

Down to the sea

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Amongst the dew drops

Amongst the dew drops in the grass,

there lays a leaf that has lived,
and in this moment,
after the fall from the tree,
it has lived its last,
yes, amongst the dew drops in the grass,
how beautiful its colours look,
and how incredible the pattern of its form and shape,
a shape created at such a slow evolutionary pace in the past,
yes, amongst the dew drops in the grass,
the time of its life is ending,
and soon it will go back,
to where it was at the start.

Smash this mirror

Smash this mirror if you like,
break this heart,
but no matter what it will reflect upon you,
and upon thine eyes,
and it will give such distorted visions,
so, smash this mirror if you like,
and it will reflect upon thine eyes,
for inside your heart in a bitterness of the times,
you will feel my pain if you have any shame,
for love is fragile,
and I know it is true and I am not,
I am not ready for heartbreak again.

There is no mountain

There is no mountain,
and there is nothing to see,
because you can overcome anything,
anything if you just believe,
yes, anything,
because there is no mountain,
and there is nothing to see,
for it is all in the mind,
if you have a strong mentality,
and there is no mountain,
and there is nothing to see,
and if you believe in you,
and in your own mind,
and you no matter what,
persevere,
you will conquer all that you see,
so, do not give up,
for you are capable of such great things,
and nothing is impossible,
nothing is impossible,
if you believe in yourself,
and you persevere,
and although failure,
failure comes to us all sometimes,
be fearless,
and try, try, try again,
and if you do there is nothing,
that you cannot accomplish my friend.

Empty glasses

Empty glasses on the table,
bottles on the floor,
drunken people unconscious,
people still in their dreams wanting more,
wanting more alcohol,
because they could not remember the alcohol from before,
but they will know an empty glass,
when they see one,
when they wake up at the bar in heaven,
and hopefully God will have gone to the shop,
and bought some more,
because life on Earth is rough and tough,
but they do not worry in heaven,
because the alcohol cannot kill you anymore.

Hard but not unkind

Hard but not unkind,
yes, you are tough,
you are tough on humankind,
but you are soft and there is love in your eyes,
and you choose your words wisely,
and you brave the toughest of times,
and you walk the Earth with your brilliant mind,
you walk mediating and trying to calm the fires,
and the explosions caused by misunderstanding,
that flare up from out of nowhere,
and that always threaten to envelope,

and overshadow humanity,
for there is such insanity,
such insanity,
and it drives you mad,
it drives you mad to see,
that there are not people,
with calmer heads,
in these times,
but you,
you with your diplomacy,
can soothe the fieriest of people,
people who with their hot-headed ways,
will start wars anyway,
and so many deaths,
will soon follow,
and so much sorrow,
but with your diplomatic ways,
I admire you,
and the lives that you will save,
because war,
takes more time than talking,
and talking,
talking is much better than war,
so, why can there not be,
more common sense,
and decency and civility,
and you will I am sure,
save more lives,
and of the likes of you,
I wish there were more.

Rain upon the roof

Rain,
rain upon the roof,
pelting down in the town,
where you told the truth,
but what good did it do,
because people seem to want people to suffer,
and for what reason I wish I knew,
because you were you,
and did not believe in you,
and what better could you do,
for the problem was theirs it is true,
and they,
they pervaded your thoughts,
with such negative retorts,
when you attempted to help,
in a buoyant swell,
of effervescent mood.
Oh, how rude,
how rude, how rude,
but now you are happier indoors,
away from negativity,
and happier to be alone,
listening to the rain,
for blissful,
blissful is nature's symphony,
because it brings great beauty,
and no pain,
no pain.

Adjunct

Adjunct,
and punctual,
I have got the marketers blues,
for they have come to sell me my soul,
and make me buy it back from,
back from them again it is true,
but what mutuality could be this superficial,
and lacking beneficiality,
for it tears at me this waste of time,
and this depravity,
this depravity that you come to me with,
yes, this inanity,
this inanity that you lead me through,
and ask me questions to fill your quota,
questions that are meaningless,
and what it means is not much, but a list,
and I will not benefit by listening to you,
but I feel obliged in the time,
and pay you no mind,
for my mind is elsewhere,
and you,
you are being paid,
but still the world will be better off,
without your quango,
for it will solve nothing,
nothing like it usually does,
and I need a quango,
to work out how to avoid you.

Winter

Winter brings me such sorrow,
and such beautiful snowflakes before my eyes,
and I the cold do despise,
and I am counting on a better tomorrow,
because I have lost you,
and it is true,
I was to blame, and I am ashamed,
ashamed at how we parted,
for you came to me in an emotional mood,
and you came to me,
and I tried to understand,
the sentimentality,
for you were not over you,
and you,
you were not over who you were with before,
so, I could not move forward with you,
and about you I was never sure,
so, what else could I do,
but feel like I was banging my head,
against a brick wall,
so, I ended it with you in a sorrowful truce,
and in the winter snows that come and go,
the winter snows,
that are forever vanishing and appearing,
well, at least they are true,
but about your truthfulness,
I never really had a clue.

Through the hardest of times

Through the hardest of times,
never far from time,
you push the limits with your ebullient mind,
and you calculate and you cogitate,
and you ruminate,
for in your thoughts are such antediluvian visions,
brought about by the difficulties which money can create,
but on the flip side,
there are such great possibilities that it may provide,
but only if you had the money honey,
because wealth,
is mostly in the hands of the few,
and it is not funny,
when they cause more suffering than you,
and what great things you could do with the money,
if you had it,
but if only it could come true,
you could solve the world's problems,
and eradicate homelessness,
and famine and drought it is true,
but will there be a shift and a change of mentality,
we can hope and pray because what else can we do?
And through the hardest of times,
you push the limits with your ebullient mind,
and if anyone is to come up,
with a solution to the world's problems,
it will be you.

You see

You see what you want to see,
you with your blind mentality,
you be what you want to be,
you feel what you want to feel,
and I will feel what I feel,
but I will be far away across the sea,
yet I will think of you though I do not understand you,
and though we have never seen eye to eye lately,
I wish the best for you, and I hope for you,
I hope that your dreams come true,
for you have known such hard times it is true,
yet you see what you want to see,
but I,
I want you to see positivity,
for positivity will set you free,
and in the light,
in the bright light,
maybe you will see clearer than you thought was possible,
for low mood does deprive you,
of opportunities and you see what you want to see,
and you with your blind mentality,
you be what you want to be,
but what you want is not what I want to be,
for I like to see things in a positive light,
but you fight and fight,
and would pull the grey clouds out of the sky,
and wrap them around you if that was a possibility,
so, you feel what you want to feel,

and I will try to encourage and inspire,
for in inspiration how great is creation,
and with inspiration,
what great magic comes out of the air from nowhere,
but do not despair for anything is possible,
and I hope you will change your mind,
for your mentality is derogatory,
derogatory to you,
derogatory to all that you could be,
and it may be fine for you,
but it will probably get you nowhere it is true,
so, prove me wrong,
and step away from the grey,
for you are better than that,
and positivity is so much better than dismay,
please believe me because it is true.

Now

Now,
now,
do not wait,
do not hesitate,
feel what you feel before it is too late,
and take your time and express your mind,
with the sensitivities of your feelings,
that the mood does dictate,
for the day is long and the night is long,
and this moment will not wait,
because life is art,

and upon the stage you tread,
looking for love with your sensitive ways,
ways set by the mind,
and in an evolution of intuitive ways,
so, your time is swayed,
swayed by the questioning of what will be,
and what could be,
for love is a chance,
and the chance of love is a miracle,
and what a miracle is love when it enters the heart,
and it captures you in its beautiful entirety.

From the greatest distance

From the greatest distance,
and from the greatest divides,
and from those who oppose,
and from those who deny,
people's right to express themselves,
and from those who will criticise,
and from those who do not listen,
and from those who do not understand,
and who do not take the time,
oh, what great confusion there is,
that comes in the imbalances of the mind,
confusion caused by the disorder,
and the disparity of lack of civility,
and oh, what great atrocities have been caused,
by the lack of thought in the history of humankind.

