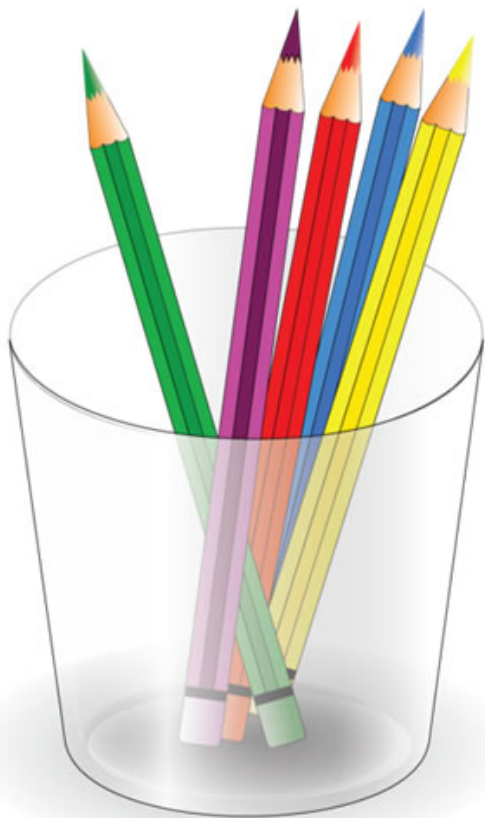


Insomnia - Chris Duffy

Chris Duffy



Presented by

My poetic Side 

Dedication

To all of whom I love and to those who once loved me.

To the strivers and the drivers and the writers and the fighters.

To the winners and the sinners and the only just beginners.

My words became my stage and you're hidden in the page.

So come and take a look if you're included in my book.

Acknowledgement

To so many ordinary and yet extraordinary people, who have taught me so many things.
Thank you all.

About the author

The real slim shaky.
Screw Salesman,
Grumpy Granddad,
Not good at stealing tambourines.
Bigot.

summary

Shoes.

Grandkids.

Fraudulent Transactions.

What Granddad bought from Amazon.

Poker with the Devil.

The Budgie and the Spiritualist.

The curse.

The talking dog.

Strange Family

Let me introduce you to the fellas in the pub.

Medusa.

A better man.

The mirror and the wall.

What about me ? An atheist prayer.

Lady's Man

You make me feel.

Looking back

Shake Down.

Leave it there !

Corporal Punishment

Unfinished business,

Gone.

Child.

The toupee in the pub.

Looking back.

Gone

Our young one wants an Iphone.

Stifled.

Tall tales.

Just a man

Whatever happened ?

Black Dog.

Bins

Reunited

Henpecked !

Gehenna.

Homes for heroes.

Booze.

What Grandma Saw.

Weird Family

The Maze.

Linford the fugitive tortoise,

Uncle Arthur and the Snail.

Poverty

Marion and Ronnie

Rain

Billy Nixon's Goldfish

Mum's Words

False Prophets.

Apologies.

Lady by the hour.

Treasure in the shed.

Shall we?

Progress?

Breathe

My first love.

Affluence.

Poverty Wars

Kitkat Con

The train

TV Soaps

The smile.

Cry

Siblings

OAP

Infidelity.

Other People's Words

A beer with Uncle Albert.

Uncles and Aunts

Mr Pierrepont's Briefcase.

Barbed wire breakfast.

Cyberspace

Grandma's Mispronunciations

Lady in Pursuit.

Old Tom's Wake

1066

Money

Do you recall?

Time.

The Wimp's Rap.

Russian Roulette.

Modern Times

Tomorrow

Cats

Crumb

Parting shot

Coffee Shops.

Strong

Grandpa's dress sense

Wounded Tiger

TGIs on mi Birfday →!

Leveling up !

Ron's late night TV.

Tekken to thee.

Don't tell.

Cheated

Shakers

A puppet for the pills

Arnie the Siamese Fighting Fish

Cat mailed.

Land of dope and stories.

When is " Now" ?

Bettering

A Mother, Another, A Wife

Pebbles

Tin Men

In a place I don't believe in.

