

# Anthology of Sandra

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Presented by

*My poetic side* 



## Dedication

*For my mum and dad??*

## summary

I once knew

Take a stand

This time you've won

Do you dare

Show me the truth

Change the landscape

On her very own sunbeam

Would you?

How many tears?

Between the place..

Inside out

I'm sorry I failed you

Stronger than you

Another night alone

Who could ask for more

My friends, my soldiers

Middle aged

Don't say anymore

Free

You can

Never any closure

## I once knew

They won't listen to my advice,  
I try to inform them, I try to be nice.  
But they know better than I,  
They know all the answers to why.

The thing is they forget is I've been in their shoes,  
I know all about the don'ts and the do's.  
I have been young and dated the guys,  
I have heard all the excuses and their lies.  
I understand some of the things they come upon.  
And I can tell them I did things that were wrong.

But it drives me a little nuts when they know it all,  
It's like teaching a brick, in a brick wall!  
Nothing I say is what they need,  
They roll their eyes and huff, take no heed.  
Why is it, when I give advice,  
They can't say that's great, thanks, that's nice?  
A tut and a shrug is their only reply,  
yes, yes, they say and give off a sigh.

But I have been young and lived like they do,  
I have driven fast cars and danced like you.  
I wore the make up and had words with my mum and my dad,  
I cried tears when I broke up with boyfriends, and i've felt sad.

So if I tell you a tale or the truth, stop and hear,  
I am a woman who has lived, not just some old dear.  
There is more to me than just being old.  
I'm not just a little lady who feels the cold.  
Years may have passed and all you see is wrinkles and grey,  
but I also lived a life and had fun in my day.

I know things you do not,  
I see things you think I've forgot.  
Old age is a number and an aching body, this is true,  
but if you hear my past I may suprise you.

Being young is filled with a future untold,  
But the past holds stories and truths that are wrapped in gold.  
Wisdom and experience is what I can give,  
Just being old does not mean I've not lived.

Youth, you may own right now, but I did too,  
come sit beside me and let me share,  
let me tell you a story of a young lady I once knew....

## Take a stand

Sometimes the light will shine through.  
It makes its way to the surface to show you,  
that within all this mess and chaos,  
there is still a spark to help us when we're at a loss.  
The gentle love from the soul deep within,  
appears just at the right time, and hope, it will bring.

There is so much pain all around this earth.  
we must hold out a helping hand and show what it's worth.  
That being there in times of need,  
in times of fear, stress, hurt and greed.  
To blanket us in warmth and care,  
to love, guard us, to actually share.  
Share the burden, lift the load,  
a hand, a hug, as we face ahead this long road.

You see, we do have the means, this special gift,  
and instead of passing by, we need to stop, to help lift,  
the ones who find themselves in a lonely place,  
we must care more for one another; we are but one human race.  
How can you close your ears and eyes and turn away?  
From someone's call for help or a hand reaching out from where they lay?  
It's a must, this thing that so many lack,  
we all need a telling off and must get back on track.

A path where we all must walk,  
A path where we are never afraid to talk.  
It is amazing the strength that another can take,  
when all you give is time, what a difference it can make.  
Listen and stay still for a while,  
you will be touched and honoured from their smile.  
That someone in this busy world has cared,  
that their troubles are less now they've been shared.

A hug or a hand will cure so many hurting hearts,  
and one step forward is all it takes to start.  
Please, let's try and shift us onto a better path,  
let's make someone smile, maybe even laugh.  
There is good within us all, this there is no doubt,  
let's learn to spread it far and wide, freely give it out.  
The next time you see, hear, or feel someone needs a helping hand,  
stop and listen, it's time for you to take a stand.

## This time you've won

When life can make you disappear, when we think we can't shed another tear.

When you look up in despair,  
when you conclude no one cares.

Close your eyes and hear your heart pound,  
listen to the rhythm of its sound.

Breath after breath fill you lungs with air,  
feel the motions as you exhale, be aware.

