

Marooned

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Moon

Moon,
how barren you are,
amongst the stars,
now, how long have you been there,
how long have you been there,
in that bit of space that you call home,
and how long have you watched over the Earth,
and how long ago were you alone,
or were you ever alone,
and were you the first to arrive,
or was the Earth,
and were you envious of it,
and were you jealous of its blue oceans,
and did you consider it to be,
worth more than you,
and did you look at it and feel sorry for it,
and did you feel sorry for it,
for carrying all that water that you do not do.
And moon,
were you surprised,
when humans landed on you,
and did you feel their feet,
jumping up and down on you,
and did it annoy you,
and did you,
wish to move somewhere else,
when the Earth,
did not talk to you?

In the likeness

In the likeness of you,
In the likeness of you I see your mother,
In the likeness of you I see your father,
in the likeness of you I see their lives,
In the likeness of you,
I see their spirit in you,
and I see their twinkle in your eyes,
and in your beauty,
when I look at you there is no time,
and when I look at you, I am left,
I am left with a blank mind,
because you overwhelm my senses,
and I am lost for words because I admire you,
I admire your beauty,
as I would admire a work of art,
a beautiful work of art,
for in your beauty and in your heart,
I am left floating as if upon an ocean or a sea,
and I am left floating as if in zero gravity,
and in the likeness of you there is magic in you,
and in you my dreams came true,
and though it took me a while to believe it was true,
I was so glad it was, and how quickly I fell for you,
I fell for you so rapidly that night under the stars,
because from that first moment,
you instantaneously you stole my heart,
and for you,
for you I thank my lucky stars,

because there is magic in you,
and you cast your spell upon me,
for how glorious thou art,
and how great are you,
for you took me in,
you took me into your heart,
and you cared for me, and you loved me,
and you loved me like I have never been loved,
and I am happier today than I have ever been,
happier with you the one that I love,
because you love me like I have never been loved,
and I would never wish for no other upon the Earth,
and I would never wish for no other,
under the heavens and the beautiful stars above.

Fireflies

A campfire.
Fireflies.
Such a heavenly light.
Fireflies,
oh, how they mesmerise your eyes,
against the black of the night.
Fireflies they take their time, but I do not mind,
fireflies,
oh, such beauty and elegance akin to stars in the sky.
Fireflies,
oh, such beauty,
such heaven in my eyes.
Such wonderment hovering in the air,

going where,
going somewhere,
and what great light,
what great glorious light,
light so warm and effervescent,
that in its spectacularity,
it makes you feel warm inside.
Fireflies amongst the trees,
yes, a magical sight,
a magical memory,
on a beautiful night.

In your name

Your name, your name it brings a thought to me.
It brings a tear, and it brings memories,
It brings happiness and it brings cheer.
It brings loss, it brings me pain.
And your name, your name,
It causes me to reflect, and it gives me confidence again.
your name, your name,
it gives me contentment when I say it.
It inspires me,
It lights up the night,
and it gets me through the day,
and it says to me,
it says to me everything will be okay.
Yes, your name, your name,
It lights up the night,
and the memory of you, yes, it gets me through the day.

We walked

We walked into the fire,
we walked into the flames.
We paid no mind,
no mind to the pain,
and we headed for the danger,
we headed for the danger,
but we would never wish to change,
because if you cannot face the pain,
how can you be brave,
and if you cannot face the pain,
how can you be courageous,
and if you cannot face the pain,
how can you take the pain away,
and if you cannot face the pain,
how can you ever change,
and bring about brighter days.

Actuality

In actuality, you do not seem to be anything,
you seem to be empty,
you seem to be hollow, and you are plain,
and there seems to be nothing there at all,
and I do not want to be confused but I cannot think straight,
and I do not want to have to struggle,
and I do not want any trouble, but that's life some days,
because you sit there waiting,
you sit there waiting for me,

and you sit there taunting me,
and you sit there haunting me,
and I stare at you, and you are empty,
and I,
I think of a word and then they begin to flood upon the page,
and I am relieved,
relieved,
and I am happy for I cannot stand a blank page,
and it irritates me,
and it fills me with frustration,
and sometimes It ruins my concentration,
so, I just stare into space,
looking for meaning, and reality and actuality.

It is almost over

It is almost over,
and nearing the end,
but if I say goodbye,
and close my eyes,
will you be there at the start again,
because sometimes,
I am a hypochondriac,
and I worry about the sun rising again,
and I worry about the night fighting the day and winning,
and I worry about the sun,
never being seen again,
and I worry that there will be no more light,
and that only the darkness,
only the darkness will want to be my friend.

