all,
and I can only hope that the world has a change of mind,
and that we, as the human race,
we strive harder and we work harder to,
end the constant foolish violence, that solves nothing at all,
and I will continue down my chosen path,
trying to bring light to the dark,
whilst hoping that others do the same,
and whilst hoping that those with violent minds,
come to their senses,
and whilst hoping that they cease their violent brutality,
of which so many people seem to revel in and enjoy,
and who seem, of violence to never be ashamed,
oh, what a terrible shame, what an awful shame,
for it is such a strange mentality,
such a strange mentality,
that continues so persistently to persist,
and that disturbs the sane,
that disturbs the sane, time and time again,

Peace

Peace, war,
terror, sublimation,
intimidation, confrontation,
violence, and savage intents,
and brutality, torture and cold-blooded deaths,
and so many people who,
with blood on their hands never repent,

and sadly, far too many people are killed,
for far too little cost, and oh, what great minds are lost,
what great minds are lost because of war,
and how many families are torn apart,
and left suffering,
in the seemingly unending struggle,
over wealth and resources,
and what for when there are enough resources for all,
and how stupid it is,
we do not learn from humanities mistakes,
and far too often, and overall,
we have never really learnt much at all,
except how to create more and more destructive weapons,
and how to murder people,
more and more effectively than before,
oh, war, and the horrors of war
when, oh, when oh when,
will the bloodshed and the darkness end?
And what will it take,
what will it take to change humanities ways,
I wish I knew, because it seems simple to me,
but the world it stumbles blindly,
on and ignoring all calls for peace,
and because of it, society never really advances at all,
society never really advances at all,
and we are all made into fools far too often,
when people are sent to their deaths far too often,
by those who should know better,
by those in power, when there really,
really is no need for war at all.

Rain drops falling

Rain drops falling,
rain drops in my eyes as I stand with my broken heart,
upon the bridge of sighs.
Rain drops falling,
rain drops so cool upon the skin whilst I,
whilst I am like a volcano inside,
ready to erupt,
and ready to erase all those tear drops,
with the fires that burn so fiercely inside,
oh, those fires inside me,
that so painfully will not leave me be,
oh, how terrible the sparks that ignited,
the fires in my heart, and that tore us apart,
and that devastated our relationship, and you and me.
Oh, I cannot see, I cannot see the wood for the trees,
without the joy that you brought to me,
and now you are gone, time has moved on,
and my heart has not,
and I no longer have any cheerful songs inside me.
Oh, what it is to be me, I cannot say,
and I cannot think of it,
because without you, it is hard to exist,
and it is a shame, a terrible shame,
that you and me were not meant to be,
and here I am soaked in melancholy,
bemoaning what used to be,
and alas the night,
despite its heavenly delights,

now it is only hell for me, hell for me,
because it only reminds me,
of when we used to cuddle up together by the fireside,
with a glass of wine,
and the night now, well, it only brings me misery,
and of my tears, of my tears there is a sea,
and I, I am drowning in loneliness,
and woe is me, woe is me,
and my mind is as far from calm as can be,
and although I desire tranquillity,
there is no peace, no peace inside me,
and sadly, right now peace it is but a dream,
and here I am, as lonely as can be,
here,
here in this heartbroken misery,
and I,
I cannot seem to pick myself up again,
because the memories of you,
and the beauty of you,
and your smile too,
how they pull me back towards you,
how they pull me back to wanting you,
and to the good times where we seemed so right together,
yet, with thoughts of our arguments,
oh, how I am torn in two,
how terribly, I am torn in two,
and those rain drops,
no, they will not stop,
and I,
I am coloured blue,

coloured blue, through and through,
and, alas, heartbreak to me is nothing new,
and of where I am going, I have no clue,
without you,
yes, because without you,
I have lost my way,
and sadly, when we parted,
there was so much left unsaid,
but so much left still to say,
and time without you,
oh, how slowly it slips away,
how slowly it disappears as the rain drops fall,
and my thoughts of you how cruelly,
they bring me joy and pain,
and oh, how terribly they wreck my brain,
and though, I try to struggle on,
and battle through the pain,
each day is the same,
and, even on a sunny day,
inside me there is eternal rain,
eternal rain,
and upon the floor,
there is an ocean of me,
and there will be more of me, down there,
more oceans of me soon upon the floor I am sure,
for this pain,
it comes at me in waves,
again, and again and again,
in a never-ending refrain,
and now, sadly I despair at the joy that I once had,

and how searing is the pain that tears me apart,
as I sit here alone with my broken heart,
and torn, torn, torn apart,
and inside me, there is a war or three,
and I am ashamed of how the wars inside me,
did get there start,
and now, you are far, far from me,
and there will not be,
there will not be any chance for rapprochement,
and no kissing and making up,
because our love is history,
history,
and I am a bitter me,
and how bitter I feel,
for there not to be love in my heart anymore,
and without you,
sadly,
I am dazed and confused,
and heart broken,
and not amused,
and I am feeling blue, blue, blue, blue,
without you,
without you,
but what can I do,
oh, what can I do,
because time they say is a healer,
and time, it moves far too slowly,
and I, inside am sore, sore, sore,
as our love it disappears into history,
and as I struggle with all my might,

to wrestle it from my mind,
and I tell my heart to leave it be, leave it be,
but my heart it won't listen,
and my mind, oh,
how it suffers the slings and the arrows,
of our own actions and our self-inflicted misfortunes,
that rage inside me so apocalyptically,
so, apocalyptically.
oh, woe is me, oh, woe is me.

