

Somewhere in my mind

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Say goodbye

Have you come to say goodbye,
with those fake tears in your eyes,
have you come wanting forgiveness,
have you come with a more open mind,
have you come in time,
have you been waiting long to say sorry,
because I am not expecting it,
but it would be a great surprise,
yet, in your eyes you seem to have softened,
and you seemed subdued, but I cannot read your mind,
and I will just have to see,
because I know you and although I hope for the best,
I have been stung by you what seems a million times,
and I am dubious of you, for there has been cunning in you,
and when it comes to my heart,
I have already reassembled it so many times,
and I have got it down to quite an art,
and though, though I am skilled at it,
it is not for what I wish,
because heartbreak can happily stay away,
stay away forever and a day, for I no longer wish to visit it,
and my life is better of course that way,
so, have you come for forgiveness,
because you are treading on eggshells,
but come what may, I am open minded but cautious,
so, have you come, have you come for forgiveness,
because I am waiting and anticipating,
but I can only see what you have to say.

Therein a picture

Therein a picture,
it is me but it isn't me,
it is a picture of who I used to be,
and it is a world away from who I am now,
and back then,
then I did not really know myself,
but now I do, and I am happy,
and there in this picture,
when I look it at,
and when I look back at me it,
is a curiosity to see,
the lack of self-confidence,
the uncertainty,
because education has brought me from where I was,
to where I am now,
and how great is the progression,
and the advancement in me,
and education is the most important thing,
because through learning and choice,
how much strength and clarity of mind it does give to thee,
and I, because of my education,
I can view the world and I can understand it,
and I can be more empathetic,
and more compassionate,
and I can listen,
and I can learn more rapidly,
and education gives you the keys to the world,
and with education I am a far better me.

In this place

In this place, in the Church,
the hymn it is enough to wake the dead,
it is enough the foundations to shake,
because we are gathered one, and all in this community,
and in this communal space,
and here we hope our souls to be uplifted to heaven,
in our conversations with God,
and as through the stained glass the light pours through,
in beauteous colours,
illuminating the figures of the people in the bible,
people whose lives are celebrated at all costs,
and upon the Pugh's, after the singing,
we listen to the sermons, and we feel the empathy,
and the compassion of the Vicars and the Priests,
and we say prayers, and we call for peace,
but the world continues along its usual way,
and the problems of the world continue mostly unsolved,
no matter, the morals of the day that hold sway.

Under the bridge

Under the bridge where you slept,
a homelessness man I saw,
did you cry tears in the icy cold to forget,
and did you look at the night, and see the stars in the sky,
and were they still beautiful, in the cold and the wet,
and were you hungry for food and company,
despite your mind, and your heart being a wreck?

The wind

The wind, it howls, and it prowls,
and it whips right through me,
the wind it howls, and it prowls,
and it whips through the trees, and tears them to pieces,
but why is it so miserable,
I do not know but the answer,
is as invisible as the wind to me,
and I stand here trying to fight it,
because I only wish to walk down the street,
and the wind it wants to go in the opposite direction,
and it disagrees with me,
and though I try my best,
I end up halfway home and then give up,
and end up waving my fist at it,
and cursing rather uncivilly.

On the finest day

On the finest day that there could be on the pier by the sea,
on the pier where you waved to me,
and you kissed me goodbye with a tear in your eye,
a tear that fell into the sea,
I wished you luck but again you were never seen,
because in that boat you were lost in a storm,
a storm that sent you to the bottom of the sea,
and that is so long ago, so long ago now in my memory,
but I remember your smile,
and I remember the excitement in your eyes,

and how beautiful you looked to me,
standing there with the wind blowing through your hair,
and hoping for a better future for you and I, so far away,
but the parting it was not so painful,
so painful as I thought, as I hoped to join you eventually,
and I thought it was a temporary thing,
and before you climbed aboard, I kissed you goodbye,
and you, you stood there with your mixed emotions,
and with your sunglasses on your head above your eyes,
and you smiled a thousand times,
seemingly in the blink of an eye,
and my heart it was yours anyway,
but it travelled with you,
and it travelled with you with a sigh,
and over the horizon you went,
and I went about my life,
and I was about to count down the weeks of the month,
until I joined you,
then when only a day after you had sailed,
and I had kissed you goodbye,
the ship it sank in the storm,
the storm that took your life away,
the storm that stole the light from my eyes,
and since then, since then,
I have never been the same since that day,
and no oceans of tears,
and no matter the seconds, the minutes, the hours,
the months and the years, and the nights and the days,
nothing will ever wash,
ever wash that memory of your leaving away.