If we sit and think of all the things that have gone wrong,  
our lists would never end, they are always long.

If we think of all our failings and the things we never did,  
all the things we would dream of as a playful kid.

All the empty pages in our book of hope,  
We can regret and dissect and put it all under a microscope.  
But this will never allow you to really see,  
this is a trap where you will never be free!

See it all in glorious colour,  
take a breath and make your life so much fuller.  
Hear the birds sitting in the trees,  
Feel the gentle touch upon your face from the evening breeze.  
Or the warmth of mornings sun,  
drop the negativity and start to have some fun.

So when you feel you may disappear,  
turn on the light and all will become clear.  
The problems you thought we're too great,  
will only hide the good things that await.  
Put a foot in front of the other and move on,  
you are important, valued, you belong.



You are part of this puzzle we call life, so live it well,  
life can have it's ups and downs, can be a carousel.  
But the most important key to it all,  
is live your life, go have a ball.  
Enjoy the love the the laughs and smile much more,  
life shouldn't be a dredge or a chore.

Turn around all your sadness and leave the negative behind,  
I guarantee one day soon, happiness you will find.  
It will greet you with open arms and make you smile again,  
taking away your loss and all of your pain.  
You can and will find your space in a world so vast,  
and your light will shine bright, never to be overcast.  
Your book of hopes can still be achieved, it really can be done,  
just stare into the eyes of doubt and tell it this time you've won!

## Do you dare

A world of peace, a world of hope,  
not full of violence, crime and dope.  
I want all that's bad to be stopped in its tracks.  
I want all that's good and filled with all that it lacks.

I need this world to become quiet and calm.  
I need all the innocent kept safe from harm.  
I pray that the day will soon be here.  
I pray all will be protected, all we hold dear.

No more starving, illness or war,  
let's step on through, open the door,  
to a fresh beginning, a place of joy,  
a wish for every girl and every boy.

May the earth heal and feel safe once more,  
may it start afresh and forget all the horror and the gore.  
Let it begin, step by step, let the change commence,  
let's wake up and use our common sense.

Mother Earth is in pain and struggles each day,  
let's all start to help her heal, take the hurt away.  
I wish my dreams would come true,  
that we can start to save this world, make it good, for me and for you.

Let us learn from all our mess,  
show more care and kindness.  
To show respect for all living things,  
to be grateful for what all this earth brings.

There is beauty under all the bad,  
there is joy under all that's sad.  
We need to find that space, that key!

We need to act now, open our eyes and see.

We have but one home, a land for all,

For each living thing that flies, walks and crawls.

We have to learn to share, to care,

It's time to stop the horror, come on, do you dare?

## Show me the truth

Oh the questions I have, can you read my mind?  
The thoughts I feel, the need of peace for all of mankind.  
All of my doubts, all the searching, will I finally see?  
What the reasons were for, the reason I'm me?

I can't imagine what I'd say to you, on that given day!  
Maybe I won't meet you because I've lost my way?  
There is beauty when I look, I'm sure you see?  
There is good in you and there is good in me.

And the gifts we have been given can be shared this is true,  
but how we waste these and the awful things that we do!  
If I could sit and hold your hand and ask what I must,  
Would you forgive me, would I earn your trust?  
Would you be angry with me or would I be freed?  
From all that this world takes, hate war and greed.

Gentle but powerful, I hear this is you,  
as a father, would you forgive all that I do?  
Would you explain all the hurt and the pain?  
Would you feel my heart break when I ask why we are not all the same?  
Would I feel safe in your arms without being turned away?  
Would you hold me, day after day?

You see you are you, and I am me,  
you created it all, every thing as far as the eye can see.  
You said I am in your image, from the dust I was made,  
have I failed, have I earned, am I going to be saved?  
So many questions always in my way,  
I should have dropped to my knees and learned how to pray.  
But here inside, within my soul down deep,

you know my secrets and how I do weep.