In the mists of time

In the mists of time, I have missed you,
and I can never forget you,
because you meant everything to me,
and now missing you, is but a painful memory,
and in the time since time has eroded,
my feelings leaving me questioning,
what the reality was really,
and life after seems so different to me,
and what once was of value to me,
it holds no value anymore,
yet I am free, although I do not want to be,
because your betrayal brought me low,
and you left me stranded, and undecided about the future,
and not knowing which way to go,
and you left me questioning my sanity,
because I loved you with all my heart,
but you stabbed me countless times with verbal daggers,
that you had fashioned so sharp,
and you cared not about me, it is such a torturous misery,
for with such passion your words they tore me apart,
and you gradually fell into the embrace of someone else,
leaving me with nothing more than memories,
of how things used to be when we were in love,
and though time is a healer, I still have not healed,
and now, all I remember is the pain and the suffering,
and how I suffer in my heart and my mind,
and how shattered are the pieces of my broken heart,
as I sit alone in the sadness of the times.

Smile

A smile will take you a million miles,
a smile will take you to the moon,
and a happy face in its place cannot come much too soon,
and in a smile how happiness in the eyes,
does light up the room,
and oh, how quickly too,
for a smile it has such a style, with which it beguiles,
and it conveys more than words,
and is quicker than words,
and conveys more than words could ever do,
and a smile is fine by me,
yes, a smile from you.

Grim faced

Grim faced and ashen,
never more begotten by your negative experiences,
that through chance have slighted you and jaded you,
and come to rest so heavily in your mind,
and in your heart,
and unfortunately, it is sad but true that you,
you will not soften,
and you will not get out of the rut that you have got stuck in,
for that is not your fashion,
for your passion,
your passion is to remain the same for ground down,
in your ways through the long years,
ground down every second,

every minute,
every hour,
every day you remain the same,
and you will probably never change,
and your mentality probably will never be arranged,
for you are set in your ways and no matter what,
no matter what anyone says,
that is just the way you will always stay,
grim faced and ashen,
for there is a lack of positivity in you,
and I will quite happily forsake it for it is better that way,
better that way because I am happy to be me,
and it is better that you are happy to be you,
and everyone will be happier,
happier alone doing what they choose to do.

Free

Free,
it rises high this lonely bird in the sky,
for with its view of you and I,
fixed upon the Earth,
I wonder do you little bird,
when you survey the land,
wonder what of our human worth,
and I wonder are you just happy to be you,
and we,
we us humans we want to conquer the world,
but in simplicity,
you just want to be able to house,

and feed yourself and your family,
while we the human race,
we plunder everything,
and ravage the Earth,
for it is owned by us and it is mostly no longer free,
and most things have a value these days,
but I am sure that you little bird,
you little bird,
you are much happier,
not weighed down with materialism,
and flying high in the sky so free.

Menace to society

You are a menace to society,
with your sobriety,
because you are so dull and boring,
and with your inane ways,
you have little to say,
and I would prefer a drink,
instead of listening to you,
for it is more exciting that way,
and living on the edge,
in the spontaneity of life,
with a mind full of thoughts,
and an intellect of course,
well, it is far better but you,
you have no life in you, and it is a shame,
so, I prefer the mind of a drunk,
than the mind of someone boring any way.

Carved

Carved in with a din the letters on a stone,
the Rosetta stone,
contains two languages from ancient history,
and it fascinates me,
for the evolution of language is incredible,
and anything can be covered,
with whichever letters of the alphabet that you use,
and this expressiveness, has for thousands of years,
brought us so many stories in the news,
but will we remember the technology today,
and the letters that may carry the modern equivalent,
but without electricity what good would technology be,
because if there are world disasters,
and billions of lives lost,
and our infrastructure destroyed,
without electricity, and most of our educational tools,
will our knowledge just disappear for eternity?

He thought he was Hieronymus Bosch

He thought he was Hieronymus Bosch,
he painted with his mind and his words,
and he scared away people with expressive haste,
for he had a peculiar taste,
and there is no accounting for some,
for so it is that life is coloured,
in a detrimental way and he confused the people,

the people that he knew,
and he painted darkly his life upon the Earth,
but though he lived in the light,
the dark was an act in his play,
and no one trusted him,
because they thought he had machiavellian ways,
and they thought he thought he was Hieronymus Bosch,
and life is better if you say what you mean,
and you mean what you say.

I never knew you

I never knew you,
and you never knew me,
but I am sure you had great potential,
but you were killed in a mugging,
and for so little and so miserably,
yes, another statistic meaning not much to most people,
but meaning the most to your family,
and I never knew you and you never knew me,
but I wish I had,
for upon the news there are so many deaths,
so many countless deaths,
from guns, knives, and brutality,
but I never knew you and you never knew me,
I never knew your children or your family,
but I will remember you,
for your loss is a sad loss,
and any loss for no good reason at all,
well, it tears at the fabric of society,

and it destroys humanity,
but I never knew you,
and I never knew your children,
or your family,
and their loss is a sad loss,
and it brings tears to me,
for you were killed so needlessly,
yes, another pointless killing,
that has made the world a poorer place,
a poorer place it is true.

Sword of words

I will wield this sword of words around your head,
I will wield this sword of words around your head,
to decapitate you and your stupidity,
your stupidity that you force upon humanity,
and with which you try to suplicate it,
and try to put individuality to bed,
for you are empty of humanity,
and void of feeling,
and in your lack of education and passion,
your lack of humanity reveals,
such memories that are impossible to forget,
but I will never forget you,
and I will never forget what you have done,
when I decapitate you with this sword of words,
that I will wield around your head.
And whether you are the intolerant type,
the mentally abusive type,

the vindictive type,
the racist type,
I prefer words,
and they will be heard,
they will be heard across the world,
when I wield this sword of words around your head,
because your humanity is questionable,
and with these words,
I will set you straight and put your ignorance to rest,
yes, when I wield this sword of words around your head,
I will put your ignorance,
I will put your intolerance,
I will put your mental abusiveness,
I will put your vindictiveness,
and your racism and hatred to bed.

Have and have not

Have and have not,
and have not cause chaos a lot,
for what it is to have,
and how tiresome it is to want,
for when you have toiled and struggled,
how life is spoiled,
when you are caught up in the imaginary
in the imaginary realities of humanity,
and in imaginary bubbles,
bubbles that seem to cocoon you no matter what you do,
and when the framework of humanity lies to you,
chaos seems a better option,

and to provide peace of mind of a bombastic kind,
you need to burst the bubbles,
and create your own realities, with common sense and logic,
for in your own mind and in your own world,
how much more peaceful will be,
the time if you reorder order in a simpler way,
how much better it will be for humankind,
because bureaucracy, because bureaucracy,
never really solves many major problems these days.

In the silhouette

In the silhouette that you see,
you know not who they are, but they await,
and in the black shape,
how do you define a person,
that is empty of humanity,
a simple thing that in its blackness brings a purity,
for they are unknown to you,
but humanity in its complexity brings misery,
unlike shadows and silhouettes,
for humanity it haunts,
and it taunts and disturbs your vision with its brutality,
and its mentality and its savagery,
but silhouettes and shadows,
they inspire me more,
more than the depressives that humanity brings to me
far too regularly,
and I regularly despair for humanity,
because humanity is not as intelligent,

and as educated as they would have you believe,
but shadows and silhouettes,
they inspire and please me more in nature's revelry,
and I would rather have shadows and silhouettes,
for in them,
their happiness is in the imaginings of what they may be,
and in the fantasy of the imaginings,
comes inspiration from out of the darkness,
but humans with their wars,
and their torturing,
their rapes and their murders,
and their greed,
their drugs and guns,
and their shootings on the streets,
their social disorders and their racism,
their intolerance,
and their inability to listen and understand,
and their sexual diseases,
and their failure to solve homelessness,
famine, drought, and poverty,
they live repeatedly in the mind,
and in the newspapers and in the magazines,
and on the radio and online,
and repetition after repetition,
they make the same mistakes again and again,
but shadows and silhouettes they are what they should be,
pleasing on the eye,
but gone in a moment,
and unlike humans,
they bring me happiness and are not a misery to me.