Marooned

In the morning you saw a mountain,
you saw a problem,
you saw more than one or two,
and you wanted understanding, but there was no one there,
and you were marooned at the start, but you did not care,
yes, you wanted the peace and the quiet,
and did not want to go anywhere,
and you were marooned at the start,
but you did not care,
and you had a few thoughts,
a few thoughts here and there,
and you were a little cold in the morning air,
so, you dragged yourself out of the house,
and went to a mountain top,
and there you sat upon a rock,
and there you found some solace,
and you were marooned at the start, but you did not care,
and as the sun rose it, warmed you through and through,
and it dispelled the heaviness of thought in you,
and it lifted you far away from there,
and you were at one with the Earth,
and you felt all its worth,
and of all the beauty in nature,
how great its power to rejuvenate you?
And how great it is to ease the frustrations in you,
and how great it is for putting the you, back in you,
and oh, what a view,
and thought by thought with elucidated ways,

a path through all the problems,
became clear to you,
and you were overcomplicating things,
over analysing,
getting frustrated,
getting tired and weary,
and your judgement was cloudy,
and your friends,
well, most of them,
they did not understand you,
and you wanted to be you,
but the aches and the pains,
they got in the way every day
and you in your mind,
had gone over everything,
and you had gone over everything for weeks,
and you got nowhere fast,
so, you sat on a rock,
and enjoyed the view,
and you took your time to unwind,
and though you had no family,
you remembered the people,
who had been so kind to you,
and you prayed,
and you looked at the sky,
and you stood at the edge of the mountain,
and your problems were still a mountain,
so, you fell off the edge of the mountain,
and for the rest of time,
you became part of the mountain too.

Schizophrenia

Upon an underground train,
I saw a lady in a red dress sat talking,
and screaming at herself,
and I tried to look away,
I tried to look away, for I think it is rude to stare,
but others do not think the same,
and of evolution to her it had been cruel,
and it did not suit her,
the lady in a red dress, and you evolved to be an uglier you,
and you could not be true,
true to yourself,
for you quite possibly had a dislike of you,
so, you took another part upon the stage,
and you were twice as vicious as you usually were,
which was not a surprise it is true,
and I pity you, though I am sure you do not want my pity,
but it is only a natural reaction,
because schizophrenia must be an awful thing,
and you are not to blame,
and schizophrenia is harsh,
and will quite probably drive you insane,
and schizophrenia will fight the good in you,
and will mostly give you pain,
but people just cannot deal with you that way,
and people do not see you for you,
because who is you anyway,
you two, you three, you four, maybe more,
and it is a terrible thing,

and it is a terrible shame,
but you were just born that way,
and the hurtful comments that come your way,
it is a shame and I feel your pain,
and I wish for you, that it would go away,
but schizophrenia will probably never go away,
and unfortunately, evolution did not suit you,
because you evolved to be an uglier you,
and genetics,
they are an incredible thing and a beautiful thing sometimes,
but it is awful,
awful how they have discombobulated your mind,
and discombobulated you.

Empty cup

There is an empty cup on the window,
with your lipstick marks,
and the weather,
the weather outside is cold and dark,
and you are in a happy mood and sat on a chair,
and you are sat on my lap,
amidst the fairy lights with a book upon your lap,
and we are sat by the fire,
and listening to music that brightens your heart,
and that is good enough,
for you, for there you are with your glasses on,
deep in thought,
deep in concentration,
deep in calm,

and I look at you and I smile,
how do you take it all in I wonder,
because you read two books a day,
and you can recite everything that is written,
now I do not know how,
but you are funny that way,
and you will read and read all day,
and I am content to just be with you,
because I do not read,
but, well I do, I just read you,
I read you because I know your heart,
and I know it is true,
and when you look up from your book,
how gloriously beautiful you look,
and how beautiful your voice is when you talk to me,
for it is elegant, eloquent, and silky,
and I could not be any happier than when I am with you,
and I could not be any happier,
than when we are relaxing by the fire,
and when we have a glass of wine or two,
and when you are sat in my lap, and I kiss you,
when I kiss you so gently as I do,
the smell of your hair is so intoxicating,
and I breathe it in then I kiss you again,
and I feel so happy
and you,
you kiss me so tenderly too,
and then, you smile at me, and I smile at you,
and time stands still,
and together in unison we say to each other I love you.

Have you

Have you ever wondered,
have you ever thought,
have you ever thought of where time does go,
yes, where it literally goes,
and is time in a physical state in another place,
or is it held somewhere that we do not know,
and is it recycled,
or is it somewhere on display,
somewhere on show,
somewhere in a cabinet or on a computer,
a place that we do not know,
a place where you can sit and watch,
every piece of history ever created,
and every piece of history ever known,
and would you want to see it all,
would you watch the happy times,
would you watch all the bloodshed and the horror,
the kidnaps,
the rapes and the murders,
just to know everything that you could know,
no, not me,
because to me that would be boring,
for where is the surprise,
and why would you wish to watch people die,
now I would rather watch lives being saved,
and people having the time of their lives,
but forgive me I am just in a ponderous mood,
so, where does time go,

where does time literally go,
and is time in a physical state,
and is it held somewhere that we do not know,
and is time recycled,
and is it somewhere on display,
and is it somewhere in a computer or in a cabinet on show,
and somewhere in a place,
somewhere in a place that we do not know,
and if it was destroyed,
would the past and the future be permanently deleted,
yes, everything from the creation of the universe,
the Earth,
humanity and everything that we have ever created,
and will it just go,
will it just go in a flash of light or in a puff of smoke,
and will it vanish with no warning,
and will we ever know?
Will we ever know?