Water

The water covers the cobbled streets,
and there is a scattering of mud,
and amongst the mud people's possessions lay everywhere,
everywhere after the flood,
and further down the street,
into the parts of the city that are still flooded,
there in the water are the branches of trees,
and wood and tin,
and people swept away,
and people who are lying face down in the water,
in the water amongst what they have lost,
and they have lost,
and they are lost,
because how great a typhoon is,
and how great is the cost,
and in the moment of such a fate,
how much fear there is in the minds,
and the hearts of those who try their best,
who try their best to flee in haste,
but there is barely any chance of people surviving directly,
in the typhoon's way,
for so great is the power of nature,
and how unforgiving it is,
when it takes people's lives away,
and then on the other hand,
how precious is water in protecting life,
and how difficult it is,
to survive without it every day,

and the water of life is a miracle,
but not in the eyes of the grieving,
those whose tears have fallen,
at first from heaven,
and those whose tears,
have then fallen from their eyes,
and in their despair, they are overwhelmed,
and in their emotions,
they are overwhelmed,
as the loved ones that they have lost,
and that were killed by the flood,
and who were swept away,
in the horror of the day,
the day the typhoon came,
the day the typhoon wreaked its savagery,
in such a brutal way,
and in its cycle,
unfortunately,
it will come again and again,
because no one is safe,
in the way of a typhoon,
and though you may pray,
and though you may look to God to save you,
nature does as nature wants,
and life is fragile,
and from nature,
and the water that pours,
so quickly from the heavens,
there is in the eye of the storm,
no chance of running away.

Daylight

Daylight brings me into such a state,
it brings me into the light,
does it wake me only for my soul to take,
do I awake for time only to slip away in a playful way,
do I shoot into the sky when I am thinking,
do I shoot into the sky with my mind,
and capture the thoughts hanging there in the air,
that would otherwise float on by,
but anyway, come what may,
if luck is on my side that day,
I awake in the morning at the dawn,
and my heart,
and my mind is ravished,
by the beauty all around me,
ravished by the beauty of the world,
and the Earth and its nature,
it is ravished,
by the company of the people that I see and meet,
and I in their smiles am happy,
and in the light in their eyes,
I discover them all,
because to me,
there is nothing better you see,
and in their eyes,
I discover their qualities,
the angry,
the sad,
the tormented,

the uncertain,
the frail and the strong,
and I try to give them time,
and I try to listen to them all,
and I try to understand them all,
but it is not always possible,
and some annoy me,
and some frustrate me,
and some really irritate me.
Some I understand,
some talk to me,
some I talk to,
some are kind
some I am kind to,
some I care about,
some I do not care about at all,
some I feel pity for,
some feel no pity for me,
some I feel compassion for,
some you feel nothing for at all,
some you feel a lot for,
some are helpful,
some you help,
some you try to help,
but they want no help at all,
but whatever happens in the day,
and at night try to be yourself,
try to be truthful,
try to be humane,
because it is better for us all.

Heartache

If you are accustomed to heartache,
you know what it is like.
If you are accustomed to heartache,
sometimes, you go out of your own mind.
Sometimes you do not see so clearly,
you do not see so clearly in such discombobulated times.
Sometimes you will be in pieces for the rest of your life,
Sometimes,
you will never want to be with someone ever again,
sometimes you will only cry,
sometimes you will be heartbroken,
and wish to give love,
give love another try.
Sometimes you have trouble reading your loved one's eyes,
sometimes you have trouble reading,
your loved one's heart and mind,
sometimes there is jealousy,
sometimes there is hate,
sometimes there is pain,
sometimes you never wish to love again,
sometimes love comes easily,
sometimes love never comes at all,
sometimes you get along quite happily,
sometimes with love you do not get along at all,
and sometimes not all goes to plan,
sometimes there is no plan at all,
sometimes love makes you sad,
sometimes love makes you glad,

sometimes love is stuck in a rut,
sometimes love is spontaneous,
sometimes in love you feel weak,
sometimes in love you feel strong,
but always feeling something,
and being in love is better than having no love at all,
because how sad the world is,
how sad the world is without love,
and how insufferable.