Please take my hand and hold it tight,  
take me from the dark, walk me into your light.  
Allow my doubts and fears and all I ask,  
to be taken away and set me a task.  
Give me direction and point me on my way.  
Give me the understanding, a fresh start, a brand new day.

Be my guide in this confusion and fill me with you,  
let me look up and do all I can do.  
Maybe one day we will have our talk.  
Maybe one day we will just know and walk.

If you are now listening, can you hear my call?  
Could you give me a chance, don't let me fall?  
My God, I ask, ban all my doubts and my need for proof,  
place your hand on mine and show me the truth.

## Change the landscape

Doubt, is a small word, but holds great power.  
It can take the spark from your light leaving only a shriveled flower.  
A word of five letters can crush your dream,  
It's strength can unravel your very seam.

This word will control each and every step,  
leave you afraid, in the dark, feeling inept.  
Doubt enters your mind and rumbles around,  
blocking out the logic and the sound.  
It grows with each question you question,  
and enjoys the echos of its suggestion.

It taunts and plays with your inner thoughts,  
like the mirrors in the fairground, it disfigures and distorts.  
Your heart and your mind know something is wrong,  
but doubt grabs those moments, makes them feel they do not belong.

Yes doubt is strong and multiplies it's power if you allow it to,  
take charge, be bigger, this is now up to you.

You must cloak it in black like a Dracula's cape,  
you must break its hold and reshape its landscape.  
Do not allow it to take root, wrap it up tight.  
Show this dark word that confidence is more powerful, gives much more light.

You are now the one on top, no more for a debate,  
now you have control, this is your fate.  
Grow tall on your choices, spread far and wide,  
no longer doubt is in charge, no more need to hide.  
You are now free to do as you do,  
A new day, a brand new you.

## On her very own sunbeam

As a child her imagination would open like pages from a book,  
safari hunter to the worlds best cook.

Creating dishes of impossible food,  
sweet or savoury, depending on her mood.

Moon dust sprinkled upon iced pink cake,  
a click of a finger and all sorts she'd bake.

Journeys to the stars flying through space,  
a super hero, saving the human race.

Wearing the crowns of queens or like a bride down the aisle,  
always within her heart she carried a smile.

It didnt matter why or where or who,  
all she did was close her eye's and all came true.

A child with freckles and a button nose  
a beautiful, carefree, innocent soul.  
Creating worlds of once upon a time,  
and her hand would write, line upon line.

This child's imagination was her place of calm,  
a world of make believe, where she would be safe from harm.  
Her big blue eyes would close and sparks would fly,  
hello magical, colourful space, ugly world goodbye.

Landscapes would start to unfold,  
and this childs mind would spin with stories to be told.  
Her worlds were amazing, full of love and happiness.  
Not noisy or cruel or full of mess.

Her characters came alive, with no rules or restrictions to hold her down,  
She was a president, an astronaut, a colourful clown.  
Creatures and people of every colour and size,  
some completely brain free, others very wise.

Some how they could run while others could fly,  
pink, purple or green, never asking why.  
A place of excitement, adventure, a place to dream.  
And all done while swinging on her very own sunbeam.



## Would you?

Feeling alone in this world, even when surrounded by many.  
It's difficult to explain, but may as well be without any.  
Because in the center of a crowd is me.  
And everyone is so busy they just do not see.  
I have become an island and invisible to the eye.  
It wouldn't make any difference if I raised my arms to fly.  
Being lonely is a life of silence in that your inner feelings are never expressed.  
And you deal with things alone, can soon become depressed.  
That place of comfort, a place you can be free,  
Is such a vital requirement to be a healthy me.  
It's important to talk, to laugh, to feel,  
It's important to be touched to know you're real.  
When someone is starved of all of this,  
It's so much deeper than simply being missed.  
To become an island in a crowd takes time,  
and on the surface we smile, act out all is fine.  
But scratch that surface, dig a little deep.  
There is a person on her knees, all she does is weep.  
In need of that touch, that arm around her strong.  
A reason to feel she's wanted, a purpose to belong.  
A kind word, a look, or the whisper of a warm breath,  
could be the difference from giving up or longing for death.  
A lonely person holds a story and is waiting for someone to open and take the book.  
Not all is what it seems, so show you care, take time to have a look.  
Lets build a bridge of hope and give rescue,  
they dont enjoy this place they are in, would you?