How Long?

All the fun

Revolution Day

Going Green.

Forever

The Needle.

Sandbags

Blanket.

The Old Flat Cap.

OUR LOVE.

I thought.

Passwords !

Passwords

A trip to London

The Present.

Shoes.

You sometimes took me to places where I did n't want to be.
But then you always safely brought me home.
You've made me see things, I did n't wanna see.
Encouraged me to wander and to roam.

Uncharted tracks and byways old familiar highways.
Sand between my fingers and my toes
Wrapped around my feet on busy city streets.
Safe from winter's cold and snow

We've plotted our escape many times before
But shoes you never listen to my cry.
You 've kept me waiting here rooted to the floor
So I'm compelled to give her one more try.

Your shiny leather toe caps are reflections.
Observing me throughout the passing years
They sparkle and they shine in all directions.
Cleansed by the falling of my tears.

Shoes, we've got to move along now.
We've got to find a better way to shine.
The urge to travel is getting far too strong now.
To find a better place, a better time.

Shoes you took me back far too many times.
Times when I regretted my return.
Shoes you made me listen to her old romantic lines.
And now I have some bridges left to burn.

I ask myself what keeps me here in this time and place ?
Why don't you take me onward to another track.

The same old tired life is something I can't face.
We'll run away never to look back
Shoes I looked down at you when everything went wrong.
Forgot to turn my face toward the sun.
Shoes, it's time that you and I began to move along.
Coz this time shoes, we really gotta run.

Grandkids.

When the children left the nest we thought we'd done our time.
We waved them off with their spouses and everything was fine.
We turned up at their weddings to ensure that they were gone.
But now they've got their own kids and they bring them to our home.
One little ankle biter comes running up the street
To visit Nan and Grandpa every single week.
Their parents make themselves at home and the kid goes running wild.
They fall asleep on't sofa too tired to stop the child.
He runs into the greenhouse when his parents turn him loose.
He takes my prize tomatoes and turns them into juice.
Then the beggar disappears upstairs into the loo.
He locks the door and turns the sink taps on and the bath ones too.
"It's his developing personality" that's what his parents say
We'd keep him in a cage, if we only had our way.
Coz having kids is like breaking wind, when he's loose in our home.
You can't stand other people's but you're OK with your own.
He said he'd seen a flattened dog while out with Mum and Dad.
We thought he'd seen an accident and really were quite sad.
We asked him "Was the dog in question flattened by a truck.?"
No, he said " The other dog was pumping the flat dog up."
Our other children call on us with their offspring in tow.
They sometimes leave a kid behind, when it's time to go
Like a parcel in lost luggage at your local transport hub
You find them fast asleep in the bedroom on the rug.
We have to have a head count in case one's left behind.
And sure enough after they've gone, a little one we'll find.
Either in the biscuit cupboard or underneath the mat.
Or in a quiet corner sleeping with the cat.

We try to think of something to keep the kiddies quiet
A game of snakes and ladders would perhaps prevent a riot?
The little one swallowed both the dice as soon as she got bored.

We'll have to wait till morning to find out what she scored.
We sometimes do our counting game
With fingers and with toes.
But one of em likes to show us.
What he discovered up his nose.
They descend on us for Christmas and eat up all our grub.
Then leave the kiddies in with us, while they go to the pub.
We never like to ask them how long they plan to stay?
They lay siege to our home, till after new year's day.

So here's to friends and family and children everywhere.
Life would n't be the same without them being there.
We love to see them really although we 're bound to moan.
We're glad when they arrive and glad when they go home.

Fraudulent Transactions.

Now we're coming out of lockdown and the world seems more at ease
We're nicer to each other and do our best to please.
We're much more understanding and we're getting more acquainted.
My facebook and my twitter feed is getting inundated..
It's filling up with friends requests from someone's widowed wife
Who would like to use my bank account to change my way of life.

They'll deposit fifty million in my current bank account
And they'll hand me £20 million change, If I'll just help them out.
It all seems very genuine, a sign of things to come.
I don't think for one moment that they'll take my dosh and run.