It is growing on me

It is growing on me this idea,
it is growing on me,
the thought that we could be happy,
if we devalued everything,
and made things more accessible,
and more reasonably priced,
because this over inflation is killing society,
and we have over inflated prices of products,
we have over inflated the cost of rents in the shops,
we have over inflated costs of holidays,
and we have over inflated costs of socialising,
and we have over inflated costs of housing,
and we have over inflated costs of existing,
and we waste decades of our lives,
paying for the simplest things,
housing being a good example,
and society suffers,
and humanity's health suffers,

and we are far less advanced than we should be,
and if life was less expensive,
how great could things be,
and how many diseases we could cure,
with a less expensive way of living,
how many lives we could save,
and how much better would it be for humanity.

Rain

Rain,
rain upon the window pain,
the water of life running away,
and outside the grey,
the grey,
it numbs my mind,
and I wish that I could blow the clouds away,
because they do not belong here, I say,
and how much better would be the day,
if they went on holiday.

In fortuity

In fortuity with luck may you be,
may you be in love,
may you be happy,
and of fortuity,
happiness is a roll of the dice most of the time,
and what will be will be,
because we gamble with our feelings,

and we gamble with our money,
and we take a chance,
and we hope that fortuity,
is more fortuitous than it ever used to be,
but luck to some never comes,
and some are just born lucky,
and fortune favours the brave,
and whatever the outcome,
what are the chances that we will be unlucky?
Who knows because,
we can only hope for the best,
and we will roll the dice again,
and what will be will be,
what will be will be no less.

This is not

This is not for me,
and it does strange things,
and it perpetuates the problems that it has,
and no one ever seems to know why,
or seems able to figure out why,
society is failing so many times,
and I wish it weren't so,
but it is and that is the reality,
so, really,
this society is not for me,
and I despair because I do care,
and I get irritated,
and I get frustrated at all that I see,
and the longer it goes on,
the violence,

the rapes,
the kidnaps,
the murders,
the thefts,
the more I realise,
that although I have done my best,
I have to get away,
and I have to get away,
for this society is not for me,
and I have to get away,
because I value my own sanity.

Drugged up

You were drugged up from the age of ten,
you stood next to a window outside,
blowing marijuana smoke,
into someone else's kitchen repeatedly,
you were drugged up from the age of ten,
you with a mind of a five-year-old,
with your brain full of holes,
because your addiction had paralyzed your mind,
with the paranoia that had taken hold,
yeah, you the bald headed one,
you were a coward,
and a bully trying to intimidate everyone,
yeah, you with the loudmouth,
you were uncouth and bloody rude,
bloody rude,
but it did not matter to you for being rude,
you had a fortitude,
and every day was the same for you,
because you had been drugged up from the age of ten,
and regularly you stood next to a window outside,
blowing marijuana smoke,
into someone else's kitchen repeatedly,
and you talked rubbish that made no sense to anyone,
some drug addled nonsense thinking you were funny,
but you with your racist ways,
well, it was the opposite,
and you with your dictatorial look,
well, the moustache for one,

in between your drug dealing and your lying,
you became well known in the town,
and everyone in the town knew you dealt drugs,
and no one cared,
because it was that kind of town where everyone did drugs,
and if you were not someone doing drugs,
you were drinking yourself to death,
or talking rubbish that had built up in your head,
because your head was so full of holes,
and drugs had addled your brain again and again,
and yet no one was surprised because you knew everyone,
and unfortunately, you had an opinion on everyone,
and you were drugged up from the age of ten,
and regularly you stood next to a window outside,
blowing marijuana smoke,
into someone else's kitchen repeatedly,
and if you were not doing drugs in that town,
you were trying to throw yourself off of a cliff,
because life in that town,
well, it was not exactly the best life around,
and you talked rubbish all day,
and you never really cared what people had to say,
and you just talked and talked,
and talked all day and none of it made any sense,
and you were out of your face all year round,
and I was glad when you died a natural death,
and there was finally peace and quiet,
after they buried you six feet below in the ground,
and the worms ate you,
and got high until there was nothing left.

You were appointed

You were appointed,
you were appointed so they said,
you were anointed so they said,
and I looked at you and I could not see what they meant,
because you were just another Guru trying to pretend,
trying to pretend just to make money,
ah you,
you and your fake spirituality,
fake spirituality that for some was serious,
but for me it was not funny,
and you smiled and you chanted a little,
and you just kept on taking the money,
and you just kept on taking the money,
and people came to see you from far and wide,
and people thought you were God,
but you all did was twist people's minds,
and you made them believe,
that there was heaven in your eyes,
but there isn't,
just a cool and a calm and a calculating machiavellian mind,
and you knew what you were doing,
but behind the scenes you drank,
and you smoked and did drugs,
and you fornicated more than most,
more than most with whoever came by,
and you had a million children or so it seemed,
children from many mothers,
from across the nation and from worldwide,

and because of your own vanity,
you built a large tomb to yourself,
and when they buried you,
you gave a little money to charities,
and to the mothers of your children,
and in the tomb, it was a shrine to your ego,
and it was filled,
absolutely filled with money,
more money than thousands of people make in their lives,
but did you reach heaven,
or are you coming back to Earth,
because God would not let you in,
God would not let you in because he knew your mind.