Drop in the ocean

A drop in the ocean how little it seems,
for money flows here and there,
and everywhere and not to where it should truly be,
helping eradicate racism,
hatred, ignorance, homelessness,
and famine and drought,
but money, it rarely gets spent fighting these problems,
and it infuriates me,
it infuriates me because the world is so wealthy,
and there are few with so much,
and so many with so little,
and only a few have a lot,
and the rest, the rest,
and wealth and finance,
sadly, they crucify humanity.

War

There is barely anything to eat,
but there is a war,
war once more,
and there is no time to die peacefully,
and death it comes so easily,
and life,
people fight hard to keep it,
but often keeping life is impossible,
and there is little chance of holding onto life at all,
for in the struggle,

what priorities are given to ways to save life,
not much at all,
and in this fight and in this struggle,
amidst the bullets the bombs,
and the explosions if you do not kill you will be killed,
and if you lose you will die on a foreign field,
and not see your family ever again,
because in the inhumanity of humanity,
there is such brutal depravity,
and then you will lay in your grave forevermore,
because war is hell,
war is hell, a hell,
that throughout the history of humanity,
never seems to end,
and death, death it takes a lot to comprehend,
because it does not care how it takes you away,
or how it shuffles you off this mortal coil,
but it will happily shuffle people off,
until the heavens fall into the bloodied soil,
and in the evil of men there is a loss of control,
and a lack of common sense,
and humanity repeats itself,
again and again,
and because of the lack of common sense,
and control there is a massive loss of life,
and humanity never seems to learn,
no matter how much people pray because,
because bad decisions are continually made each day,
and in the evil of men,
in the evil of men how weak are they.

You are not a hero to me

You are not a hero to me, but you try to be to many,
yes, you with your macho ways,
and your power and your money,
you live like a king, and you line your pockets,
with your countryman's money whilst,
whilst your people are suffering,
and whilst you dine on the finest things,
and on whatever your servants bring,
oh, you gluttonous thing, you want more, more, more,
yes, you with your outdated mentality,
and ways and what I assume is a mental disorder,
for you have your countrymen beaten up and tortured,
and imprisoned and quite possibly slaughtered.
And your propaganda, it puts fear into the people,
and puts a smile on your face,
for you are sick of mind with your dictatorial ways,
and I view you from afar,
and your people unfortunately,
have to far too regularly see your face.
And you, you should be ashamed,
for you to your people are a disgrace,
and I, I would not be surprised if one day,
they decide that they have had enough,
and they overthrow you, and you end up in your grave.
Oh, what a shame it would be, another dictator gone,
oh, what a shame,
but much better for global society,
and humanity all the same.

Down to the sea

Descending these steps down to the sea,
my heart oh how it rises when I see you,
for in your eyes, I am captivated and alive,
because the power of you,
it comes from your compassion,
and from your understanding and your heart,
and oh, how well you listen to me,
for you take the time to listen,
to listen to me,
and by being you I am a better me,
and with your words you are wise, funny, and witty,
and in your uniqueness,
there is an exquisite beauty that beguiles me,
and how time flies,
and how time flies when I am looking in your eyes,
for you are so sublime to me.
And yes, I am whole,
because you take your time to understand me,
and in your happiness,
your happiness it reflects upon me,
because with your graciousness,
and your kisses my heart it pounds so rapidly,
and with your touch,
I am transcended to the stars and the heavens,
and I am lost in you,
and there is nowhere else that I would rather be,
and with you beside me,
I float aloft in my spirits, as if a butterfly upon the breeze,

for in every little feeling, and in every emotion,
there is magic in you and there is magic in me,
and I have never been happier,
for time by chance has brought me luck,
and luckily brought you to me.
And time has no meaning,
when I am in your arms as we dance by the sea,
for the power of love, it is the most beautiful thing,
and I cannot think of anything more wonderful than love,
for with you the world is a better place,
and there is nothing more glorious,
because love conquers all,
and how inspiring it is and greater than the universe to me.
And in the imagining of one's mind,
it would take a lifetime to describe the feeling of love,
but I would rather not waste time imagining,
but your love and your kisses,
are the only things that matter to me.

We, you, and you and I

We, you,
you and I in the simplicity of the moment and of the times,
we, you,
you and I we can define the definition of what it is to exist,
because the power that we have will shape the world
through the strength of the mind,
and through understanding how incredible are the feelings,
and the emotions that live inside us,
for within you and I,

lays human history,
and the development and the future of humankind,
and how powerful creation is,
and how powerful the creation of life,
and what a wonder are the feelings,
and the emotions and the sensations,
in we, you and you, and I.

End of the road

End of the road, a city in the hills,
tree lined streets, trees with parrots,
whitewashed buildings, sunshine wherever you go,
cafes where you can sit looking out to sea,
and a beautiful blue sky,
and you and I holding hands kissing tenderly,
and with your eyes gazing into mine,
time is nothing but a memory.
And when we kiss, when we kiss,
heaven is inside me.

Can you do this

Can you do this,
And can you do that,
you ask and you ask but I am not an acrobat,
but you expect me to,
bend over backwards and break my back,
and there is no way it will happen,
because I am sick of your bureaucratic act,

and they help me not and get us nowhere fast,
for you ramble on and waffle on upon the page,
never advancing barely anything,
and I am sick of that,
but when are you going to listen,
because nothing has changed for years,
despite having many governments,
governments who do not try hard enough,
and I wish there was a tax on bureaucratic acts,
because I have had it up to here,
and I have had it up to here for years and years,
and all I really want is some peace and quiet,
and to be able to relax.

In the world

In the world,
how many problems do we face today?
How many problems,
have continued for far too long,
and how many problems go left unsolved,
despite all the talking,
I know not, but to solve them, we need to talk less,
for talk is cheap and means nothing,
when people are dying and suffering,
and continue to die and suffer every day,
for surely,
there are more logical ways of thinking,
ways of solving problems,
that if we put our minds to it, we could put in place today.

In your infatuation

In your infatuation, in your love,
in your imagination there is no room for others,
except yourself, of who you are rather proud of,
and you are not consumed by who you are with,
because everyone else is second best,
and this weakness,
this inadequacy, it puts everyone else to the test,
for you are selfish and you are easily led,
and you listen to the gossip columnists,
and the chat shows far too often,
chat shows that tell you how to live your life,
and that bombard your mind,
and condition you far too often,
and because of your love of you, everyone else suffers,
but you, you take a different view for there is no you in I,
and I think very little of you,
you with your ego, and your self-centred ways,
and I am glad to see you disappear,
for in your infatuation and in your love for you,
you are blinded by yourself,
and in your insecurity, there is no security,
and no true happiness,
and by living your life, in such a way,
you will only be fooling you,
but oh, that will not matter to you,
because you are only in love with you,
and you do not give a damn about others, or the world,
and ego is the only thing, that you have got going for you.

There is no way

There is no way to understand,
what goes through someone's mind,
there is no way to understand the heat of the moment,
and the thoughts of killing,
and no way to describe the insanity of modern times,
and there are not enough words to describe,
the lust for killing in the twenty first century,
and there is no reason for killers to be on the streets,
and to be able to murder people freely,
and to be able to murder people freely,
for little reason at all with guns and knives,
and it begs the question what society is doing about it,
and the governments of the world,
for people continue to die endlessly and needlessly,
so, is not it time we end the misery,
because we have seen far too much violence,
and too much blood spilt upon our streets,
blood spilt by those with savage and vicious minds,
and is not it now really time,
the time to educate,
the time to take the guns and knives away,
the time to end the callous brutality,
this evil scourge upon humanity,
this wickedness, this insanity,
this insanity caused by the mentality,
of a dystopian society,
because in this society we are far too often led by leaders,
who through bureaucracy,

never solve the problems of the world,
and who seem more intent,
on staying in power,
more intent on staying in power,
than ending the murders,
caused by guns and knives.