One lady seemed quite lonely, she'd been widowed for a while,
She said my number on my card, might help to make her smile
Just sixteen digits from my account, would put her mind at ease
And my name, my home address, oh and sort code if you please.

Another came from Africa a Nigerian tribal chief
His name was " Trustme Goodman" so he could n't be a thief.
He'll deposit sixty million and give me a mighty share.
I'd never have to work again, live life without care.

He wants to know about my life and where i choose to bank
But something tells me his proposal is n't worth aWager.
He'd like to give to charity a portion of our prize
He just needs my identity and the colour of my eyes.

A passport photography to trace my bank account
But I fear that I'll be putting in and he'll be taking money out.
He sounded reassuring, the sort of man to trust.
But he'll be drinking Champers, and I'll be going bust.

My instagram is popular with twenty years old girls

Who want to show me pictures, to make eyebrows curl.
I've told 'em I'm not interested in peeking at their bits.
I'd rather have a tata pie, some gravy and some chips.

Then the conmen on the telephone calls me in the day
Coz my data's been corrupted and a bill I need to pay.
He says he's Steve from London, a manager from Sky.
But I suspect it's Abdul from Delhi or Mumbai.

"Open your computer up" he tells me in a hurry
Coz he needs to take control and I don't need to worry
Say he'll fix it right away and prevent my financial crash
But I've got a funny feeling he's looking for my cash.

So if you get a phone call, e-mail or a text
Offering a financial deal, free cash or easy sex,
Deal with it politely, tell them "Thanks a bunch."
Remember what your Daddy told you about life and a free lunch.

What Granddad bought from Amazon.

When we bought our Granddad a computer.
We thought that it would occupy his mind.
He soon began to travel into cyberspace.
And report back on the things that he would find.

"I've tracked down many of my school friends.
I've really got the hang of this." He said.
" I've sent them all a greeting in a Gmail."
But they've not replied coz all of 'em are dead!"

He then began to tell us about shopping.
" You order from the comfort of your seat.
But if you push your money in the USB slot,
It tends to make your laptop overheat"

"I got an email from a fella in the rainforest"
"He said that paying cash was very hard."
"So I just click my mouse from anywhere in the house"
And I get it all from Amazon on mi card!"

" My laptop has become my best companion."
"You order and you get it overnight"
I've got a bouncy castle in the kitchen."
And a punchbag to teach me how to fight.

Then Grandad went and bought himself a diving suit
To help him to explore beneath the sea.
And a DVD to help him to unwind
Telling all about the mysteries of Tai Chi.

On Tuesday afternoon he got excited.

Whilst waiting for his parcel to arrive
He said that he'd been waiting for the postman.,
To deliver him a shiny Siamese bride.

He was afraid he might have missed the first delivery.
Because he'd just popped out to water all his vedge
But he'd left a note for the postie fella.
To leave her in the garden under t'hedge.

He could n't wait to receive his online purchase.
His lady friend all packaged in a crate.
He'd get her doing jobs around the house
Provided that she did n't arrive too late.

He'd splashed out on some presents to impress her.
Some jewellery and a shiny mobile phone
A drill and a black and decker workbench.
So she could do some jobs around the home.

Now our Granddad loves to surf the interweb.
And the convenience of shopping with a mouse
And he's glad that his Siamese bride failed to arrive.
Because our Granny would n't have her in the house.

Poker with the Devil.

In the early hours, when everyone's asleep.
I wander to the other side, that's where I take my seat
I'll never be a winner.
To go there is a crime
When darkness opens up a door I'm always right on time.
Inviting me enticing me to join him in the game
Just before the daylight comes.before the street lights wain.
The odds are stacked against me, the playing field not level.
I wake up each and every night.
To play a game of poker with the devil.
"You belong to me,"he'll say
You're the one I've picked."
To join me in my poker game to see my five card trick
He'll shake me and he'll wake me, disrupt me in my slumber.
I'm drowning in dependency when the Devil takes me under
You can take it from the bottle
You can cook it on a spoon.
It will brighten up your darkness
Take away your gloom.
It's not a long term remedy
It's just a five card trick
You awaken in the twilight hours
To go and play some poker with "Saint Nick."
Somehow I know it's wrong.I know that it's a sin
I don't want to join but the darkness draws me in.
To pit my wits against him, will it ever end ?
Will I lose the game again and the Devil be my friend?
Some of us are tortured souls although we're not to blame.
Some of us are destined to play the Devil's game.
We're all attracted to the fire, the wise one's pull away.
Others stop and listen to what the Devil has to say.
I should be the sort of man who knows what's right or wrong.