Quaint

Quaint,
quite quaint,
you had a funny way to some,
but you had the patience of a saint,
and you tolerated everyone,
everyone no matter their anger or their hate,
and you sat with them so many times,
so many times, when they were in despair,
and so many times you were there,
and as they talked and cried,
and broke down and had tears in their eyes,
you sat with them until it was late, late, late,
and they talked and they talked and talked,
and they bemoaned their choices,

and they bemoaned their fates,
and you were patient,
and you listened,
and you understood the struggles in their lives,
and you encouraged them to be brave,
and you encouraged them,
to give up bitterness as best you could,
and you did your best in showing your compassion,
and you did your best in being kind,
and you tried to calm their frantic minds,
when they were in quite a state,
and you were taught well and educated well,
and you were taught to be sympathetic and empathetic,
and you had a great sense of humour,
and you made them smile,
those weary lot,
those tired of life,
those in such despairing ways,
and those who had been through,
the toughest of times ever seen,
you gave your all,
you gave your everything,
you gave them all of you,
you gave them all of you,
whenever they called out to you,
and you gave your all whenever they called to you,
and you were there,
you were there no matter the day or the night,
yes, you with your big heart,
you had the patience of a saint.

Be glorious

Be glorious in your peace,
be at peace in the time,
the time where you are still,
because life it will drain you and it will pain you,
and it will bend you to its will.
So, be glorious in your peace,
and in solitude be at one with the calmness that you feel,
and in the solitude in your calmness take your fill,
for life is tedious, torturous, frustrating, and irritating,
and time it will grind you down,
for there is no time these days to stop,
and there is no time to reflect and genuflect,
and have your time as often as you would like,
and there is no time to have your time at your will.

In the box

In the box that you keep,
in the box beside the window where you keep your letters,
where you keep your dreams,
where you keep your wishes,
and you keep your letters from me,
and there in your head you believe,
you believe that no matter where we are,
and no matter how many thousands of miles apart,
my soul is with you and beside you where thou art,
and you believe,
you believe we inhabit each other spiritually,

like ghosts which at first,
it seemed a little strange to me,
but it is not strange really, and it comforts me,
because I feel you in me, and you,
you feel me in you,
and wherever we are, and wherever we will be,
across the seas and across the oceans,
and worlds apart,
worlds apart it does not matter where thou art,
though it does matter of course,
for I would prefer you to be with me,
but when we are apart,
you are the soul that lies inside me next to my heart,
next to my heart as if we were laying together in bed,
and I picture you beside me,
and inside me,
inside my head are visions of you, and I am comforted,
and when I think of your voice,
I do not feel so far away from you now,
which always makes me feel better,
and when I think of the last conversation that we had,
and as I lay there and I begin to slowly fall asleep,
I remember the last words that you said,
"I will love you no matter where you go,
I will love you through all seasons,
I will love you in the sun,
and in the rain and in the snow,
and I will love you for you,
I will love you from the highest heights,
as if upon the mountain tops that we know,

and I will love you,
I will love you when you are low,
and I will love you with such joy,
such joy for you bring me to such happiness,
the gloriousness of which I have never previously known,
and I will love you,
under the clouds in the sky,
and I will love you,
under the stars and the heavens,
and I will love you no matter,
where you are or where you go,
because I love you,
and I will always be in your heart,
shining like a beacon in the dark,
and you will always be in my life and your love,
your love it will always be,
as strong as when eros's arrows first pierced my heart."
And at night,
at night with those words in my mind,
no matter where you are,
and no matter whether we are worlds apart,
I will fall asleep comfortably and happily,
with you knowing that I love you,
and with you knowing that you love me,
and I will send my love to you when I am awake,
and I will send my love to you when I am asleep,
and I will send you my love in my dreams,
because your love always in my heart,
and in my heart,
your love I will always keep.