## How many tears?

How many tears can one person cry? How do you learn to stop and allow them to dry?  
The holding of breath in such despair,  
Looking, searching, for your loved ones, but they are not there!

How does your heart heal after such pain?  
How do you start your life over again?  
How do you not think of the ones you need,  
How do you allow your soul to be freed?

Where does the strength come from?  
How to make right what is so wrong?  
When a lifetime of having someone, then suddenly no more,  
Where do you go to find them, where is that door?

This place called mourning, is an ugly space,  
It drops you in a dark hole and detaches you from the human race!  
It shatters your life from morning till night,  
Consumes all your hours, fills you with fright.  
Takes you places that hurt and cause pain,  
Can play with your mind, make you believe your insane!

When the life of someone you loved very much,  
Is snatched from this world, you can't speak, can no longer touch!  
When the loss becomes too great and your drowning in grief,  
How do you hold onto what was once your belief?

How many tears can one person cry?  
Where's the energy for you to even try?  
Losing a loved one is the hardest ever,  
This thing called death is cruel but clever!

When he comes and stops your life,  
He cuts you deep, straight into your heart with his knife.  
He removes all the joy leaving only sad,  
He dissolves all that's good and leaves only bad.

Death is a monster we will all meet one day,  
He will leave such pain when he takes you  
away!  
There is no escape from his grasp however you try.  
We will all be his guests in death when we die.  
It's the sorrow, his footprints leave,  
And the only cure for this is to grieve.

Yes your tears will stop one day,  
Your pain will ease, but won't go away.  
You will learn to cope and life will go on,  
Until death once again comes along.

## Between the place..

Between the place of peace and calm, Is a place of love, safe from harm.  
To be content is to feel free,  
It's a place where you can just be.  
No restrictions, rules or wrongs,  
a home, a soft place, knowing you belong.

To hold such a gift is greater than all the Jewells that shine,  
It is precious, perfect, to some devine.  
The weight we carry in search of this path, can be a heavy load.  
And no doubt we will fall on this journey, this bumpy road.  
We will struggle, but we'll keep on going,  
to find contentment, its a place of knowing.

All the mess, the stress, the heaviness,  
will one day be gone.  
Empty of all that's wrong.  
A pillow of warm filled silk to rest your head,  
restore yourself, be yourself instead.  
No more care of opinions and fitting in,  
beauty, calm and no room for sin.  
Just a space between the place of the here and there,  
a place filled with love for all to share.

## Inside out

I wonder how the world would treat us if they saw the inside, I wonder how people would react, if they saw the things we hide.

To have all the truths and fears exposed,  
without covering up, without keeping closed.

I wonder how people would behave,  
If it would help compassion grow, help save.  
To see without the lies and pretence,  
without judgment or offence.

To know that there is pain or joy,  
to understand and not destroy.  
To be shown the inner fears,  
to finally understand this persons reason for their tears.

To place what's inside, out, may be the only way that can save.  
To free us, to show us, to unslave.  
Our ways, our wrongs our stupid narrow thoughts,  
a new way, a way we need to be taught.

To show the inside out would be a powerful tool,  
maybe then, we can learn to stop being the fool.  
Maybe then we can love and not hate,  
maybe then we can accept and stop the gossip, the debate.

We all carry with us a bag filled with stories we dont want to share,  
maybe now we can stop all the guessing and all learn how to care.