Do you feel

Do you feel,
you with the cold cold eyes,
you with the cold cold eyes of steel,
do you feel,
I think not, but in this moment,
the brutality in you is revealed,
and I asked you for your opinion,
and all I got was a blank stare,
and the warmth in the air it disappeared,
and it left an icy chill everywhere.
So, do you feel,
do you feel,
because where is your compassion,
yes where,
because you on your salary,
you do not share, and you do not care,
and in your lack of emotion,
your lack of feelings are not appealing,
and I am ashamed of you,
for the homeless people you give them abuse,
and it makes me sick,

and I wish for better from you,
and I would not expect anything less,
because you have been brought up to be spoiled,
and you are greedy,
and all you care about is money,
but if it was your mother homeless on the streets,
would you find it funny?
I think not,
but should not we wish people to be safe and happy,
I do, and I wish you would feel the same way,
yet with your eyes of cold cold steel,
I think that never will be the day,
never because you never feel anyway.

Not made of stone

We are not made of stone,
we are not made of glass,
we may not break in two,
but we may shatter in the crucible of life that can crush us,
and that can form us,
for how powerful is choice and chance,
and how powerful is destiny,
for it defines us,
and we can define it,
if we are of strong mind and heart,
and destiny is not always what you want it to be,
but with an educated mind you will find,
that life is easier if you can understand failure,
for through understanding the path of your life,

and through choosing your own destiny,
it will be easier when you are guided by intellect,
because by coming out of the dark,
and into the light,
you will see how education is key,
and with education nothing is impossible,
and through education you will know yourself,
and through knowing yourself,
you will find yourself headed to your chosen destiny,
not the destiny that destiny has chosen for you,
but the destiny you chose,
for with choice and determination,
you will reach your chosen destination,
and be happier than you have ever known.

Subway train

Subway,
subway train,
man asleep,
mental health problems racing through his brain,
gun in his pocket and a little change,
hat on his head almost covering his eyes,
sat dreaming of the rain,
dreaming of the woman,
that he could love if she ever gave him the time of day,
subway,
subway train,
a newspaper on the seat carries a picture of his face,
it reads well but I cannot see it all for it is folded over,

but it could be positive or negative,
but it does not matter to me,
subway,
subway train,
man asleep, until a baby cries,
man wakes up and blinks his eyes,
man pulls a gun from out of his pocket,
and shoots the baby between the eyes,
woman, woman cries,
man blows his brains out,
and kisses his love life goodbye.

Lightning

Lightning and thunder,
such an incredible force, that flashes so brightly,
disturbing the vision and the eyes,
and oh, how loud the sound, that echoes in the skies,
and how glorious the beauty,
that inspires and that shakes the heavens,
and that resonates through your body and your mind.

Strive to be the best

We strive to be the best, we take our time,
we think things through me and you,
we weigh things up, we analyse,
we talk things through, and we strive to be the best,
we strive to be the best me and you,
because I love you and you love me too,

and I want you to be a better you,
and we encourage each other,
and love is inspirational and so it should be too,
and though love is not always easy you have to work at it,
and yes, it is worth it, but it is not,
it is not always perfect,
but we strive to be the best me and you,
for being in love how great it is,
and how great it is to be with you,
how great it is to be with you.

Far beyond the lights

Far beyond the lights,
far beyond the shore,
in the darkest of nights in the anxiety of the times,
headed for war,
headed for war with eyes on the horizon,
and on a moonlit night with trepidation,
and hearts beating fast,
and with men and women heading for destruction,
far away from their relatives,
relatives who will never get the chance,
the chance to say goodbye to the men,
and the women who will never get to laugh or cry again,
far beyond the lights,
far beyond the shore,
the grim reaper awaits to dispense the brutality caused by
such vicious mentality,
from which there is no return,

only a return to the Earth,
to lay in all seasons forever more.
And in the cold and in the heat of the day
and in all weathers and in the sun,
the rain and the snow,
far across the Earth they will go,
far across the Earth,
to fight the enemy,
and no matter what and seemingly endlessly,
to kill and to bleed and to die in a foreign land so far away,
because war is caused,
by the thoughtlessness of a handful of people,
people who think that they know better,
better than the men and the women,
that they are sending to their deaths,
thousands of miles away,
whilst the leaders they sit mostly behind their desks,
and with such certainty,
make the decision so needlessly,
and countlessly throw so many lives away,
and far beyond the lights,
far beyond the shore,
so, it continues for more sacrifices are needed,
and the blood lust continues with the bullets,
the bombs and the guns,
and so too with the weapons manufacturers,
calling out for more,
more death,
more blood,
more money and better weapons than before,

but how soon is the end,
how soon is the end who knows,
but there will be protests and protests,
protests which will usually fall on deaf ears,
but with improved weaponry how soon is the end,
how soon is the end?
Probably much sooner than before.

Broken

Are you shattered, broken into pieces,
are you weak, are you strong,
are you waiting for someone to save you,
are you waiting to reform yourself,
to transform you from the person you were,
to the person that you want to become,
because there is nothing wrong, with being weak,
and there is nothing wrong with being strong,
and you can always improve yourself,
and change yourself, and re-evaluate life,
and the re-evaluation of life is never wrong,
and even if you are weak, and the tears are flowing,
and in your emotions and in your heart and your mind,
you will find that in time life will get better,
and in acknowledging your weaknesses,
you can never be weak,
for in acknowledging weaknesses you really are strong,
and what a wonder it, is the power of the mind,
and how great is the perseverance and the fortitude that
gives you the strength to carry on.

Burnt out

Burnt out from the inside,
worn out from the frustration of the times,
unable to think clearly,
unable to see the path ahead,
unable to concentrate because of failures,
and the frailties of the mind,
and in the imaginings of so many things, that lead nowhere,
the decimation and the destruction of the mind,
is a terrible thing, and so too the pacification,
through tiredness in the calamity of over work,
over work that kills the spirit and the creativity,
and in these times what good are you,
if you are falling apart and are an empty shell inside,
and what good are you,
when you are worn out and exhausted,
for nothing will come from such exhaustion,
except frustration, and then vexation,
for from vexation comes the destruction of relationships,
destruction that divides humankind,
and you will solve nothing,
and get nowhere fast when your mind is shattered and tired,
and because of it you will only be burnt out from the Inside,
and worn out from the frustrations of the times,
so, take a little time, take a little time to yourself, and relax,
and bit by bit you will gradually ease back,
back into yourself,
and feel more human again inside and truly alive,
now what an idealism is that?

Wreckage

Wreckage everywhere,
despairing voices hanging heavy in the air,
wreckage,
wreckage everywhere,
dazed and confused people everywhere,
mentally abused for their views,
beaten down by bullies who like to belittle them,
bullies who like to belittle them,
and please themselves,
and who use the sickest,
and most evil and twisted words that they could ever use,
and in the aftermath,
in the aftermath as they leer and laugh,
at the people crying and damaged,
through the mental abuse;
these clowns they do not hesitate to kick them,
when they are down,
and there is wreckage,
wreckage everywhere,
wreckage in the minds of those cruel cowards,
those sickening cowards who mentally abuse,
and there is wreckage and damage everywhere,
there is wreckage in the minds of society,
a society that does not teach civility,
and respect well enough,
despite in society there being enough money,
and enough resources to spare,
and there are guns and knives,

rape, kidnap,
torture and murder everywhere,
and despite it being the twenty first century,
there is mental abuse and damage everywhere,
and there are suicides,
suicides from drug overdoses and alcohol,
suicides from guns and knives but they do not really care,
they do not really care.

Positivity

A fairy-tale,
a dream,
it should not be,
happiness and positivity,
it can change the world,
it can make a better you and me,
so, give your all to those that you can,
and encourage them, inspire them, and listen,
and fill them with knowledge,
and advise those in need,
and educate them and help them understand,
and give them more choices,
and give them the choice to choose their own paths,
and enable them with educated minds,
to form their own well thought out plans,
for with intellect,
nothing is impossible and no plans are too grand,
for with education,
step by step you can build a nation,

a nation of intellect,
a nation of intellect and a caring world,
a world full of understanding,
and full of love and full of compassion, that will shine bright,
and that will help dispel the darkness in the world,
through education,
for through education, comes the betterment of man.