Forwards

Forwards into the future,
what will it be,
will there be no land recognisable, as we know it now,
will there be new islands in the sea?
Great new islands with new wildlife,
and nature that we have never seen?
Will there be less volcanic activity to disrupt humanity?
Will there be less wars than before,
and will housing be free?
We will we have a pill to instantly cure depression,
and will we have cured diseases,
will we be more educated,
will we have more time,
and will there be less violence in society?
Will there be peace, and if there was peace,
will we be threatened from alien species arriving from space,
or would we get along with them,
and if you had a crystal ball, would you wish to see?

Through the times

Through the times, how difficult has being alive been,
and how difficult has being a human being been,
and how difficult it is, is easy to see,
and we all wish it wasn't,
and we wish the horrors in humanity,
and the horrors caused by humanity, were a horrible dream,
because there are those who have no feelings,

there are those who have no compassion,
and there are those who have no sentiment,
and there are those who have no ability,
or capability to listen or to understand,
and there are those so cold with the winter,
and the snow and the ice in their souls,
and how awful it must be to be one of those,
one of those types of people,
who are of vicious minds, out for themselves,
the killer kind, the killer kind,
who take everything that they can and who kill you inside,
yes, those who belittle you and kill your emotions,
and kill your heart and your mind,
and who kill you with their ego and their need,
and with their ability to be unkind,
and through the times how difficult has being alive been,
and how difficult has being a human being been,
and a revolution is needed to eradicate this unfeeling,
and this uncaring from our times,
because it destroys humankind,
and how empty are they with the winter and the snow,
and the ice in their souls, because they are not alive,
and they are best avoided at all costs,
and if they were nowhere to be seen,
how much better will humanity be,
how much better will the world be,
full of good-hearted people,
those who listen and understand, no matter the time,
those compassionate people,
the caring, the sharing, and the loving kind.

Freezing

Freezing in the cold cold rain,
in the winter so cold, and with the sky so grey,
wishing you were in Spain.
and you wish to leave, but the rain it keeps you there,
and for who knows how long, but it is not an unusual thing,
but how frustrating it is,
how much time in your life, the weather does waste,
and oh, how it frustrates,
and how you wish the bad weather to placate,
but will it ever go away,
for it seems like it has been so dismal, for forever and a day,
and as you shiver in the doorway,
freezing in the cold cold rain, wishing you were in Spain,
you pray and you pray,
and you hope for the best, and you hope it goes away,
there is no choice, and though you may complain,
in a flood it comes and so torrential it is,
at any moment you could be swept away,
hopefully to somewhere warmer, but I doubt it
and the rain it continues, and you are soaked to the skin,
but you would rather see the sunshine any day,
but the rain it is a blessed thing,
and it nurtures life upon the Earth,
and we should not take it for granted,
and we should be grateful for it,
for without it, how could we live,
but today, how I wish it would go away,
forever and a day.

Inclined

Inclined at the time to reach for you,
and to head upwards and onwards up the stairs,
in a romantic state of mind, wanting you, needing you,
wanting to see you then rudely awaking from a dream,
awaking to see I never knew you all the time,
and how frustrating it is,
all these people that you meet in your dreams,
people that you never get to know that well,
people that are always so quick to say goodbye,
and they vanish so quickly, when you open your eyes,
and only for a second,
can you remember their faces mostly,
and then they are gone,
like the people on the street who pass you by,
there are so many,
but how many of the people of the world that you meet,
will you fall in love with,
and how many are in love, I wonder at any one time.

No fear

Jumping off of buildings,
jumping off of the edge of cliffs,
jumping off of mountain tops,
do you have no fear,
do you have no fear,
falling as you do,
falling so rapidly through the skies,

faster and faster, you disappear,
quickly gone out of sight in the blink of an eye.
Now what kind of a thrill it must be,
and such an adrenaline rush, and I am not surprised,
because you could die,
falling,
falling through the sky,
and yes, I admire you for you are crazier than most,
but I am just happy to watch you, falling,
falling from the sky,
but I,
I would rather just be watching you falling,
falling,
and I am glad it is you rather than I.

You had

You had an inkling, you had a feeling,
you had a feeling that it would be the same,
you had clouds, you had clouds in your brain.
You had a dream, but you couldn't see,
and you wanted to see clearly
but love, a fractured love had interfered with your memory,
and your heart was shattered into pieces,
and the light had gone out in your eyes,
and by love you were no longer mesmerised,
and you were struggling to get yourself back together,
and were permanently changed,
and, heartbreak is a terrible thing,
and how you wished breaking a heart was a sin,

and you wished that going to hell,
was the price that you had to pay,
because you had your heart broken too many times,
and you wanted to be free of such despair,
and you wanted it,
from your mind to be erased,
and you wanted to be in love again,
without the heartbreaks conditioning,
and you wanted to not be so mistrusting,
so, mistrusting ever again,
but sadly, you knew the reality,
and here you were sat at a table,
nervous and anticipating,
and anxious and waiting,
waiting at the table,
with your face aglow in the candlelight,
waiting for someone,
waiting for someone to put a smile upon your face,
waiting for someone to put the light back in your eyes,
waiting to help erase,
the previous heartbreaks pain,
and so, you waited, and you waited,
and then you saw him, and he smiled,
and you smiled and you were anxious,
and your heart was palpitating,
and pounding out the words,
here we go again,
here we go again,
and questioning,
questioning will anything change?