Meeting no one in particular

Meeting no one in particular,
sat upon a bench,
with pigeons around my feet,
and the grass nice and green,
and the sun shining brightly in the sky,
and the clouds hanging in the air,
as people lay on the grass,
and people on bicycles pass by,

and there are boats upon the lake,
boats upon the serpentine in London in the summertime.
Something to drink,
a little time out,
a little time to think,
because time is precious,
and you have got to take time out,
or it will drive you to drink,
but I am fine,
sat here just thinking of my life,
just watching the world go by minding my own business,
and not minding the time,
because time flies in the city and time flies anywhere,
but this is the time to appreciate what I have got,
and though I may not be rich,
and though I may not have a wife,
at least I have peace of mind,
peace of mind and calm,
sat here minding my own business in Hyde Park,
taking time out from this busy life,
slowing it down,
safe from harm,
watching the world go by,
taking time out,
watching the boats on the serpentine,
and watching the people's happy faces,
as the sun shines down,
and as I watch the world go by, watch the world go by,
as the clouds float upon a light breeze in the city,
and with a smile on my face in London town.

Heard that

I Heard that you were coming today,
I heard that you were going to take someone's TV away.
I heard that you were going to take it,
no matter what they say,
I heard that you have a reputation about you,
but you do not care anyway,
and you do not care about the pain you cause,
yes, you with the fat head,
and the tattoos you will take everything you can,
because you are like a video,
a video with the control stuck on fast forward,
a man with a plan,
a man I cannot understand and your eyes they are bulging,
your eyes are bulging,
and you must be on amphetamines,
for the veins in your neck look like they are about to burst,
and your knuckles they drag along the ground so,
and you pull out a baseball bat.
Here we go,
here we go,
better remember your face,
because you remind me of that man,
that man,
the man that threw the man to his death,
through a window,
yes, that psycho,
that psycho,
that psycho down in Kokamo.

Did you sit there for long

Did you sit there for long?

Did you take it all in,

did you figure out where we had gone wrong,

did you figure out where we humanity had gone wrong,

God,

God,

did you sit there for long,

did you take it all in,

did you figure out,

where we had gone wrong early on,

and did you try and correct things God,

or were you tired of creating the Universe,

and the world where we belong?

God,

God,

were you in despair,

and did we make you sick,

did we make you pull out your hair?

Did we make you put your head in your hands,

and make you wish that you,

had not existed in your omnipotence everywhere?

God,

God, are you there?

Were you there all along?

God,

God,

were you there all along,

or did we just imagine you?

Empty

Empty, empty inside,
you got a cute, but an empty mind, and you are funny,
but you pay intellect no mind and I do not mind,
for you are uncomplicated,
and you have a good nature,
and you are compassionate, and kind,
and you have that smile, and oh those eyes,
those hazel eyes,
they have such beauty in them,
that I could spend my life trying to describe them,
and for you,
for you I would travel a million miles,
because for you I have got all the time in the world,
for you got a cute but an empty mind,
and you pay intellect no mind,
and you do not like over intellectualising, but I do not mind,
because you are real and more truthful,
and much more honest than most,
and you have a good heart,
and you have much greater qualities than anyone,
I have ever known in these times,
and those qualities,
those qualities cannot be denied for you are you,
and you got a cute but an empty mind, but I do not mind,
I do not mind, for with you I feel alive,
and if I could live my life again after this,
If I could live my life eternally with you,
I would do, I certainly would do.

The train

The train it left at half past ten,
and I saw you get on it,
heading to somewhere,
somewhere that you did not know,
yes, I saw you struggling to find a space,
yes, I saw you not really knowing,
where you were going,
and I saw the train leave,
I saw you leave, and I knew your fate,
Yes, I knew the horror,
and I contemplated it.
I let it sink in and I felt sick.
I watched you head to Auschwitz,
I watched you leave again and again.
And I paused the video countless times,
and I saw your faces in the still frames,
I watched the inhumanity in humanity,
I watched the women,
the children and the men,
yes, the train it left at half past ten,
and I saw you get on it,
heading to somewhere,
somewhere that you did not know.
I watched over and over,
you headed to Auschwitz,
I watched you headed to Auschwitz,
never to be seen alive again,
except on video.

Raindrops

I wish these raindrops were in reverse,
and this grey would go away,
into the universe.

Yes, I wish these raindrops were in reverse,
for it is making my mood,
rather worse,
but then again if it was not for the rain,
how would I quench my thirst?

There is no meter

There is no meter on your mouth,
because you keep on going no matter what,
yes, there is no meter on your mouth,
and you keep spewing words,
you keep spewing words,
and inanities out,
because there is no meter on your mouth,
and you think you have,
something valuable to say,
yes you,
the gossip columnists,
and the talk show hosts,
but unfortunately,
there is no meter on your mouth,
and there is mostly no value in what you say,
there is only value,
value in the taxes that you pay.

Abandoned by the wayside

Abandoned by the wayside,
in the despair of the time,
a chevy sixty-nine.

Abandoned by the wayside,
with bullet holes in its sides,
and blood stains upon its seats,
and a few dollar bills,
scattered here and there,
a chevy sixty-nine,
with a shattered windscreen,
and an empty briefcase,
and bits of brains inside.