To never be so stupid that I hear the Devil's song.
I never should be taken in by any gambler's cheat.
But when Satan starts to deal.
I have to take a seat
I never learn my lesson, I never count the cost
Playing poker with the devil to recover all I've lost
I have to fuel the fire, I'll borrow or I'll steal
For my place at the table
When the Devil starts to deal.
It's a jagged little pill you can buy it on the street
Come, join us at the Devil's table
You're welcome, take a seat.
When you see it on the TV, you want it even more.
You find yourself waiting outside the Devil's door.
You have to face the aftermath and consider what you've lost.
You're never going to get it back, or recoup what it cost.
It comes on like a fever, other thoughts are banned.
You will find me at the table when the Devil deals my hand.

The Budgie and the Spiritualist.

Our Mum became a spiritualist quite out of the blue.
She said she'd seen some signs and had took a different view.
She began to think more deeply as her age became advanced.
Besides, 'aving a second go down 'ere was surely worth a chance.
She'd like to visit family and show them she's at peace
And keep an eye on Uncle Jack and that barmaid down the Fleece.
He'd always been a philanderer since he married Auntie Carol.
And rumors they were rife about his antics " Over 't barrell.
Our Mum attended meetings every Wednesday night.
And the tales that she came home with gave us all a fright.
She'd tell of long dead relatives, of the congregation.
Waking them at midnight for casual conversation.
Relatives of the faithful in conversation with the dead
The thought of ours returning filled us all with dread

Our family was n't keen for our Granddad to return.
To remind us of his army days and life " beyond the urn."

Granddad was n't buried, he'd asked to be cremated.
So we did n't want to see him, charred, crisp but elated.
What about the smoke alarms all around our dwelling?
The heat from our dead Granddad will surely set them yelling.
And if he is still smoking although he always had a cough.
The stench from his cigars will surely set them off.
Then there's uncle Ronnie who thought none of this made sense.
" When you're gone you're dead," he said, "no return nor recompense."
If asked 'bout reincarnation, He'd ensure that he was heard.
" I did n't believe in that," he'd say " even when I was a bird."
Our Mum was quite determined to probe behind "The gate."
To find one of her relatives referred to as " The late."
She's really got quite desperate for anyone who's dead,
Our Auntie Nellie's lodger or mad old Uncle Fred.

Then one day our Mum, she got her wish, when a vicar in the shrine,
Said finding feathers in the house was regarded as a sign
Our Mum got all excited and she began to shout.
That she'd found feathers in the house after one of us " Checked out."
" It happened after Christmas, a terrible mishap."
Our Budgie George was on his cage, quite close to the cat."
"The cat jumped on the Budgie's cage and swallowed him in one."
"And when he spat the feathers out poor old George was gone!"
"We looked for George around the house, but he vanished in thin air."
And just like that there Vicar said", "Feathers everywhere.!"
So now our Mum's a spiritualist and preaches psalm and verse.
"That feathers are a sign, even when the duvet bursts."
So if you're being haunted or find feathers in your bed.
It might not be a sign or contact from the dead.
It's time to get the hoover out and push it round the mat.
And if your budgie's missing. It'll be inside the cat.

The curse.

The Curse.

You won't know you've been chosen, until it settles in
It drops you little clues at first and then says " Let's begin."
To stifle you when walking, to take away your smile.
To stop you sleeping peacefully, to really cramp your style.

To shake you up and " Rock your world" like Michael Jackson said.
To make you wish you'd not been born, to wish that you were dead.
You'll take your medication to curb its cruel assault.
It's a random curse that's chosen you and no one is at fault.