Never has there been a time

Never has there been a time,
a time in this world,
that the fragility of human life has not been on my mind,
and never has there been a time,
even far away from humankind,
a time that in my heart,
I do not feel the pain and the suffering,
for with every thought,
oh, how the visions come to me from throughout my life,
of the hatred,
the racism,
the intolerance,
the violence,
the brutality,
the torture,
the wars,
the greed,
and the death and the destruction caused,
cause by leaders leading their people,

into such destructive times,
leaders leading their people blindly,
through poor decisions,
leaders leading them into such chaos and disorder,
with their greed and their mistrust,
and the inability to listen and to understand,
other countries points of view far too many times,
and how sickening it is to see it repeatedly,
in the newspapers,
the magazines and on the television,
and on the radio and online,
and even when you are alone,
how is it possible to stop these visions,
these visions that haunt thine eyes,
because never has there been a time,
that they have not been there,
because since birth and the creation of humankind,
humankind has been so destructive,
and we have continually failed to learn,
from humanities mistakes,
and mankind's destructiveness hangs over humanity,
a foul mood that hangs pervasively in the air,
and it is a sad sight to see,
the ravaging and the savagery of humanity,
and how horrific it is such viciousness,
because it is more inhuman than human to me,
and this is not what I wish it to be,
and probably billions of others, but I despair,
and I hope for better things,
and for better leaders and better minds,

and more educated and more civil times,
more civil times to take us far away from this viciousness,
far away from the viciousness and the fear,
far away from this brutality,
that we are subject to year after year,
for humanity in this insanity, it cannot surely continue to be,
and cannot surely continue to act in such destructive ways,
because humanity will otherwise cease to be,
and humanity will be consigned sadly to history,
a forgotten race, capable of such great creativity and feelings,
a race, the human race,
now possibly set to be, forever onwards, forever onwards,
nothing more to the universe but a memory.

Monstrosity of the times

In the monstrosity of the times,
how little compassion there seems to be,
and so much, so much criticism of people's lives,
for money it is true will sell a story or too,
but how would the writers feel,
the writers who work for the newspapers,
the television stations and the radio stations,
and on the internet too,
and if their families were inflicted,
to the same brutal attacks and criticisms,
and their families suffered the same way,
so many people in the public eye do,
how would you, the writers feel if they,
continually mentally abused, your family and you?

If and when

If and when war would cease,
what would the world be like,
and how would we,
spend our time and would we be carefree,
would we be happier,
would we have more time for materialism,
and would we be more selfish than we used to be,
for if war would cease would the world be,
able to cope with the increase,
in the populations of every country,
and would we have enough food to eat,
would we be more tolerant with our neighbours,
would we listen more or would we argue more,
and would we once again resort to war,
most probably,
but this is not what I would wish it to be,
and I wish I could figure out what is wrong,
wrong with the world's mentality,
for this is nothing new to the world,
and certainly, it is nothing new to me,
but we can but hope,
yet maybe we will have to wait for a meteorite,
a meteorite to destroy most of humanity,
and maybe this will be the only thing to make us see,
that the extermination of humanity is a very real possibility,
and after all the death, maybe we will see,
that getting along is much better,
than the total annihilation of human history.

Did you know her

Did you know her, did you know her well,
a body is being carried in a body bag,
by the roadside as the traffic swells,
did you know her, did you know her well says the woman,
to another woman with tears in her eyes,
a woman shocked and surprised and traumatised,
traumatised to see someone killed,
and run over in front of her eyes,
someone she did not know very well,
but death is death,
and numbness and shock descends upon you so quickly,
and we all have our own tales to tell,
and how much of the world I wonder,
is going through the same,
the same thing at any one time,
going through hell,
and how we all wish we could prolong death,
but unfortunately, unfortunately, it is not going very well.

Quiet

Quiet is neither here nor there,
for in the midst of despair,
in silence and quiet you may sit,
and try not to think too much,
but despair and quiet and grief they do not care,
for in quiet they will just sit there upon the brain,
a mood,

a dark mood,
that no matter how quiet you are,
will pierce you right through,
and play the devil with you,
and tear your heart to pieces,
oh despair,
I wish there was a way to eradicate you,
but despair does not care,
and in the quiet, there is no quiet,
for how black it is and what I would not give,
to have a spell and cast it and magically erase despair,
for in quiet and grief,
and in despair,
what a bitter thing it is,
and how hard it is to move on,
for in that moment,
despair and grief can be omnipotent and overwhelming,
but in time,
time is the only healer,
and in time how great it is,
to be far far away from despair,
because I,
I wish for a happy life and to be in a positive mood,
and in positivity and in quiet,
how much better it is,
and how much better the world is there,
for there is nothing to take you away from you,
and you can be yourself and enjoy yourself,
because quiet is better,
and positive thoughts flow more freely,

and with no darkness,
you can accomplish more and be yourself,
and be well in your health,
and in the light of a happy mood,
how much better it is for the heart and the mind,
and how much better it is,
for the emotions and you can be more creative too,
and how it strengthens your resilience,
and is far removed from the sombre gloom of despair.
Oh despair, more fool you for being so glum,
more fool you for the misery you bring,
more fool you for you I do not care,
because I would rather be happy,
happy in positivity because in it,
I feel alive and there is no better place to be,
no better place than in happiness,
for in happiness is the only place I wish to be,
and nowhere else will you find me,
but as far away from despair,
as I can be and without a care.

How great

How great, how big,
how small, the footsteps towards progress,
well, it does not really matter at all,
because all that matters is that we advance at all,
and step by step through education,
and listening and understanding,
we can improve so many things,

so, have a little patience,
and step forwards,
and no matter how great the footsteps,
and no matter how big or small,
step forwards with a smile on your face,
and with your desire to change the world for the better,
you are courageous and brave and of a good heart,
so, step forwards and no matter how great,
no matter how big,
and no matter how small,
the footsteps towards the betterment of the world,
take pride in yourself,
and hold your head high and walk tall,
walk tall.

Bird sitting on a tree

Bird sitting on a tree,
what do you desire,
some food,
a home,
warmth,
a partner,
for that probably is all in your simplicity,
and me, us, and we,
what do we want the human race,
some food,
a home,
warmth,
a partner,

a car,
a television,
every entertainment and useful appliance,
that we could ever wish to have, and see?
For every minute there is a new product to lust,
and want over,
products that we are told are the latest,
and the greatest things that we will ever need,
things that cause us to want, want, want,
and that cause such stress in the world,
and in global society,
and personally, sometimes I think to myself,
where is the happiness in humans lives these days,
for happiness has been curtailed by so many things,
that we are told that we need,
but I would rather be a bird sitting on a tree,
for birds have no restrictions on their time,
as do we humans,
for they are free to fly wherever they wish,
and free in their simplicity.

What is destiny

What is destiny,
if you cannot see what it is to be,
but if you could,
what are the chances of you wishing it to be,
something different,
well,
now, that would spoil the surprise for me.

Audacious

Audacious,
as audacious as can be,
oh, the audacity of time how it sneaks up on me,
and how fleeting it is and not how I wish it to be,
time,
audacious,
as audacious as can be,
for it never hesitates and it disappears into the air,
leaving you wondering how it has gone so rapidly,
time,
audacious,
as audacious as can be.
I wish I could hold you still,
but you are faster than me.

What does it look like

What does it look like to you,
you with your superior view,
I wish I knew,
so, I could understand you,
but I am striving for simplicity in this culture,
this world of culture that I love,
but you the critic,
you the critic with your haughty view,
you look down your nose at me,
but I believe in your right to be you,
and I am happy in my own work,

for we are all artists in this world,
and our own creations,
sometimes hold value to only ourselves,
and I would never criticise your words,
and your cultural reviews,
and I would never criticise you but I,
I would rearrange your words if I were you.