Yes, a mess,
but got a lotta miles on the clock,
a chevy sixty-nine.

Abandoned by the wayside,
in the despair of the time.
Abandoned in the middle of nowhere.

People being shot,
but for what.

People fleeing for their lives.

Yes, a chevy sixty-nine.

Abandoned by the wayside,
in the despair of the time,
a chevy,
a bloody chevy sixty-nine.

We take things for granted

We take things for granted.
do we not,
because we have become used to things,
and we want more, and we cannot stop.
Yes, we take things for granted,
we take things for granted do we not.
And although we should not take things for granted,
It is like an addiction that is hard to stop.
Yes, we take things for granted,
and we underappreciate what we have got.
Yes, we take things for granted,
for we humanity are a greedy lot.

Should I

Should I,
should I not,
should I go out for the weather is inclement,
and I hate to be stuck indoors,
and being stuck indoors a lot,
well, it is not much fun but sometimes,
you have to drag your mentality from out of the rut,
so, should I,
should I not,
why not?
I will go out though my mind says yes,
and my body does not want,

and I will take out my umbrella,
unless there's lightning,
because I do not wish to die for the sake of fresh air,
and I do not wish to pay for a funeral of course,
for it is far too early for funerals and it is only 11.55am,
and like a rebel with a cause,
I shall rebel against the weather, and I will go out,
and if I mind the roads and I do not get frozen in the snows,
I will have a beautiful time, wherever I spend my time,
for being outdoors,
being outdoors is far more enjoyable,
than staring at blank walls,
so, should I or should I not,
should I go out,
of course, and without a pause,
for life is there to be lived,
and what good is a life,
spent just staring at blank walls.

I would not wish it

I would not wish it,
I would not wish it upon you,
I would not wish for you to be so blue,
because I would wish to colour you happy,
in any way that I can do,
and I hate to see,
I hate to see the sadness in you,
because I love you,
but you,

you seem to have a hard time loving you,
and I empathise and I wish for you to be happy,
and I will try to do what I can do,
and I would not wish,
I would not wish it upon you,
and I see it in your eyes.
even though you try to disguise it you cannot hide it,
and I can clearly see the sadness in you,
and what are we to do,
and what would you like to do,
for I will try to arrange an outing,
and I will try to bring a smile to your face,
for what is better to enlighten the mood than good company,
travel and a joke or two,
and we can go anywhere,
and I will do anything to ease your cares,
and I will do anything to ease your despair,
for I wish to send it so far away from here,
for in my company,
life is better spent with friends I have found,
and whenever you are feeling down,
do not hesitate to call, for I will be around,
because I could erase the sadness,
erase the sadness from a clown,
and so, as we sit, why don't we plan,
because fun can erase the darkness from humanity,
if you can take time out away from sadness if you can,
and fun can take your mind off the sadness,
and fun can take your mind off the world's madness,
and I would not wish you to be unhappy eternally,

because life can be better,
life can be much better,
if we take a little time and we unwind,
and we have some peace,
and some lightness of mind,
so, together whatever the weather,
let us be exploratory,
and let us explore the comedy of life,
and let us erase the sadness in you,
as fast as we can,
and bring the light.

Anything will do

Anything will do,
And how you look up at me,
and I look down at you,
and I see the weariness in your eyes,
and the rugged lines across your face,
and you smile like you mean it,
and I would not wish to be in your place,
in your place upon the streets,
these streets that are so mean these days,
and especially in all weathers,
because the sun is harsh sometimes and the rain,
and the snow always,
the snow is always the same,
bitter and it can kill you if luck does not go your way,
because in the night,
so many homeless people, in their sleep,

drift off into hypothermia,
and death claims them easily,
and I, at society am angry,
and I, at society I am ashamed,
because seeing you on the street,
you deserve to be treated,
in a more humane way,
and yes, at society I am ashamed,
how cruel life is,
in our over materialistic ways,
and I talk with you a little while,
and I find out your name,
and you tell me that you are called Peter,
and I tell you that you are brave,
and you tell me of your family,
who you lost contact with,
and I am happy to see you happy,
and I am happy to be in your company,
and though I know it was a short conversation,
sadly, I have to go,
so, I give you some money,
and a smile, and my compassion and then I go,
and for you I can only hope for better days,
and hope for the best,
because society has become uncaring,
and society does not seem to share,
as much as it should do,
and I wish I could do more for you,
but I am also struggling too,
but luckily not as hard as you.