## I'm sorry I failed you

I'll take my punishment, I'll do my time,  
for all of my failings, all of them mine.  
I hate myself for not being calm,  
I'm sorry that my words caused you harm.  
But if this is how destiny requires me to pay,  
and If time is teaching me the way,  
then I'm here and there'll be no fight,  
I can't ever go back and make my wrongs, right.  
I'm sorry from the depths of my soul,  
It's now out of my control.  
Your gone forever and time has won,  
I will forever have to face what I have done.  
I will face head on and take what I must,  
I'm sorry I've failed you, im filled with disgust.  
My beautiful mum and my best friend,  
I failed you right up to the the end.  
I should have stopped and held onto you,  
I should have kissed and told you I love you.  
I'm ashamed and broken and I can't repair what's done,  
And now daily I feel the hurt from my own child, it's my time for some.  
So I accept this path I paved, I will accept my pain.  
What goes around comes around, its now my turn for the same.

## Stronger than you

There you are, sneaking upon me!  
From the corner of my eye, you make no sound, but I can see!  
I ignore you're there, but you grow each day,  
I fear if I acknowledge you, you will never go away.

I've seen the power you have over other peoples lives,  
I have seen their struggles and their strives.  
To keep you in check, to keep you at bay,  
I've seen them give in, and allow you to stay.

The confusion, the havoc you have played,  
I have seen the pain and the price they've paid.  
Swallowing them whole without a thought,  
like the helpless fish in the net when caught.  
They squirm and riddle to break free,  
yes I see you there, but you won't take me.

I will not allow your darkness to consume,  
I will not allow the cloud to linger and to loom.  
I will fight you every day and every night,  
Push away the dark, I will stay in the light.

I see you there waiting to pounce,  
I will stand strong against your call, I will stand strong and denounce!  
For all the sad, pain and tears you feed upon,  
Your call to me will forever be long.  
As I have seen too many leave,  
I know better, I believe  
in mind over matter, however dark the day,  
life is a better place when you're told to go away!

So move on and take your darkness too,  
I am now stronger depression; I'm stronger than you!



## Another night alone

I'm confused as I search my thoughts,  
we were happy on our beachfront walks.  
The breeze would play gently with your hair,  
I would fight my urge to sit and stare.  
I enjoyed that touch as you took my hand,  
and my tummy would tickle when we laid upon the sand.

I wanted you so very much,  
and with your strong arms I hungered for your touch.  
We would talk about the past, then moving on,  
these days, how much I loved, no pain or wrong.  
I dreamed how life would be, all smiles, laughs and love,  
like a made to measure perfectly fitted glove.  
But although I'm happy in this space,  
I know it won't last and the day will end with an embrace.  
You will pull me close and hug me tight,  
and I will breath a breath of pure delight.  
This moment, this exact moment, I'd hold you forever,  
and I'd stay like this always, always together.  
But no, forever is not for us, and you will turn away from me,  
Open your eyes you foolish girl, do you not see?  
He cares, yes I know, but I want more,  
I want the romance, the sweep me across the dance floor.  
I want to feel your heart beat next to mine as one,  
I need you to need me, to know this is where you belong.  
But no, it's there that hole, always in the way,  
that knowing, that reality, that you will never stay.  
Pockets of time, is all time will let,  
Some long, some short, but it's all I get.  
I don't have the pleasure of you coming home,  
always ends the same, another night alone.

## Who could ask for more

Be kind, be kind, be kind!

There is no other way, lets not be foolish and blind.

We must care, share and think of one another,  
respect, faith, creed and colour.

Life can be hard, can be cruel, but it can also be great,  
we need to learn to love and stop the hate.

We have one life, why live it in anger?

We must try and live together, try and find the answer.

Past wrongs will never make a right,  
hate and blame will always block our sight.

Lets stop, look, listen and care,  
we can all forgive, we can all learn to share.

Imagine this world in peace, oh what beauty,  
A place thats safe, a home, for you and for me.

It can be done, this path called peace,  
these invisible chains that hold us, one day will release.