The staggering shaking palsy was how it gained its fame.
Till a certain Dr Parkinson, gave the curse his name.
You've got to put a fight up, determined not to fail.
Trying to face the future, with a tiger on your tail.

Your voice is getting weaker, you struggle being heard.
You try to form a sentence but forget the final word.
It's just a minor chemical, gone AWOL from your brain.
It turns your laughter into tears and sunshine into rain.

You keep your head above the storm and try to keep afloat
Surviving in the liferaft, that used to be a boat.
The devil comes to visit you, in the early hours.
He says he's going to let you live, but take away your powers.

He says he's going to punish you, for someone else's crime
Imprison you behind the walls until the end of time.
He'll be your puppet master, he's gonna take control.
He'll take your body and your mind, but never have your soul.

You go on undefeated in your struggle to be strong.

You live to fight another day, and prove the devil wrong.
You look the devil in the eye and fight with your last breath.
Your strategy for conflict is fighting to the death.

You still believe in living, you're giving it a go
The grief you keep inside you, no one will ever know.
Determination drives you, whilst shuffling your shoes
Because you are a warrior you'll never ever lose.

The battle's never over. You fight it every day.
You're going to beat the devil's curse and send him on his way
You wear your warpaint everyday whilst weathering the storm.
You're marching into battle, with legs that won't conform.

You start the race as underdog every single day
But tell yourself, you'll never let the devil have his way.
Somewhere deep inside yourself, this curse it will reveal
A stronger version of yourself, a soldier forged from steel.

The curse is yours for keeps, till the ending of your life.
It punishes your family, your husband or your wife.
We'll never be defeated, of this you can be sure.
We'll keep on fighting Parkinson's until there is a cure.

The talking dog.

I saw the creature advertised in the local daily news.
A bargain basement offer that I could not refuse

A lovely pet for company, that I could take for walks.
According to the advert this Labrador could talk.

I rang the seller right away and was invited to inspect.
The dog and its accessories and papers from the vets.

The seller lived in Sevenoaks, a little town in Kent.
So off I jumped into my car and down the road I went.

The journey took me hours and I did n't know the way.
But I was so intrigued to learn, what "Rover" had to say,

I did n't mind the travelling, in fact I would have walked
To be the first to witness, a Labrador that talked.

My mind was working overtime about all the cash I'd make.
And when we've made a million, I'll buy the dog a steak.
And if I'm feeling generous, because sometimes I do.
I'll get a bag of oven chips and I will have one too.

I finally reached the seller's house and he took me to the hound.
He said he wanted rid of it and asked for fifteen pounds,
I told him "Hang on buddy" I'm not as daft as I appear.
I want to test the merchandise, some words I'd like to hear.

He left me with the mutt and a silence filled the place.
And I could feel the goose bumps on my back and on mi face.

The dog looked rather gormless and sat there in its bed.
I was feeling disappointed, when suddenly it said

" Good evening, my name is Rex, tell me what is yours?"

" I believe you are a Northerner ? That's not your fault I'm sure."

"Hurry up and pay the man and together we will head, up the road to Lancashire, home in time for bed,".

I stood there flabbergasted, heart racing double beats.

I'd found my fame and fortune, a Labrador that speaks."

Then I thought " Lets just hang on, it could be a clever trick,

That fella's a ventriloquist, I'm not that bloody thick!"

So I looked the dog straight in the eyes and questioned him some more

He told me about his army days in the secret service cor.

He spent some time behind the lines, in Russia's web of fear.

Then swapped the cold for warmer climes, spying in Korea.

He'd always been a talking dog since he was a pup.

Talking just came naturally."It was the way he was brung up."

His Father was a singer in a barber's shop quintet.

He began to sing soprano after visiting the vet.

They sang in local public bars, coffee shops and clubs.

Him, his Dad and dear old Mum, a Corgi and a Pug.

He later joined the Police force and worked at Scotland yard.

But working on the flying squad, was for a dog, quite hard.

He could n't get to work on time and the Sargent used to moan.

By the time he'd put his boots on, it was time for going home.