Vivacious and loquacious

You are vivacious and loquacious,
and with your airs and your graces,
in your eyes there is a light,
and, in your smile, there is a tenderness,
and it is a beautiful thing,
for your warmth it welcomes me so gently,
and soothingly as so finely you sing,
but from whence you came I do not know,
but I will not complain,
for you are like the summer sun,
and your mind is as bright,
and you are as refreshing as the rain,
and you have such strength in your heart,
and you are so caring and compassionate,
that with your gentle words I am easily overcome,
and how easily you stormed the battlements of my heart,
and tore them apart,
but I do not care for they were ravaged,
and damaged by another someone,
someone I had forgotten about,

but not the damage done,
yet, I welcome you with open arms,
and surrender to your charms,
for with you there is hope,
and I hope beyond all hope that you will stay with me,
and together we will be happy together as one,
for how glorious this day is sat whiling the time away,
enjoying your company,
and talking so openly in the summer sun.

We crossed the bridge

We crossed the bridge,
and left the old and dived into the shock of the new,
and oh, how refreshing it was,
and how clear it was to me,
that before I was jaded so jaded that I could not see,
because there were so many opinions,
and so many different schools of thought,
that a different way of thinking was needed,
to redefine history,
because history holds us back sometimes,
and we are better off, letting individuality guide us,
to help us think outside of the box,
because in our collectiveness,
humanity can get stuck in a rut,
and humanity will never learn from its mistakes,
if we do not throw caution to the wind,
and think differently, and if we do not put outdated ideas in
their place?

Echoes and shouts

Echoes and shouts,
calling from the beach,
towards the sea,
echoes and shouts,
and screams and shouts,
and cries,
and a swimmer in trouble,
and upon the beach frantic activity.
Frantic activity,
and people racing towards the sea,
and out there in the waves,
there is a swimmer,
caught unawares,
by how powerful the sea is,
and knowledge is a wonderful thing,
and how quickly the rescuers they race,
as their hearts beat so rapidly,
because just a second or two,
too late means life or death,
and for the families of the people lost,
and drowned,
there is a lifetimes misery.
And of these people,
who risk their own lives on foot,
and in rescue boats,
and who give their all,
to save life,
they are great heroes to me.

Find the path

Find the path to wherever you may wish to be,
and guide yourself by knowing yourself as best you can,
for knowing yourself is better than people forcefully,
forcefully telling you what to think,
and them telling you what to think,
and how you should live your life,
and them trying to mould you in their own design,
so, find the path to wherever you may wish to be,
and listen to them of course,
and their advice but do not let it define you totally,
because you can only be you,
and you should never try to be anyone else,
for to you it will be a detriment,
and your health will only suffer,
so be yourself and think for yourself,
for it will bring much brighter and greater possibilities.

Hoping for a miracle

What are you hoping for,
are you hoping for a miracle of the times,
are you hoping for peace upon the Earth,
are you wishing for humans to stop,
and think a bit more often,
are you wishing for them to stop being so easily lead,
by the blind,
well, it would be nice but what are the chances,
because humans,

seem unable to stop gambling with other humans' lives,
and we can all hope and pray,
and no matter what who is to say,
for what will be will be,
but in their stupidity,
humanity continues to keep rolling the dice,
and the results are always the same,
and there is raping,
torturing,
and murdering,
because life is immaterial to the acquiring of land,
and life is immaterial to material gain,
oh, what a shame,
what a shame,
and how sickening and depraved,
because do we really,
do we really have to keep going through it again,
and again, and again?

Desert

Please, kindly bring me some water for I am a little parched,
for the world is in a desert, and I am all cried out,
but how long will this desert,
this desert of Ill thought and hatred and wastage last,
please, kindly bring me some water for I am a little parched,
yes, please, kindly bring me some water,
and sit a while with me,
and tell me a story from your heart,
for I am a little jaded by the world,

so please enlighten me and brighten me my friend,
and let us sit by the campfire under the stars,
for there is a magic in your eyes,
and there is a sadness in my heart,
so, talk to me my friend,
and tell me a story, enliven me, and inspire me,
and help me cast away this desert,
and give me hope upon this stage where we play our part,
for you have magic in your eyes my friend,
so, let us spend a while together and make me smile,
and let us put the world to rights,
and upon the world cast upon it,
a brighter and a more positive light,
and on this night,
this glorious night by the campfire under the stars,
I am a little weary and jaded by the world my friend,
and you have magic in your eyes,
so please, tell me a story,
because I cannot wait for you to start.

Blessed

In your finery and in your dress,
by the riverside with the sunlight upon your face,
I gaze into your eyes, and I am truly blessed,
for you came to me in the winter,
and you melted my heart like the sun upon the snows,
and you kissed me with a jubilation,
a jubilation that I had never known,
and time stood still,

as the wind through your hair it did blow,
and you smiled at me and as you did,
in your eyes there was a wisdom,
a wisdom that I had never known,
and I revelled in it and in your eyes,
and in your eyes, I felt at home,
for you enveloped me in your arms,
and filled me with your charms,
because you are as warm as the summer sun,
and you talked to me so delicately,
for so compassionate and understanding,
and loving you are to me,
and how much better is life together as one,
for you are intuitive and inquisitive,
and sensitive and you have a sense of fun,
and yes, you overwhelm me with your kindness,
and the kisses from your lips,
and how powerful they are to me,
yes, as powerful as the sea,
and as wonderful and as gentle as can be,
for you are you and I would not change you,
for in your dress and in your finery,
and with us two sat together,
sat with a glass of wine,
and happy in each other's company,
life is everything that I could wish it to be,
for your beauty,
it lies in your heart and in your mind and in your eyes,
and that is worth more,
more than all the money in the world to me.

Black outs

Black outs, drunkenness, and revelry,
smiles everywhere,
money spent wisely one day, and looking back the next day,
money spent regretfully,
but what will be will be,
because none of us round here can cope with life,
and escapism, escapism happens far too often in this town,
from drinking and drugs,
and escapism in this town,
from life happens far too often permanently,
because the work life balance is all wrong,
and we try to cheer ourselves up with material things,
but we are just kidding ourselves,
for where is the happiness in reality,
nowhere in this town,
for we are all in a rut working ourselves to the bone,
and we moan, and we moan in this town,
this town that I will not name,
and though it could be anywhere I call it misery,
for it is a misery to you,
and it is a misery to me,
and it has no shame,
no shame in taking our money constantly,
and with black outs,
drunkenness and revelry, that is life around here,
and what will be will be, but if I do not see you later,
I am being put into a coffin, and in that case,
buy yourself a pint and remember me.

Undecided

Undecided about this road,
my emotions overwhelm me,
and they colour my heart,
though I know I should go,
undecided about this road,
the quietness, the loneliness in which I will travel,
what will it be like and feel like?
I do not know for I am torn apart,
by those I am leaving,
and by the trepidation of places, I do not yet know,
for my heart is broken, and though my mind is open,
there is a darkness inside,
and the time maybe is not right,
and my mind is shattered by the loss of love,
and I hope to eviscerate the pain,
but how far, how far must I travel to feel happy again?
I know not but with the kisses of loved ones,
upon my cheeks,
put one foot in front of the other my friend,
and go into the sun,
and the heat and the snow and the rain,
and eviscerate the pain,
eviscerate the pain and walk on,
though my heart may be forever changed,
yes, walk on,
walk on and maybe I will somewhere in this world,
somewhere in this world love again,
love again.

Down the street

Passing down the street where I used to live,
so many things have changed.
There is countless rubbish in the gutter,
there are kids swearing almost,
almost every other word they utter,
and there are arguments in the street over money owed,
and the buildings are in a state of de gentrification,
through the poverty in this part of the nation,
and there are people glued to their televisions,
watching the talk show hosts,
cheap entertainment,
but what sickness it feeds the people with,
and causes such zombie like fascination,
and the dumbing down of a nation,
and the depression,
and the depravity that goes hand in hand,
with the financial reality,
a reality in these brexit days,
caused by intolerance and racism,
that through impatience was whipped up from hatred,
and with such great vexation,
and then,
further down the street from where I stand,
Mr Singh repairs the smashed window,
of his newsagents' shop,
and cleans away the racist graffiti,
with a sad look on his face,
and a look of forlorn resignation as best as he can,

and it is an awful shame,
the suffering and the pain,
for in the street where I used to live,
oh, how things have changed,
oh, how things have changed,
but will things improve,
and will things ever be the same?
Who knows,
but these things happen everywhere in the world,
and capitalism is to blame.