Ripped out

Ripped out,
kicked out of your house again,
and as you were so tipped down the rain,
and you found somewhere to shelter inside a coffee shop,
and you bought a coffee,
and stared numbly into it,
and ran your finger around the rim and felt lost,
felt lost and as empty and as bleak as the snows,
as bleak as the snows,
laying down upon the ground upon a winter's day,
and yes, you were kicked out,
kicked out of your house again with a little change,
and with a tear in your eye,
as outside there is a thunderous sky,
and the tear falls,
and the waitress hands you a tissue,
and you thank her,
and you think of all the things,
that has brought your life to this,
and you wish it weren't that way,
and you try and think of somewhere to stay,
for you are tired of being tired,
and you are tired of the arguments,
and you are tired of the screaming,
and you try and think of somewhere to stay,
and you call people,
so many people but they cannot help you today,
so, you give up, you give up,

and you feel despair creeping into you,
and you drink the coffee,
you drink the coffee,
and you sit there all day,
because there are unlimited refills,
and you get high on caffeine,
and you cry, and you cry,
and you try and phone some more people,
but no one can help you today,
and the day, the day it passes that way,
and when the evening comes,
you drink more coffee,
and you feel numb,
and when the coffee shop closes,
you face the reality,
the reality that there is nowhere to sleep,
nowhere to sleep.
And with only a coat,
in a covered alleyway out of the rain,
numb you feel,
numb,
numb and cold and in pain,
and with so many tears,
tears falling down your cheeks,
tears falling upon tears,
oh, what great emotional pain,
countless tears upon tears,
in the cold, cold, cold winter,
sheltering out of the freezing rain.

Floccinaucinihilipilification's

In your life,
you have had enough of floccinaucinihilipilification's,
so, you said nothing,
but you did a Marcel Marceau,
and you ranted and raved,
and you waved your fists silently in frustration,
for in your floccinaucinihilipilification's,
you wished you were worth a little more,
than the floccinaucinihilipilification's than before,
so, you stapled bank notes to your jumper,
and then walked out the door.

Who

Who is in the dark and who is enlightened,
who is brave and who is frightened,
who is aware and who is unaware,
well, everyone everywhere,
and who is uneducated and educated,
well, aren't we all,
but some of us worry about it more than others,
and some of us don't worry about it at all,
because in this world you cannot know it all,
and some of us will not know it all,
and some will try to know it all,
and some will rise, and some will fall,
and some will act up,

and some will act,
and some will be themselves,
and some will want to be someone else,
and some don't know who they are at all,
and some should listen more,
and some should listen less,
and some should not listen at all,
and some will want to be here,
and some will not want to be here at all,
and some will be unsure about whether it is good to be here,
or whether it is not good to be here at all,
and some don't like to go to school,
and some like to go to school,
but we have no choice because,
because every day we learn something new,
and there is no doubt about that at all.

It is

It is us, the human race,
it is us that fails to solve gun crime and knife crime,
it is us that fails to solve racism,
it is us that fails to solve religious intolerance and hate,
it is us that fails continually to teach people morals properly,
it is us that fails to prevent rape and sexual assault,
it is us that tears the Earth to pieces.
It is us that has caused damaged to the environment,
so many times,
it is us that have raped and tortured people,
and murdered people,

and who have started wars so many times,
yes, it is us, the human race,
but we, as the human race,
are quite often,
apparently not ashamed,
because we continue down the same road,
blindly stumbling on,
and not learning,
and continuing to make the same mistakes,
far too many times,
and yes, we cannot deny it,
because it is us,
us who are to blame
and we do it again and again,
yes, it is us,
us who pollute the seas,
us who steal the land from each other
and us who fight over the land,
and who contaminate the Earth,
and us who leave people be.
And it is us who leave people homeless,
it is us,
it is us who leave people in poverty,
it is us
it is us who do not permanently solve famine and drought,
it is us but we apparently,
are not ashamed by it,
not as ashamed as much as we should be,
but when will we be?
When will we be?