I paid the fella right away and put Rex on his lead and wondered if I'd make more cash, if I allowed the dog to breed?

Rex and I were heading out along the garden path,

When curiosity got the better of me, I simply had to ask.

I told the man he was a fool for selling Rex so cheap.
He did n't see the value of a Labrador that speaks?
The man just laughed and shook his head and said to my surprise.
"I sold the dog for fifteen quid coz he's always telling lies!"

Strange Family

Strange family:

You can always choose your friends, they say, but your family's here to stay
And I must admit mine really do my head in
Our circle's getting smaller, so we're only called to order
at a funeral or occasionally a wedding

There's mad old Uncle Mike, a bank robber all his life.
Forgets to take his stocking mask off when shopping with his wife.
Old Mike he deals in cash and when he brings home his stash he fills his mattress till it's nearly
busted.
He hides away his "Bread" all around his bed, "Coz Security in banks just can't be trusted!"

There's dear old uncle Frank, who one day for a prank put all of his clothes arranged the wrong way
round.
Coz strange old Uncle Sid had bet him fifty quid that he would n't then go walking round the town.
So Frank set off in hope with the buttons on his coat facing backwards while his head looked
straight ahead.
He was run over by a van and the paramedic man killed him when he turned around his head.

There's dear old Auntie Joyce who has the sort of voice that sounds like Tom cats fighting in the
street
Her husband Uncle Jeff pretends that he is deaf and doesn't answer back or ever give her cheek.
Jeff's metaphor for life is just to let his wife go on like a fog horn on a cruiser
This strategy by him means that Jeff remains within her good books and he gets to go tut boozier.

Then weird old Uncle Rex, who collects unusual pets and walks them round the block in every
weather
The neighbors laugh at him walking with a tin of salmon that he keeps upon a tether.

All families have strange members of every type and gender you may not recognise that this here
fact is true.

So if you can't recall the one that's "Off the wall", it's likely that the crazy one Is you!

Let me introduce you to the fellas in the pub.

I'd like to introduce you to the blokes around the bar.

I think that they're all friends of mine, but they never say they are.

There's Tony in the corner, a gangsta in his day.

Disrespect his family he'll have ya blown away.

He really is a friendly bloke, tall tales he likes to tell.

He gets six pints of lager in just before the bell.

He likes to wear his City shirt when Man U are on screen.

A quiet shy retiring chap who never makes a scene.

But don't talk of football rivalry when Tony's had a beer

The once football hooligan will suddenly appear.

There's "Rich" the tax inspector he's not the man to trust

Politely change the subject if money is discussed.

Don't mention gifts or earnings that have not been declared.

Or what you keep under the bed or stored beneath the stairs.

There's Phil the thrifty drinker who never gets a round.

The last time that he took his turn, there were 20 shillings to the pound.

He claims to be quite generous and once he spent a quid.

A blue plaque stands in the pub where Phillip claims he did.

There's Paul the snazzy dresser who stands out in a crowd.

They have to turn the jukebox up, his shirts are rather loud.

An ale aficionado, a gentleman of taste.

Don't try to match him pint for pint, you'll soon be off your face !

The other Phil will join us for an evening full of joy.

He's followed Bury football club since he was a boy.

Phil remembers glory days, when he was just a lad

And years of football history and the times that made him sad.

" Football's not how it used to be." You'll often hear him say.

As he stands against the bar and puts the ale away.

There's Daz the local builder, who likes to make a noise.

He drinks twelve pints of lager, when he's out with the boys.

Then down the road he likes to go Tu't Chinese take away.

" Give me all the chips you've got!" he often likes to say.

" And one of those fried ricey things." is often his request."

" And three pies and and some noodles that look like mi string vest."

" And stick a battered sausage in, while I'm in the queue."

"And a bag of those prawn crackers, oh go on make it two!"

" Oh and something for the misses," he would often cry.

"A small romantic gesture, a cheese and onion pie."

"I'll surprise her with it, as up the stairs I creep."

I'm sure she will be grateful although she's fast asleep."

There's Dave the token Scotsman there's always one around.