He waited

He waited at the lights, he looked right, he looked left,
he carried drugs inside his pockets,
then from out of nowhere he got a bullet in the head,
and he fell to the floor, and he bled,
and he bled, and he bled,
and from starting smoking marijuana,
he quickly began to deal drugs,
and it was a rapid descent for some people are so easily lead,
and as he lay dying his life flashed before his eyes,
and he had thoughts of his mother and his father,
and his family,
and then his life was over in the blink of an eye.
What a big man selling drugs,
that damage people right and left,
but at his funeral,
respect bruv, respect,
made a bit of money, got a bullet in the head.

In the morning

In the morning I awake to clouds of grey,
and I lay here and wish for colour,
for how so it is I cannot say,
but the universe has designed it so,
and it knows much more about the creation of life,
than me anyway,
and so, I will lay a little while longer in bed,
and I will ignore the grey,
because it affects my moods in such a way,
and I would rather go back to sleep,
go back to sleep,
and dream of the sunshine of a summer's day,
yes, because without warmth how would we grow,
how would we grow anyway?

He belittled her

He belittled her, he ranted and screamed,
he shattered her mind like a mirror,
oh, the obscenities, and the vulgarities,
piled and piled upon a fellow human being,
and now she is dead,
and he still walks the Earth having sent her to an early grave,
oh, such a horrific pointless loss and such a waste of a life,
a death caused by malcontent, a death caused by misery,
oh, how cruel he was,
and oh, how cruel life can be,
oh, how cruel life can be.

We cannot always see

We cannot always see how powerful words can be,
yes, we cannot always see,
how powerful words can be until they make history,
for words are much better than violence to me,
and in anyone's vocabulary,
education is key,
for word by word,
you can build understanding and knowledge,
and from impatience and intolerance,
and hatred and racism,
with words and language,
from them you can be set forever free,
forever free.

Go, go, go

Go, go, go,
go once more for me,
for I am dying,
and as I lay here in my bed,
touch the Earth,
touch the Earth with your hands,
and please, bring me some of it,
the Earth that put a smile upon my face,
the Earth that meant so much to me,
and though,
and though I will never see it again,
whilst alive please bury me in it overlooking the sea,

because I am of the Earth,
and when I am dead,
please take me home,
take me home to where I should be,
in the Earth,
in the Earth forever more where I will sleep for eternity,
where I will sleep,
to the sound of the waves and the crashing of the sea.

Hold me

Hold me a while,
hold me a while,
for I am numb, weary, and lost,
and I have lost a child,
hold me a while,
hold me a while for sorrow upon my face does show,
and sorrow knows the depths of such bitterness,
bitterness as cold and as icy as the winter snows,
and what tomorrow brings,
I do not know,
I do not know for I am here through no choice of my own,
and though sorrow is not my style,
I have no choice but to wear it,
for I am only human broken upon the rocks of misfortune,
and the grim reaper he does not care,
and the grim reaper he wears such an evil smile,
so, hold me a while,
hold me a while for in the depths of hell,
I may be some time,

because inside there is so much suffering,
hurt and pain,
and I am lost,
so lost that I run through the loss in my brain,
again, again and again,
and I do not know where to go,
and my tears will not put out the flames,
but will you listen and will you hold me a while,
for it may be some time,
sometime before I can begin to explain the pain that I feel,
for it is so so real and I will never be the same,
so, hold me a while,
hold me a while in your arms,
and listen to me so gently and compassionately,
for sorrow has frozen my heart,
and sorrow has torn me apart,
and my child I will never see ever again.
So, will you hold me a while,
hold me a while and will you carry me,
and will you share my burden with me,
for time it seems to have stopped,
and I am heartbroken,
like I have never been,
and reflected in my tears is my child,
who has shuffled off,
forever more from this mortal coil,
my child,
my child who I will never see again,
my child who will never give me pleasure,
from their smile ever again.

In this room

In this room, in this place such is the end,
the end of the beginning, and the beginning of the end,
the whispers, the arranging of protests,
the secret meetings amongst friends,
yes, in this place such is the end,
holding discussions of the repercussions of a brutal
dictatorship that has broken so many people's spirits,
and that has killed so many people,
in so many violent ways again and again,
and in this place, such is the beginning of the end,
in a poorly lit room,
away from prying eyes and hopefully spies,
talking and talking of plots to overthrow a dictatorship,
and from the dictatorship the nation defends,
and in this place, yes, such is the end,
the final moments staring anxiously into the eyes of friends,
friends who you may never see again,
and sat there counting the minutes,
waiting to run into the flames of hell with guns loaded,
and with your life on the line,
and your relatives unaware,
that they may never see you again,
I salute you all for how strong,
brave and courageous the minds of women and men,
women and men are who are willing to sacrifice their lives,
to overthrow a brutal dictatorship,
and who are prepared to give all they have to give,
knowing that they may never live ever again.

Such a short life

Such a short life,
but there could have been so much more to give,
and oh, how much sadness there is,
and far too many tears over such a short life,
the life of someone who had so much to give,
oh, such a short life,
such a short life you lived,
and I,
I think of how history may have been changed by you,
for such great potential you had to give,
and when I think of you and your eyes so blue,
there is an emptiness inside,
and a cold and a warmth too,
and happy and sad memories,
and my mind is mixed up,
and confused and I feel the pain of losing you,
for you had such a short life,
and how I wish it was not true,
for I loved you,
I loved you for you,
and I will remember you with tears in my eyes,
and I will always remember you,
because the world was a better place with you,
a better place with you in it and so many others too,
so many others who have gone far too soon,
and oh, how history may have been changed,
and improved by you,
and how sad is the loss of life but death comes to us all,

and how unfair it is an early death and how despicable,
oh, the cruelty of it all,
it makes you realise how precious life is,
and I think myself I am lucky to be here at all,
and when I remember you,
I will think of you as a star in the heavens shining brightly,
holding heaven together,
preventing heavens fall,
and when I look at the night sky,
I will give thanks for your lives,
and I will remember you all.

What a wicked life

What a wicked life,
to oppress someone,
what a wicked life to kill someone innocent with a gun,
what a wicked life to beat up and torture someone,
what a wicked life and what an awful mind that leads
someone to become a dictator,
a dictator who oppresses and slaughters anyone,
anyone who opposes them,
and has them killed in such vicious ways,
and then who watches just for fun,
and what a wicked life,
this pure evil,
this sickening mentality,
through lack of education and greed it was begun,
and oh, I wish it had not,
and I wish it would change,

but human frailty repeats itself again and again,
and we need a change of mind,
by the populations of the world,
for millions of people suffer far too much,
and for far too long,
and the slaughter and the blood,
runs far too frequently upon the Earth,
for the Earth has blessed us with life,
and is not life more precious,
and should not we do more to save life,
for evil begets evil,
and we are better off,
oppressing the oppressors,
as soon as they begin treading upon their wicked path,
and their evil has begun.

We watch

We watch but do we learn anything,
we watch,
we think,
we vegetate in a state,
a state that television does bring,
and with millions of inanities,
mind numbing things that sedate us,
and placate us,
these days relaxation,
is so often a sedentary thing,
and when the mind is filled with such emptiness,
what good to the world can it bring?