With this hurt

A broken relationship, a relationship with a sad end,
a relationship destroyed with bitterness,
and acrimoniousness and with such vitriol,
and afterwards such hurt pride and such pain,
again, again, and again,
and with this hurt inside,
with this hurt inside turn to the sun and face the light,
and stay away from the darkness as best that you can,
and do not rush healing,
because healing can only be done with time,
and with this hurt inside, pay no mind,
pay no mind to trying to accomplish too much,
because this pain, this pain it will only go,
it will only go if you take the time to slow things down,
and you try to calm the mind,
because you can only be you again,
you can only be you again with effort, and with patience too,
and with good friends around you will get better in time,
and so, until then, turn to the sun and face the light,
and stay away from the darkness as best as you can,
and do not rush healing,
for healing can only be done with time,
and with time love and understanding,
will you pick yourself up again,
and only then,
will you learn to love yourself again,
and only with time,
with true love will you restore your pride once again.

Wasted

Wasted kisses stood in a wilderness of the soul,
now, why did you come here,
and what did you come here for,
because I can see by the look on your face it is over,
and you confirm that it is,
and you say what you have to say,
and it isn't pleasant, but it is over forever more,
and your love is now like a ghost,
that has walked through the walls,
and I am here left alone once more,
caged by the feelings that I have,
for my heart has been shattered,
and it lays in pieces on the floor,
yes, wasted kisses,
coldness and a final end.
A last goodbye,
tears,
tears in the eyes,
and you,
you disappear into the history of my time,
and into the history of my life,
and I,
I have you in my memory with the pain inside,
the pain inside of your choice to say goodbye.
Oh, such a cold day,
such a cold day in the heart,
such a cold day in the mind.
Winter inside,

snowflakes in the sky and in the clouds,
clouds happier and freer than am I,
because I am caged in my emotions,
I am caged by what you said,
I am caged by the way that you left,
and I am caged by the memory of you,
and heartbroken,
and I am caged by the tears that I cannot stop shedding,
and I am lost in the wilderness of my soul without you,
and you are gone,
and I,
I am no longer,
no longer whole,
and I do not know in which direction to go,
because what once was is gone,
and the warmth is no more,
and there is only emptiness and sadness,
and bitterness,
and though I do not want to be bitter,
my feelings are all over the place,
and I do not know in which direction to go anymore,
because you left me like a ghost,
a ghost who walked through the walls,
whereas in the past I thought we had love,
real love,
but when I went to hold you,
you walked away,
like a ghost walks through the walls,
and you quickly faded away,
and you were gone forever more.

Relations

Relations between nations,
relations between humanity, and diplomacy,
yes, we talk more than we used to,
and we are more connected globally,
and how much better it is these days,
but there is always room for improvement,
because through education and listening,
and understanding it will set us free,
free from oppression,
free from hate,
free from intolerance and racism and religious hatred.
Free from homelessness and poverty,
free from gun crime and knife crime,
free from terrorism,
free from war and free from all the ills of society,
and how much better it is,
how much better it is,
that we can talk more openly,
as the international community than we did before,
and though we beg to differ sometimes,
and though we may not always agree,
perseverance and dedication will bring results,
and despite our doubts and despite our faults,
if we listen to each other more,
and we talk more,
and we persevere,
the world will be a much better place,

because through education and listening and understanding,
it will set us free, free from oppression,
free from hate,
free from intolerance,
free from racism and religious hatred,
free from homelessness and poverty,
free from gun crime and knife crime,
free from terrorism,
free from war,
free from all the ills of society,
free from all the ills of society, that plagued us before,
and far away from hate,
and far away from fear,
the world will be a much better place if we talk,
and we persevere,
and how much more love,
and understanding there will be in the world,
and how much more humane will humanity be,
a more humane humanity than ever before,
and by being educated we will be free from oppression,
free from hate,
free from intolerance,
free from racism,
free from religious hatred,
free from homelessness and poverty,
free from fear,
free from gun crime and knife crime,
free from terrorism,
free from war,
and free from all the ills of society that plagued us before.