In every pub you go in, in every single town.

He's always got a story for everyone to hear, but no one understands him when he's had a beer.

He talks of life in tenements, when he was a kid.

And local Glasgow characters, the things his father did.

There's nothing like your local, on a Friday night.

Great beer, great conversation, occasionally a fight.

And lots of lovely barmaids for you to impress.

" You're looking lovely tonight," you say " Where did you get that dress?"

" And get yourself a drink my dear." you tell her with a grin.

" Thank you very much," she says " i'll av a double gin."

" It might be that she fancies me!" you then begin to think.

"Coz she's took my tenner change and she's got herself a drink."

"She's giving off the signs and wiggling her hips."

But everybody else knows that you're going home with chips.

You tell her about your single life and Lamborghini car.

And fail to see her boyfriend propping up the bar.

He looks just like a farmer's son. with arms like a Gorilla.

He could be in the S A S, a methodical trained killer.

You're turning on the charm now, you're just a Gigilo.

You're mates there in the corner know, which way it's gonna go.

She's going home with "Samson," there surely is no doubt.

And if you make a move on her, he'll simply knock you out.

Then in walks the Chinese guy with a bag of DVDs.

All the modern classics for a fiver, if you please.

The picture can be wonky the sound a little worn.

Something for the late night viewer, all of it cheap porn.

" Debbie does Bury." the most popular film by far.

You can even get your copy signed, Debbie works behind the bar.

A tasteful little story of lust and love and farces.

You 'll spot a lot of locals in it, if you recognize their arses.

I told my wife about the film and the orgy scene.

Where every neighbor except one, was taking part and keen.

She looked at me quite thoughtfully and then shook me to my boots.

When she said " It'll be that miserable cow, the blonde with ginger roots."

I hope that you've enjoyed my tale, of characters and beers.

I've only one more thing to say. God bless them all and cheers!"

Medusa.

Medusa

Opportunist sniper lady of the viper seeking to diminish who I am.

You gain your lofty standing whilst never understanding the nuances that dwell within this man

Your nonchalant remarks only serve to light the spark of disdain lurking in my core.

Don't underestimate this man, you need to understand that my strategy will beat you to the fore.

You're underhanded games and selfish trivial aims, do nothing to enhance your reputation.

Consider all mankind and maybe you will find that people are more important than your station.

Asclepius, don't poke me with your hook. Medusa, come closer take a look.

Because I'm not the quiet man you might consider.

Don't be misled by the words I may have said because quiet men run deeper than a river.

What may I ask, has hurt you in the past? The chinks within your armour

I can see.

I remind you of a time when life was far from fine and so you turn your anger onto me

You're disturbed by my confidence, troubled by my ease.

You'd like to see me crash and burn, fall from my trapeze, like to see me take a final kiss.

Consider all you preach, because there's nothing you can teach a man who's often been to the abyss.

Lady of the Ophidian, creature of the night, there's no need to fight at every turn

It's time to drop your guard, stop acting like you're hard, listen and one day you may learn.

You're using lots of words, demanding to be heard, grasping at your toppled lofty crown.

One day you'll understand that I'm the sort of man that although dead simply won't lie down.

Try to cross my path with good intention, let's discuss it might reduce the tension?

I've seen your mind games many times before,

It's your ego and your pride, the hurt you keep inside that keeps the real you locked behind closed doors.

You're much too scared to get to know me well.

You cannot comprehend how I excel..

Your image and bravado are merely fake.
Oh frightened angry lady of the snake.

A better man.