Calamity Jane

To some,
you were calamitous calamity Jane.
You walked around with your head in the clouds,
and you did not wish others to know your name,
and you never knew where you were going,
but you were happy,
and you never wished for change,
and anyone could ask you a question,
and you would always reply the same,
It does not matter where I go,
and it does not matter that the sun shines,
or that the rain falls,
or that the snow falls,
or that the wind does blow.
What matters is that I am alone for in my head is a world,
a world that is much better than this world that we know,
and no matter the season,
no matter the spring and the summer,
no matter the autumn and the winter this is where I shall go.
I shall wander in my head no matter what is said,
for it is a beautiful place where I go,
and it is full of tropical breezes,
and sandy beaches and clear blue seas,
on another planet amongst the stars,
and with a gravity so you can float just a little,
and I like to fly there along the coast,
because human company means not much to me,
and humans are so mean,

and I would rather be alone in this world that I know,
and with a smile on her face, she walked off alone,
and she in her daydreams,
she avoided everyone that she could see,
and she tripped over everything,
and she grazed her legs, and she grazed her knees,
and she fell into holes,
and she scrambled down mountainsides,
and she jumped into the seas,
and she wandered through the forests,
and she wandered through the jungles,
and she climbed trees,
and she never knew where she was going,
and when asked where she was going,
It does not matter where I go, she replied,
and it does not matter that the sun shines,
or that the rain falls,
or that the snow falls,
or that the wind does blow,
but what matters,
what matters is that I am alone,
and then when asked if she remembered what she had seen,
in this world she said no,
because I do not care for it,
with its war and its suffering and humans being so mean,
I shall wander in my head no matter what is said to me,
because it is a beautiful place where I go,
and it is full of tropical breezes and sandy beaches,
and there is no war and suffering and no religions,
and no peer pressure or stress,

and I always have a smile on my face,
because in my heart when I am there,
I have no worries and I have no cares,
and there is no one to judge me,
and there is no one to stare,
and I need no material things,
and I eat well whilst I am there,
and I am happy being me,
I am happy being me there,
and always I will be in my daydreams,
upon another planet,
floating above the seas,
and I will be enjoying my time there,
and enjoying my memories,
because I have seen far too much horror in this world,
and this world and me do not agree,
so, it does not matter where I go,
upon the Earth,
and it does not matter that the sun shines,
or that the rain falls,
or that the snow falls,
or that the wind does blow.
What matters is that I am alone,
for in my head is a world,
a world that is much better,
than this world that we know,
and in my daydreams,
upon another planet,
I am happier than you will ever know.

At the turning of the night

At the turning of the night,
you went south,
you faced the winter without a sound,
for you had things things to do,
things to do in secret too, by the looks of you,
and I wondered what it was all about,
and I saw you leave with that chiselled chin of yours,
and a spade over your shoulder,
and I had a feeling about you,
I thought I knew you,
but I didn't really have a clue,
and I thought well,
I thought maybe you would be back one day,
running your mouth as you usually used to do,
and I thought maybe you'd come back rich,
and I thought maybe,
you would bring back a girl to marry you,
and I thought,
maybe I would get to know you better,
but really, I did not know what you had gone to do,
because at the turning of the night when you went south,
there was a hazy sky,
and in your eyes, there was a determined look,
a determined look about you,
and I did not know what you had gone to do,
but I saw you smile before you turned away,
and I saw you get in your truck,

and head for the wilderness and that was all I knew,
and you drove away, and I remember the day,
because you had such a way about you,
and you walked funny,
and you apparently did not care about money,
and when the postman, he discovered you in the wilderness,
you had built yourself a palace,
a palace out of wood,
and there you lived like a king,
and you dined out in nature where there was plenty of food
to eat,
and you sat on top of the battlements,
and you surveyed the view,
the view of the trees,
and the view of the lakes Infront of you,
and you were alone for a while,
and so many people had forgotten about you,
but not me, because you had a determined look about you,
and I wondered how you were, and I sent you a letter,
and I wrote to you, and I asked how life is,
how is life now that you have flown,
and where did you go,
and do you care about what you own,
and I wrote a little more, but not much,
because I always said I would keep in touch,
and you wrote me back too,
and said I am fine, so, do not pay me any mind,
because I am just doing what I usually do,
and you sent me a picture of you in your castle,
and I admired the view,

and I was a little shocked, and a little taken aback too,
and it looked beautiful out there,
and you were doing what you usually do,
minding your own business in the wilderness,
taking your time to find your own mind,
away from the clique of the town and the local city streets,
because they were no good for anybody,
except the winter snows and the shops with food to eat,
and they were no good except for the bars,
where the women fluttered their eyelids,
and tried to steal your heart,
in a place with the strongest liquor,
a place with gambling and hustling,
and people smoking like chimneys,
the kind of place that I try to stay away from,
as much as I can,
and I was glad to hear from you,
glad to hear you were away from this place,
for it brought you down,
and I was going to leave too anyway,
and you wrote me back again,
come and see me my friend,
so, I set off,
hoping It would not be too long,
before we could drink a beer or two,
because it had been a while,
and I brought some smokes and when I got to you,
I pulled up in my car and I saw you sat with a bear,
and I saw you had dressed it in a dress,
and you were drinking a beer with it,

and you sat there relaxed with your wild hair,
and with a mildly drunken stare,
and you called to me, and said hey,
how about a beer with a bear,
sure, why not I said,
as If it was something that I would usually do,
and me and you, and the bear we all; got a little drunk,
and we danced around the campfire, and under the stars,
and we played some music,
and the bear it took the beer to its heart,
and how we laughed and laughed,
and we stumbled around the campfire,
and watched the shooting stars,
and the bear it fell asleep in the chair,
and it slept all night without a care,
and we watched the sun come up,
and then we fell asleep too,
and the bear,
well, it ran away with your trousers,
but what could I do,
and we tried to look for them,
but they had been eaten by half past ten,
and for breakfast we had eggs and ham in the frying pan,
and we had sausages and tomatoes too,
and with our heads a little sore,
we drank some more,
and then, when the bear came back,
we tried to teach the bear how to drive,
because the shop was miles away,
and well, you know what it is like out in the wilderness,