Revelation

Revelation,
inquisitiveness,
an inspiration from fascination it did design,
it did design upon the mind,
a clear vision,
a clear vision of work,
a vision of a work to be,
a dream,
a work of our times,
because time has given rise,
to the rise and the fall of civilisations so many times,
and when we look back at history, and we wonder why,
Too greedy? Definitely.
Too needy? Definitely.
But, war, why does it have to be?
Misunderstanding and too little listening,
and no one trying hard enough to try,
and yet, despite new ideas,
and no one trying hard enough to combat old fears,
with different ways of thinking,
and no one taking the time to understand,
how advanced we could be if we just stopped killing,
stopped killing permanently,
and that to me would be, an epiphany,
a simple one,
but one that could change the world,
and if we attacked the problems of war,
with more educated minds,

we could collaborate,
and have the most advanced civilisations,
ever known in humankind,
and we could solve diseases together,
and we could eradicate poverty,
and homelessness,
and explore the universe,
and protect the Earth,
and the environment,
and save human lives,
if we only we used our minds a little more.
Yes, what a great future there could be for the human race,
if we only changed our ways,
and our ways of thinking,
about how we prevented war.
Yes, we with effort,
Really, could eradicate war forever more,
and how much better the Earth would be off.
Now, what more of an incentive do you need,
than to look back at human history,
because there has been far too much blood spilt before,
and there have been far too many people killed,
because of war,
a billion people or more,
and war, what is it good for,
absolutely nothing at all,
nothing at all I am sure,
because it never gets us anywhere,
and it never will in the future,
and it never has in the past before.

Cautious

Cautious in the extreme,
you tread tenderly through your dreams,
you walk in the heavens in your sleep,
and you barely believe,
and you tread tenderly through your dreams,
looking for God,
questioning what God means,
because God has always been classed,
as being in a human form,
but what is the reality?
And you tread tenderly through your dreams,
and you are very unsure,
and in your dreams, you try to find the path to God,
because in life he has never shown himself,
and religion is dying through mistrust,
and people do not trust,
in religious moral beliefs so much anymore,
and because of countless rapes,
and because of countless tortures,
and countless murders,
people are beginning to believe less and less in God,
and because God has never arrived,
and people are beginning to believe less in religion,
less in religion because they have solved no major problems,
in the whole of their history,
and famine and drought and homelessness,
and the total prevention of wars remain unprevented,
and God,

God has never been physically seen,
in the history of humankind,
and God has never prevented catastrophic loss of life,
before our eyes,
and really,
have people,
with religion just wasted their time?

Business

Business,
is it good for you?
Are you making money,
making money too?
Business is it good for you,
and do you get more in than you put in,
do you speculate to accumulate,
more often than you used to?
And when you make money what do you do with it,
do you achieve what you set out to achieve,
and did you accomplish what you wanted to,
and if you make more money,
will you give to charity or to some other cause close to you,
because there are those who have, and those who have not,
and there are those who have money tied up,
and who cannot do anything it is true,
and what would be the greatest thing,
that you would like to accomplish with money,
with money if you could do?
Would you solve a world problem or two?

The wind

The wind it howls, and it prowls,
and it whips right through me.
and it whips through the trees, and it tears them to pieces,
but why is it so miserable, I do not know,
but the answer is as invisible as the wind to me,
and I stand here, I stand here trying to fight it,
and I only wish to walk down the street,
but the wind, it wants me to go in the opposite direction,
and it disagrees with me,
and although I try my best,
I end up halfway home and then I give up,
and end up waving my fist at it repeatedly.

Put out the candlelight

Put out the candlelight,
and come and join me by the fire,
because its flames they rise so enchantingly,
and we in its warmth in each other's arms,
can talk until the dawn of what is in our hearts,
and what is in our minds, and of what does inspire,
and what better a place is there than by the fire,
because with you, you delicate thing,
I love you so much,
and in your heart and in your mind,
you know me like no other,
and I wish to tell you of my day,
and I wish to kiss you so gently,

and soothe your worries away,
so, come and join me by the fire,
and let me run my fingers through your hair,
because my emotions,
my emotions and my senses,
they are heightened by you in so many ways,
and what greater a pleasure could there be,
and how much finer could be the night,
for in our happy home under the stars,
and the moon and by the fire,
we will sit contentedly in each other's company,
and when you so choose,
if it makes you happy, please do sing to me,
because with your beautiful voice, it lifts me to the heavens,
and by the fire so bright, how much better is the night,
the night wrapped in your arms,
and filled by your charms,
and so happy in your company,
because in your company,
it does bring to me such great delight,
and your words are so beautiful,
and how they float so elegantly in the air,
as elegantly as the embers from the fire,
that rise before our eyes,
and your voice how it does lift me up so,
and does so gently sooth my mind,
for in it and with you I am content,
under the stars and the heavens,
and in our happy home,
with you by the fire.