Solitary cloud

Oh, solitary cloud,
where are you going,
for you are in such a rush,
I can but ask,
and I still will be unknowing,
oh, solitary cloud,
do you not wish for company,
for you always seem to wish to be alone,
and here often in nature I sit,
and from your roaming you will not quit,
and where you are going, I will never know,
and far too often you are grey and full of rain,
and seemingly filled with great anger and great pain,
and your lightening and your thunder,
it far too often rattles my brain,
oh, solitary cloud,
I wish you were not so solitary,
because you would I am sure be happier in company,

but company you will not allow,
and it is a shame to see you race away,
into the distance with nothing at all to say,
and it is but a wish of mine,
but you seem far too often to rue the day with your grey,
and far too often you leave me with a furrowed brow,
and how I wish you would see,
that company is a wonderful thing,
but then where would I be without the rain,
the glorious rain that you do bring,
that nourishes the Earth with worth,
and that encourages the flowers to grow,
and the birds to sing,
oh, solitary cloud,
what a wonderful thing you are,
and how far,
how far you travel and what things you must have seen,
what things you must have seen,
and though I try to talk to you,
you talking back to me is only a dream,
and so often when I see you,
I sit in melancholy,
but I admire you and your speed,
and your colour and your mood,
it often leaves me confused,
and you,
you leave alone,
and you cross the sky that you conquer,
the sky that you seemingly own,
and I, I have no clue as to why,

but you do sometimes sit for a bit above me,
and hover so beautifully before my eyes,
and I am grateful for that moment,
but how quickly you are gone,
and wish your time with me,
was far longer,
because for you to be alone,
it seems so wrong,
oh, solitary cloud,
how quickly you vanish from my eyes,
for you are pushed for time,
and I ramble on,
wondering you,
and pondering you,
as you continue to explore,
the wonderous skies,
and I am no wiser to you,
but if that is what pleases you, then I am too,
I am thankful for you, no matter your mood.

Sooner or later

Sooner or later, and never later than you want,
but always earlier,
and never better than you wish,
this goddamn awful weather,
that makes you wish you were a fish,
oh, this bloody weather,
it ain't clever,
and well,

whatever,
whatever,
whatever,
I hate the sight of it,
and I wish it would bloody quit,
quit bothering me,
for it makes me sick,
this grey, grey, grey,
oh, how I rue every day,
and far too often I stay indoors,
and I smoke cigars,
and wish I could shoot them all,
the raindrops that make me stop,
that make me stop going outside,
and I am sure that soon,
there will come,
a great flood to end it all,
to end the human race,
to end our suffering,
and the view of this miserable weather,
that always gets in my face,
that always gets in my face,
and is a disgrace,
oh, the atrocity,
oh, the boredom,
and the travesty,
of the weather that spoils my view,
and that should be replaced,
that should be replaced,
but God,

God, does not give me the grace,
the grace of an end to it all,
and oh, how it angers me,
when those raindrops continue to fall,
and I,
I look angrily to the sky,
and I hope to see Gods face,
and ask God,
why he makes the sky cry,
cry, cry, cry,
why, oh why God, why,
are you miserable yourself,
has your wife run off and left you,
have you been drinking too much,
are you in a miserable place,
God, dear God,
can't you please just stop,
this Godamn awful rain,
from spoiling my day,
because, you know me,
you know me,
and you know how much I am paid,
and you know God,
you know that I can barely afford,
a holiday,
and nothing improves,
no matter how much I pray,
and it is always the same,
Oh, goddamn the rain,
goddamn the rain,

are you God,
are you not ashamed,
are you not ashamed,
because it seems such a shame,
when you have created so many colours,
to keep continually,
laying before my eyes,
these cursed rain drops,
and this seemingly eternal,
grey, grey, grey,
oh, dear God,
can you not,
can you not make it stop,
say, 6 days a week, until I am in my Grave,
and then, God,
you can do what the hell you like,
and I wouldn't mind,
I wouldn't mind to see,
those bloody awful raindrops fall,
so, if you could please,
kindly stop this infernal rain,
6 days a week,
I wouldn't cry,
and if you created a new ocean,
somewhere else,
but not where I live, I really wouldn't mind,
I wouldn't mind a bit,
but until then, dear God, forgive me,
forgive me, If I get a gun,
and shoot at the raindrops,
and at heaven for a bit.