there was much to do and explore, and so much to say,
and life, well it could be much improved,
much improved,
if you could teach a bear to drive to the shops for you,
and what a day,
what a day, and how hot was the sun,
so hot it melted my mind away,
and it took my mind away from the town,
that smelled like hell and that made me frown,
and I swore I would never go back again,
and it was another beautiful day in paradise,
and well, there was a little breeze,
so, we chopped down some trees,
and we grazed our arms,
and we grazed our knees,
and we started to build an extension on the castle,
and after a lot of work,
and after being worn out we sat down,
and talked about the world,
and I asked do you,
do you miss the girls,
not really you said,
because all they did for me in that town was rattle my head,
and gave me a headache and brought me down,
and I smiled and nodded, and I knew what he meant,
and those girls well I could not stand to be around them,
for they were no ladies, and they were far too loud,
and they smoked cigarettes by the packet,
a whole packet I mean,
yes, they put the whole ten cigarettes in their mouth,

and I was glad,
glad to be away from there,
for they looked like clowns you know,
wearing far too much makeup,
and well, anyway,
I am glad I am not seeing them today,
not with this hangover,
and you laughed aloud and said,
well at least we have got nature and we have got a castle,
and we have got beer,
and we have got great weather,
and we have got lunch,
and I taught the bear to fetch me salmon,
and he don't mind sharing,
and I feed him too, so he knows I care,
and the bear when it came to it,
he looked inquisitively at him,
and he put his hands together and made like a fish,
and the bear looked at him,
and understood and trotted off,
and while we waited, we dozed in the grass,
and drank beer until it was coming out of our ears,
and after a couple of hours had passed,
we had lunch provided by the bear,
because it had caught us some salmon,
and the bear it didn't mind sharing,
and so, we cooked it on the fire,
and in the castle,
we sat drinking beer with the bear,
and we were all without any cares,

and we had enough food,
to satiate our appetites,
and with salmon on our plates,
and the sun upon our faces,
and with the music on,
after saying graces,
and under the blue sky,
and the clouds,
we told a few jokes out loud,
and then we fell into conversation,
about that town,
and I said,
what a place,
what a place,
yes, I am glad I am here now,
and thanks,
thanks for inviting me around,
but goddamn,
how much better is this place,
than that goddamn awful town,
and you smiled and said,
here's to that and we toasted nature,
and we toasted the air,
and we toasted the sun and the sky,
and we toasted the castle,
and we toasted the bear with a beer,
and you looked at me and said,
yeah, to hell with that town,
how about you,
sticking around here?

The roar

The roar, the roar,
the pounding of the waves upon the shore.
The rise, the fall,
the white horses so beautiful at the top of the waves,
both large and small,
and the roar, the roar as the waves crash down,
upon the sand and the shore,
oh, I hope they do, forevermore,
because how beautiful it is here amongst the seaweed,
and whilst breathing in the sea air,
in the light, how bright is the sight,
that dances across your eyes,
because it inspires you,
and fills your imagination with such delight,
that I could quite happily be here,
until the end of time, I am sure.

What is an idea

What is an idea if it does not come to fruition,
what is an idea if it is only wishing,
what is an idea if you do not toil and struggle over it,
to bring it into reality,
a reality fashioned by your strong mindedness,
and great fortitude,
fortitude with which you form it,
because you will only know the idea is a good idea,
after hours and months and years of effort,

and you are worn out from the struggle,
and then you have to persevere again,
and you have to share it,
and explain your beliefs and how you created it,
and you have to promote its qualities,
and its inner workings,
and you then will see,
whether your idea will be,
and whether it will exist as you wished it to be,
or whether it will be just a dream,
just a dream floating in the air,
with trillions of other dreams,
that no one will ever see,
and about which no one will ever care.

Yellow is the colour

Yellow is the colour of your mind,
for bright like the sun, you are,
and I can see the light shining in your eyes,
for you are warm to me,
and in your sensitivities,
you show that you are caring and kind,
and you have great compassion in you,
for you are so open and kind,
and you move me like the sea,
and with me you take your time,
and anytime I am with you,
anytime I am with you is fine by me,
and I am glad to be,

glad to be by your side for you inspire me,
and you guide me, and you teach me how to be,
more relaxed in the chaos of the times,
because yellow is the colour of your mind,
and bright like the sun you are,
and ebullient and jubilant,
and your heart is strong and true,
and truly in you, there is great good in you,
and with you,
you reflect goodness onto all that you do,
and it is a great pleasure to know you,
because before I knew you,
I was jaded about the world,
but now I am less jaded with you,
for you have taught me how to be,
and you have taught me,
how to make my dreams come true,
and yellow is the colour of your mind,
and bright like the sun you are,
and your kisses they are as light,
as the clouds passing by,
and as bright as the stars in the heavens,
but the stars in the heavens,
are not as bright as you,
because inside you there is heaven,
and yellow is the colour of your mind,
and bright like the sun you are,
and that is fine by me,
for with you there is only love,
and no time for time, but only you.