Free us all from the ugly and the sad,  
we will, and can, make good from all the bad.

One step at a time, taken by all,  
heads high, walking tall.

Come on, together, please lets begin!  
We can succeed as one, we will win.

A world as one army but with no war,  
Peace and love, who could ever ask for more?

## My friends, my soldiers

I am proud to have friends who have shown the strength of a soldier,  
they push on through with a gentle strength, an inner composure.

The troubles they face, the mountains they climb,  
and Still a smile saying all is fine!  
They continue to parent and work and keep their homes wrapped in love,  
face forward, ahead they stare, and on with the gloves.

They fight the fight and hold it all in,  
with this strength no doubt they will win.  
This world it holds wonders, and there is beauty within this human race,  
But be aware, it can be a dark, cruel and a frightening place.

And it's these solders who battle in a war they didn't ask for.  
And it hits them deep and hard and to their core.  
These battles my friends have faced, have been battles not all will know.  
They have strength and power even in times when they are low.

They have strength they never knew they had,  
they have laughed, cried and times oh so sad.  
But as warriors do, they kept pushing on,  
even when all is hard, painful and long.

They are strong and wiser and see clearer than the rest.  
They are my friends, I am so proud, cream of the crop....the very best.

## Middle aged

A woman's work is never done,  
drinking wine and having fun!  
We wash the pots, we cook the tea,  
some dream he gets down on one knee!

But no not I, that's not me!  
Being at an age that I now am,  
I've reached the stage I don't give a dam!  
If I want a one night stand,  
or a lover who does more than hold my hand!  
If I want to do something crazy and wild,  
or maybe even try something a little less mild!!

The time has come for me to let down my hair,  
to just go and do it, I really don't care!  
No more common sense or following rules,  
I'm getting out, having fun, being the fool.

I'm middle aged, not from the middle age!  
I'm free like an animal let loose from its cage,  
ready to pounce on an unsuspecting male,  
show some cleavage, a little leg, haha cannot fail!  
Party time let's bring out the bubbles,  
showered, all glam, rid of the stubble!  
I'm going to a nightclub to show how its done,  
going to dance all night, going to shake my bum!  
The younger crowd move over please,  
I need to expose these creaky knees!  
Oh! hang on a mo, I need a wee!  
And pass me my glasses kos I cannot see!  
The urge to get sweaty has made me all weak,  
It's my bed and PJ's I now seek.

I've changed my mind, no more wine!  
A nice cup of tea will do just fine!  
I can't carry on this crazy night I had planned,  
Help! I need to cool off, I need my fan!!  
These bloody flushes, I just can't win,  
lots of iced tonic and fill it with gin!

## Don't say anymore

However hard I try, its just not enough.  
However much I give, the fight is always tough.

Your words cut me deep,  
and I am hurting, inside I weep.  
Can't you ever be nice to me?  
Don't you understand, can't you see?

The constant telling me I should or shouldn't,  
the pointing fingers saying I couldn't.  
Why is it I'm such a fail to you?  
Its never enough, whatever I do.

I'm happy in my place,  
I'm happy in my space.  
I work so very hard, why do you not care?  
I've been through hell these last few years!

I've been in a war for so long,  
I cant take anymore, its just so wrong.  
I miss that endless love of my mum and dad  
I miss that safe place I always had.

Now from the ones I have loved forever,  
are telling me I dont do enough, no never.  
I am not sociable, I am old before my time...  
I dont deserve this pain, I've committed no crime.

All I've ever really done is love you wholeheartedly,  
always putting you first, every time before me.  
Now I expect that same love back,

I just feel your always on the attack.  
Defending others in my place,  
Shouting awful things to my face.  
I've given all I can, loved you from my core,  
If there's nothing nice to say, then please dont say any more.

