

# Anthology of Poetic Lambchop



Presented by

*My poetic side* 

## Dedication

*To those that have shown me true friendship despite my inadequacies and often insular persona.*

*Those who recognise my good side and who invests in friendship and love without asking for anything but friendship back. To those who have been honest with me and don't agree just to keep on side. In my 40 years only a one or two are true the jury is still putting however. Keep on trucking and and never being a slave to the grape.*

## Acknowledgement

To life itself however long it lasts. It's been up and down down but I'd rather this than a straight line.... To time itself without which I'd love forever . Respect Lamp.

## About the author

I'm a man and I believe still that people are inherently good. Any questions please ask.

## summary

Where am I now?

To those who see \"The People who aren't there\"! Choices.

Devil's Gate.

The Violence of Love.

## Where am I now?

Where am I now I really do not know? I mean I am in a place I know really well, but still I have no clue.

One minute I am clear as day and at place of beauty, the next I am lost and dazed with my dreams fractured all in hell. I know where I am again but still prop up the que.

Tomorrow is a fresh start and I definitely will know. The problem is I am lost again, am I that unwell? I know I do, I think I am in the here and now, still the window gathers so much dust and again I have no clue.

The spectre in the corner shout's concentrate focus upon the now and here.

With a strong mind yet much self doubt I know all too well,

If I am to truly know as I don't did I mention?

It's clear and absolute like everyman I am here in this place humbely asking for redemption.

**To those who see \"The People who aren't there\"! Choices.**

In life today the attached may say or rather do believe.  
That there are many people who are present but clearly not there.  
To plagerise a poem I heard once when was young.  
About the man with no face who was walking down the stair.  
These conspirisits of modern times say they fight against control.  
For me their point of view translates to coersion v remote braindead payroll.  
They fantasies about the spies and pending alien invasion.  
They save every penny they can eat and reinforce meanful persuasion.  
The point I make is that they miss when showing those not there.  
When in reality which I perceive the people we don't see.  
Are the poor n old, the sick, infirm, the real pains generally.  
Do you get my drift, my point of view or would you still prefer.  
To make believe and fantasise conviently about the people who aren't there.

## Devil's Gate.

I'm on drugs it's true that is, it's led to my destruction.  
The thing I cling and hope each day is an end to my reduction.  
The seven I lost and the one I found will deeply scar my brain.  
The one I lost and the seven I gained push towards distain.  
Yet here I am awaiting the bike the car that deals in pain.  
Tomorrow I promise I will rise again and jump the happiness train.  
Tomorrow I won't get out of bed and will face this fate again.  
The life I lost and the one I gained is sadness an unquantifiable weight.  
The life I gained and the one I lost five minutes if that of late.  
For now it's over and I roll over after opening the devil's gate.



## The Violence of Love.

Violent Love.

The hiding place for violent love is deep within her heart.

Love is cherished in gentle hands before the violence starts.

To him it's a seductive game of sick spiteful control.

With cuddles tenderness unfolds just as the punches roll.

Now trapped between the lies and love he's safe behind Cupid's gate.

While all the time she tries to run struggling with love and hate.

Who's to blame is absolute and clear yet silent questions flow.

The guilty party is let off as some say she should go.

If only it was so simple to take off to run to fly.

Unseen to others who close their eyes one more punch she may die.

Protecting her self being does not cross her mind.

It's her children cherished and exposed for these a safe haven she must find.

Another dig she hit the ground as a french kiss cracked her face.

Yet still her violent love hides behind the her heart no love all tears no grace.