We of infinite resource

We of infinite resource,
we of the Earth,
we of it who are now alive,
in our sentience,
as we were possibly not before,
when we were born from it before.
But, why do we feel so needy,
and why do we feel the need to own everything,
to the detriment of humankind,
and why do we take more than we should,
for there is enough for all,
yes, it is a never-ending question,
and it is never answered continually,
and we continue,
in as much the same way as before,
and people suffer and starve,
and are homeless,
much more than they ever used to be before,
and it is a terrible thing,
and how much space,
and resources do we actually need,
to live and to eat,
because democracy should be fair,
but it is not, and people die because of it,
and when there is food, land and resources for all,
why should people be,
unable to survive,
and why should people die for no reason at all.

Entangled

Entangled in the intricacies of delight,
how sensations do heal the mind and the body,
and the body so, it does go,
it does go into the day and into the night,
gently at first and upon leaving such work,
as it may have done,
the work that will leave its mark upon it,
and after it has tired out the mind and the heart,
and at the dying of the sun,
what better is there to be than to be with someone,
someone you love,
and in the intricacies,
and in the delicacies so intertwined,
what could be better than a fire in your heart,
and you and your loved one alone together,
with passion on your minds.

From out of the history of time

From out of the history of time,
the variety in the chemical formulations of life,
how incredible are they,
and how great and how beautiful,
from the simplest forms to the greatest,
what a great work of art,
are the imaginations of the mind,
and what a great work of art in the imaginations of the mind,

of those who we do not know,
except in the results and in the creations of the universe,
most of the likes in the scheme of things,
which we have not seen barely at all,
and in their wonder,
how long did it take to create them all,
and how long would it take to see them all,
and in the history of time,
there has never been anything before so magical,
and so fearsome and so beautiful,
and in the heavens and in the stars and of the planets,
all the variety of the chemical formulations of life,
probably will never truly be told,
because in them is there a sentience to behold,
and if universe is not God,
and if God exists, by God what a God,
what a God that created it all.

For all is possible

All is possible,
in the imaginations of those both large and small,
and if you think in an educated way,
how many letters would it take to display,
all the thoughts ever written by your mind,
because in the history of your time upon the Earth,
how great it is that the universe was created,
and how great it is that humanity was created,
and how great it is that language,
was created to describe it all,

and in the languages of the world,
and with our emotions and our feelings,
in the writings how powerfully we reveal them,
and in this flood of all the senses,
and the emotions that we have ever known,
we are truly blessed by the Universe,
the universe that gave rise to us all,
the universe where we can describe our feelings in art,
and language and in sound,
and what a wonderful thing it is,
and oh, how powerful,
and I wonder, I often word, how many words it would take,
how many words it would take to describe them all.

Victory

Victory does not mean anything at all in reality,
because the losers suffer,
and humanity suffers,
no matter the winner of a war,
victory does not mean anything at all,
because loss is all around, and it is plain to see,
plain to see in the blood stains,
and in the destruction and the murders, where is the victory,
and when there are bodies piled high on all sides,
and for all to see, where is the victory,
when it takes so much time to rebuild people's lives,
and it takes so much time to rebuild civilisations,
and it takes so much time to rebuild societies,
yes, in inhumanity there is no victory.

You were there

You were there,
in the morning,
you were there,
as the day was dawning,
you were there at night,
as I was yawning.
You were there when I was sad,
you were there when I was happy,
you were there when I was unhappy,
you were there when I was angry,
you were there when I was frustrated,
you were when I could not be placated.
And you were there,
when I could not face the world,
and you were there when I had the blues,
you were there when I was down,
and depressed and confused.
You were there,
when nothing made sense,
and you were there when I was heartbroken,
and you were there when I could not shake it,
and you were there,
Mum and Dad,
and I am glad,
and I thank you for the life you gave me,
and the life that you created,
and the life that so far, I have had,
the life so far that I have had.

Unpredictable heart

Welcome to the beginning,
and welcome to the end,
because you have left,
and I have begun to comprehend,
comprehend that me and you are back to the start,
yes you, you with your unpredictable heart,
how could you leave,
for I had barely begun to explain the pain,
and then you went away,
and you never gave me another chance,
and then you skipped out the door,
you skipped out the door with a little dance,
and as quick as lighting you were gone,
gone so quickly after ravaging my heart,
and I waved you goodbye,
hoping that we could have another try,
another try at romance but it was not to be,
and our romance tragically, was a thing of the past.

Life

Your emotions were piled high to sky,
your tears were numerous,
and there were countless sighs,
and life it did frustrate you, and life it did break you,
and how you shouted, screamed, and wanted to die,
and in your despair,
you waved your fists angrily at the air,

and you were angry at God,
God who never seemed to be there,
and you were angry at society,
a society that never seemed to care,
a society that did too little,
and now you are gone, you are gone elsewhere,
and all I have are my memories of you,
and your shoes,
your shoes under a chair.