## Free

Oh my God, I can't stand what we do!  
I can't bear the pain that we put them all through!  
The cruelty is rife,  
We have no respect anymore for life! We grab and we push, destroy and kill, all the horror, all the blood that we spill.  
I can't take all the evil we inflict upon them, we destroy their homes we burn down their den.  
We use and abuse, we hurt and we maim.  
All for what and in who's name?  
Because it's not in mine, these acts that we do,  
to believe you are better and can do what you do.  
Oh dear God, over and over the animals have paid,  
have you seen the rampage that humans have made?  
Like a locust, destroying all in its way,  
we are like a virus making all other life pay!  
We attack and capture, we hurt and we repeat,  
We kill and we use, we make it fat so we can eat.  
Oh my God, please what can I do?  
I cannot bear what is happening, can you?  
I have heard them cry and had nightmares, not dreams!  
I can see in their eyes, can you hear their screams?  
I feel sick to my core,  
Can't take any more.  
We must stop all this hell.  
No more death should we smell.  
The cruelty must no longer go on,  
All this hate and evil is wrong.  
These creatures, that walk by our sides on this earth,  
have a life, have a space, have a right since birth.  
We are the monsters, we are the night shadow, we are the cruel.  
Intelligent? I think not, we are this planets biggest fool.  
Life is not important when money is their fuel,  
To hell with what's right, we are barbaric and cruel.



Oh my God, make them see greed and money are not what is right,  
bring them from the dark, show them the light.  
Allow their eyes to see and their ears to hear.  
Bring back in focus what's right and what's dear.  
Allow this world to understand all that is bad,  
stop all this hurt, all that is sad.  
Give all life the chance, allow us to see,  
in peace, allow all to live, let them be free.

## You can

It didn't happen as I had planned,  
the promises of forever, wrapped within a golden band.  
The holding of my hand, no truth spoken,  
now I see no validity, just an empty token.

But through the storm where I struggled,  
through the darkest of days I muddled.  
A spirit of strength and power,  
From the dark peeped through like a delicate flower.  
To bloom day to day, amongst the tired and the tears,  
Pushing away all my fears.  
Strong and tall, I stood fast, faced the world head on.  
Melted away all my pain, my hurt and all the wrong!  
Now the light and warmth of peace falls upon my life,  
single and proud, no longer the wife!

Through the choices that were thrust upon,  
I'm happy at last, and I have moved on.  
Please don't be fearful of the unknown.  
Don't be down, cry and moan.  
Sometimes the darkest of paths can point us to a better somewhere!  
To a place of comfort, a place where we might actually dare.  
Life really is a bumpy old road with no map or plan.  
But head always held high, looking forward and believe me when I say you can!

## Never any closure

It's dark except the light from my phone.  
The constant whirring of the fan, leaves a nulling tone.  
It's breath irritates my ear,  
but it drowns out the dark and the fear.

It's time to write, to allow the creative juices flow.  
Where can I start, how shall I begin, let me explain, allow me to show.  
I'm not professional or clever, but I do have imagination and a big gob!  
I was always told oh leave that silly stuff and get a real job!  
It was always looked upon as being rather daft, a waste of time.  
But I love the never knowing, the make believe, and mostly because it's all mine.

From inside this head, my world opens up to a place of whatever...  
It's a place of joy, of colour, it's anything I want, going too or from wherever.  
Words are simply letters joined together, but then they speak!  
They grow, they live, they breath, I'm my own critique.

I don't use thee and thou, I don't have long words and intelligence,  
but what I have is thrilling, exciting, a joy and a persistence.  
An attitude, a carefree, careless walk into my own dream,  
I will make a story from a story, I will create like the Tailor sews his seam.  
I can and I have and I will, always be in love with the language of make believe.  
What the mind can do will amaze you, it has no boundaries to what It can achieve.

My eyes are heavy and the fan has become an annoying vacuum.  
I turn it off and silence suddenly engulfs the room.  
Time to rest my brain and take some very needed sleep.  
My thoughts and plans will have to keep.  
This is the beauty of being your own composer,  
There is no end, no stop, there is never any closure..