By the fire

By the fire in this place,
as the time does pass,
and the ghosts of the past they float about the place,
by the fire in this place,
memories flicker here and there,
and light the eyes with expressive haste,
for sat here whilst time does fly,
ebullient of mind as gentle reminiscences,
do while away the time,
sentiment and sentimentality fly free,
with visions of the past,
and hopes of things to be bringing such effervescence,
in feelings as the world passes,
and out the window,
my train of thoughts flow like the sea,
for neither here nor there am I,
and what will be will be,
for how precious the time that distances you from the stress,
the stress of living in modern society,
because division and inequality,
breed such destruction and create such poverty,
and ground down by the world,
I hope for better things to come but I am happy,
sat here by the fire and unencumbered by the world,
relaxing,
thinking of other things,
and with my thoughts flowing like the sea,
I am glad to relax, and I am glad to be me.

However, and wherever

However, and wherever you wish to be,
come rain or shine or the winter snows,
I wish for you,
I wish for you to carry on and forget about me,
because I,
I am but a memory,
so please,
please do not pine for me,
because I will be across the sea,
and although we have drifted apart,
do not hold bitterness inside you,
for what good is being frozen in time,
frozen in time,
thinking of a love that was never meant to be.

Come home

Come home,
come home.
I see them in your eyes,
the tears,
but you are not alone,
so, come home,
come to me from wherever you roam,
for there is no need to be lost,
and there is no need to be alone,
so, come home,
for I am here for you,

and you may share your burden,
because I am here to listen,
and I have the patience of a saint,
so, come into my arms,
and I will hold you as the sun rises,
for there is nothing I will not try to understand,
and I will talk to you,
and care for you until the cows come home,
because to make you feel better is my plan,
because a broken heart and a shattered mind,
destroyed by loss of love,
destroyed by vindictiveness,
destroyed by bitterness,
oh, such suffering caused by ill thought,
and such vicious minds,
such vicious minds,
yes, put them to one side for I am here for you,
so, please sit a while and take your time,
for I have all the time in the world,
and I will listen, and I will care,
to help soothe and calm your worries,
and cast them far away from here,
and with a gentleness and a compassion,
upon this road through the maze of the human mind,
with a little kindness may you be happy,
and may the tears disappear from your eyes,
and in humanity what better is love,
and how good it is to help understand,
and to chase away any fears,
so, come home,

come home my dear for you do not need to be alone,
and I am here for you,
and my heart is yours wherever we may go,
for loneliness need not be and I am here to talk to you,
no matter when or where,
no matter the sun,
no matter the rain,
or the winter snows.

In society

In societies veracity for harm,
such financial worries do capacitate,
and facilitate such ill thoughts,
that drive people out of their minds,
because greed and peer pressure,
it clouds people's judgement,
and sows the seeds of so much alarm,
and in the streets,
there are countless drugs and knives and guns,
that destroy lives in moments of madness,
driven by the need to have and the need to belong,
and sadly, life is lost cheaply,
and living is expensive,
and in the minds of the greedy,
how little time is given to think before taking a life,
because in this modern society it is sad to see,
that materialism is more valuable than human life,
now, what I would not give to prevent the loss of life,
in this modern world that has gone so so wrong.

You never

You never err on the side of caution, but does anyone care,
for you sit unmoved and resolute and you gesticulate,
and expostulate and wave your hands in the air,
and you have your opinions,
and mine they are as of as much value as yours,
and yet you,
you pretend to listen,
and I listen to you, and I pretend to care,
yet you, you never err on the side of caution,
and I listen, and we talk,
but we go around and around and around,
and never get anywhere,
yet I believe in your right to a freedom of speech,
yet you, you could talk for the world,
and never accomplish anything and never get anywhere,
and I know where I would rather be,
listening and open to anything,
and any ideas that you wish to share,
because people who listen may change the world,
yet you never listen, and you never care,
but I give you the chance,
and I give you the time of day to express your opinions,
but you will never change,
and you will always sit unmoved and resolute,
whilst I am free in my mind I will listen,
and learn more than you will ever wish to,
because education is a wonderful thing,
and talking should never be a one-sided affair.

I sit on the beach

I sit on the beach, staring out to sea in a pensive mood,
as the waves rise high and they crash down,
and my thoughts, they float and fly,
here and there and are not always so free,
and sometimes captured by a moment of pain,
a moment of indecisiveness, a moment of me,
as I sit on the beach, staring out to sea,
I wish I could decipher the problems that lie within me,
but maybe, I need a little more time,
maybe I need someone else to listen to me,
for the heart and the mind, as I sit are as raging as the sea,
and despite all other things in my mind,
there is a reflection of you in me,
and it fills me up with tears,
tears and feelings that for years have never left me,
yet I still love you, for my love for you is as raging as the sea,
and my love for you will inspire me,
and no matter what, the thought of you will carry me,
through any problems,
for your love is echoed in my memories,
and the feelings of your love,
conquers all else as I sit on the beach staring out to sea,
and you are with me always and the world is a better place,
and as my heart pounds,
my feelings are as powerful as the sea,
and I could never forget you,
for without you in my thoughts,
life would not be the same to be.

The time

What is this but the time, the time to make amends,
the time to mourn the loss of so many human lives,
for throughout human history,
we have walked on through the bloodied fields,
and the bloodied streets far too many times,
and because of the lack of thought,
and being unable to listen as well as we should,
oh, what a pity and oh,
the disgust of countless deaths and slaughter,
that winds its way through the human mind,
deaths caused by any little misunderstanding,
and through every little miscomprehension,
and at every loss of patience and through greed,
and hatred that fans the flames and burns humankind,
now, what is this but the time,
the time to change things for the better,
and the time to come together in peace to unify humankind.

The order of life

In the order of life, such chaos permeates the air,
and with no rhyme or reason why,
except the false realities created by humanity,
with which we cage ourselves in,
and hinder progress and advance nowhere,
the order of life it is far too complex,
and if we simplified things,
how much finer would life be with less complexity,

and how many more smiles,
upon the faces of humanity would there be,
because if we were to simplify things that govern us,
how much better would we fare,
and how much better life would be,
and so much easier,
and with far less worry,
and with more time to spend together,
more happier times you and me will share.

Be still

Be still,
be calm,
pay no mind to the stories of the world,
that so often cause you dismay,
and that cause you so much alarm,
yes, be still,
be calm,
sit where you like,
take a walk,
explore the world,
enjoy yourself,
far away from the stories of human frailty,
that destroy society,
and that assuage upon the world,
such repetitive visions that depress you,
and damage one's mind,
and also, that cause the heart to palpitate,
in frustration at problems unsolved,

so, take yourself away,
take yourself away as fast as you can,
because what good can those stories do to see them
repeatedly,
oh, the ravages of inhumanity,
oh, the stories,
stories caused by such devilish plans,
so be still,
be calm,
far away from the news,
far away as you can,
because what good will it do,
except cause you distress,
so, try in your own way,
and by using your own mind,
and with the power of your own mind,
fix the world if you can,
because it will be better news than the usual news,
and with positivity and education and the willingness to do,
it can lead to less death and destruction,
and what could be more welcome,
than fixes and solutions to the world's problems that you and
others can take part in for the benefit of humankind,
because what is life without understanding,
and what is life without listening,
because with both how grand can be the betterment of us all,
for we if we all work together,
we can advance humanity and lives will be saved,
and happiness will be upon the Earth,
and now what could be better than harmony,

for life is there to be lived,
and we all can be happy upon the Earth if we try harder,
for no problem is unconquerable if we all work together,
and how great is community,
and the spirit of us all,
under the stars and the heavens,
where from which life began in the universe,
in the universe that created everything,
and that created us all,
oh, how glorious it is and how beautiful.

Dreams

In the beginning there was a seed,
a thought,
a number of thoughts that lead me to you,
because time meant nothing,
and all was peaceful and calm,
as I pulled you towards me in my dreams,
there you stood there holding out your hand to me,
and as you did upon your finger was a ring,
and a smile upon your face and you were so happy,
and me, well I was too, looking at you,
you with your black hair, and your beautiful dark eyes,
and oh, how pretty you were in your beautiful dress
and how intense was the look in your eyes,
and how they were filled with light as you looked into mine,
for they were so deep like the oceans,
the oceans into which I could drop into and float upon,
and sail into your heart for eternity.