Angels

Angels in the night.
Angels in the day,
there at the hospital,
Angels,
Angels who save.
Angels who have trained forever and a day,
Angels inside the Doctors and the nurses,
and the Surgeons I say.
Angels,
for they work all night,
and they work all day,
and they are brave and courageous,
and saving life is such a delicate thing,
because life so often hangs by a thread,
and in the dedication,
and the tireless effort that goes into saving life,
how much skill there is to save people,
for life is brutal and death is far worse,

and death gambles with the patients' lives in every way,
and of the surgeons with their knives,
how fine a line it is between life and death,
and how much care and compassion,
and education and intellect goes into saving a life.
Angels,
Angels inside,
the Doctors, the nurses, and the Surgeons I say,
Angels in the night,
Angels in the day.

Categorised

You categorised everything that you did see,
and you over labelled every little thing,
every little thing in sight but what good did it do,
because it did not do much for the world's efficiency,
and it did not make the world a better place to be,
it just bred division and tore apart society,
and now we have not as much time,
as we would like due to bureaucracy,
but bureaucracy in all its categories is labelled very nicely,
and very confusingly, and it is not as clear as it should be,
and the world has gone crazy,
in its complication of such simple things,
and with bureaucracy these days,
barely anything gets accomplished,
but lots of people are paid,
and lots of people are with bureaucracy, very happy,
but not me, not me.

Quietly and quickly

Quietly and quickly,
quickly and quietly,
how quickly does quiet go.
I do not know, for into the world so cold I go,
and I head outside,
and I walk into the snow,
and I look to find my peace,
and I look to find my release,
my release from this world,
this frantic world that I know,
and as I go,
I look for no directions at all,
and I head far from well-trodden roads,
but only almost quietly and quickly,
quickly and quietly do I go,
because in my footsteps,
there is barely any quiet anymore,
so, I stand still,
and I watch the snowflakes quietly fall,
and slowly I quickly realise,
that in my mind and in my eyes how beautiful is the quiet,
the quiet that I am unaccustomed to at home,
and in this beautiful place,
I will carry the quiet inside me,
when times are chaotic and noisy,
I will, find peace of mind,
and I will remember it quickly,
and quietly wherever I go.

You favoured the brave

In World War one you favoured the brave,
then often they ran away,
and you criticised them before listening,
to what they had to say.
Yes, you favoured the brave,
but they were educated,
and you could not understand them,
for being conscientious objectors,
because it was cowardice to you,
but them saving their own lives,
in the face of such great adversity was never strange,
never strange just sensible,
and you favoured the brave,
you favoured the brave, but they often ran away,
and when you sat behind the lines giving the orders,
you were more protected than most,
but you favoured the brave,
you favoured the brave to do your dirty work,
and then, you sent them over the top and into the fray,
and you admired them,
and you admired them from far away,
and when they became conscientious objectors and ran
away,
fearing for their lives,
you caught them and shot them for being cowards,
and you became a murderer,
and they were still in their deaths,
braver than brave.

Castle

You built a castle in your mind,
you manned the battlements,
you kept out humankind,
and you walled yourself in,
but you did not mind,
because how heartbreaks had pacified,
and had crucified your mind,
and love was never meant for you, you said,
and you hid yourself away and you cried,
and you cried,
because how tough is love,
and it assailed you in the most unpredictable ways,
and you suffered the slings,
and the arrows of its misfortune far too many times,
so, you built a castle in your mind,
and you manned the settlements,
and you swore blind,
you swore blind that you would never suffer for love again,
and you swore blind that for the rest of your life,
you never wanted to be in love again,
because love was so cruel and so unkind,
and after the pain, and the hurt and the suffering,
you built a castle in your mind,
but do you feel empty now,
and do you care,
with love to be seen nowhere,
and do you feel better inside,
better inside in the castle in your mind,

or are you bitter still, and do you not care,
because for love you have no time you say,
and you are fine you say,
behind the walls,
and the battlements of the castle in your mind,
hiding from love of about which you say,
never again,
never again will I care,
never again will I care for love,
any coming day.

In the cities

In the cities light,
in the city's shades,
in the minds so bright,
and in the less educated minds,
and at night and in the day,
there are people everywhere,
there are people going here and there,
and there are people going everywhere,
at such a frantic pace,
and modern life disturbs minds,
and stresses people,
and pushes people to their limits,
and in the inanities,
and the insanity of the times,
and in the homeless on the streets,
and from the stabbings,
and from the shootings,

and amongst the litter and the pigeons,
distress it finds a home in them,
and depression sets in,
and how terribly it works its way on in,
it works its way on in,
from depression and crime,
and in the daily grind and the grime,
the mentality of poverty is there for all to see,
and it is a horrific and a humbling,
and a humiliating thing,
that is seen far too many times,
and in the homeless it expresses their pain,
in such wicked ways,
through drug usage,
and through knife crime,
through shootings and thefts,
and through looting,
and it really is a shame to see,
vast numbers in society,
brought down by this inequality,
and by the inability of people to use their heads,
and because of the inability to think more clearly,
and by helping more often,
when you think about it if you tried hard enough,
it really is not difficult at all,
because homelessness and knife crime,
and gun crime are solvable,
and together as humanity,
if we all agreed more often,
no mountain no matter how great is unconquerable.