I used to tell you stories of dragons, knights and kings.
Of far off lands and make believe where good guys always win
You saw me as a hero' a warrior on a steed.
One day you'll know I'm like other men possessed by fear and greed.
When you are a man one day compare your life with mine.
You won't make the mistakes I made you'll be a better man than I.
I watched you in the playground, there among your friends.
I'll be the one protecting you when the daylight ends.
I wonder what becomes of you and what becomes of me?
When time has made me act my age and older we will be.
And will you judge me harshly? Or understand that I'm?
Just like everybody else, afraid of passing time.
I still remember empty days when you were not around.
I tried my hardest ever since to never let you down.
Sweet child how I realize. You 'll be a better man than I.
I've watched you play your war games, a soldier brave and bold.
I pray that you won't need those skills further down the road.
I hope you find a peace of mind away from conflict zones.
Where peace and love and harmony will live within your soul.
You'll be the keeper of your fate, the captain of your craft.
Set sail toward your destiny, never looking back.
We parted at the crossroads of destiny and fate.
Don't waste your time in bitterness, anger, fear or hate.
Remember me with honesty, dignity and pride.
Remember that I'll be the one who's always on your side.
Dear sweet child how I realize you'll be a better man than I

The mirror and the wall.

I looked up and there you were, a man I used to know.
An older man than I remember, from not so long ago.
We'll have our conversation, since you've been kind enough to call
Because talking to the mirror, beats talking to the wall.
We never got to meet like this, when I was in my prime.
I did n't want to listen, I did n't have the time.
Too busy making memories, that now I can't recall.
So I'll talk to the mirror, and you talk to the wall.
A stranger stands before me, someone I think I know.
A bearded version of a man, I was not long ago.
His face is slightly wrinkled and he does n't seem as tall.
He's talking to the mirror and he's talking to the wall.
I'm sure I know you but you've changed,
Like both our lives were re arranged.
Like stepping back through time and space, I want to recognize his face.
I want to scream out loud his name, a name I can't recall.
The man talking in the mirror, while I'm talking to the wall.
I want to find my home and run, back the place that I came from.
I'll chase it down, retrace my steps and when I reach those old familiar, echoes in the hall.
I'll be home. Not talking to the mirror, or talking to the wall.
There was a place I used to dwell, before I met this living hell
there was a man I used to see, now i'm not sure which one is me
And in the place I used to thrive, when mind and soul where both alive
I'm trying hard to recognize, I see them both through tired eyes.
I just remembered who they were, then suddenly it's all a blur
They re friends, I like to call.....
Him talking in the mirror, and him talking to the wall.

What about me ? An atheist prayer.

Far too many tears my Lord, too many children crying.
Too many children hungry Lord, too many children dying
We're burning up the planet Lord, it seems there's no release.
The time has come to pay the debt, You're calling in the lease.
But what about me? because I'm the one the matters.
What about me? Does anybody care?
What about me? Is anybody there?
The world is full of people Lord, going their own way.
Not thinking 'bout tomorrow Lord, just hopin' for today.
A million different faces Lord, but they just pass me by.
Nobody wants to talk to me or look me in the eye.
So what about me? because I'm the one the matters.
What about me? Does anybody care?
What about me? Is anybody there?
Society is broken Lord, We re going different ways.
Limiting our freedom Lord, squandering our days.
A global epidemic Lord, all around our shores.
Keeping people prisoners. Locked behind closed doors.
Where society is danger, Loving is a threat.
Government is telling us that we're not beaten yet.
Times are so uncertain Lord, Nobody seems to care.
Now would be a good time Lord, to show us that you're there.
So what about me ? Have you got my back?
Saving me from danger Lord. Keeping me on track.
And what about me? My people and my home.
What about me? Am I here alone ?
Far too many dying Lord, what are we to do ?
I sometimes lose my faith dear Lord. Lose my faith in you.
Holding back the sadness Lord, don't want the tears to flow.
Something's gotta give my Lord, I've got to let them go.
Now's the time for input Lord, time to interfere.
Show us all the way to go, show us that you're here.

Now what about me? My world and life in tatters
What about me? I'm the one that matters.
What about me? I need to stay alive.
What about me ? Fighting to survive.
I remember old times Lord, people shaking hands.
Hugging one another Lord, people making friends.
Now loving is a killer Lord, is this our journey end?
Maybe you've decided Lord to take it all away?
Because we've made a mess of it, mankind has had his day.
So what about me? Tell me where I stand.
Will good people be saved dear Lord? On your mighty hand.
And what about the good ones Lord? How will you decide?
Does n't each and everyone of us, have evilness inside ?
Or will you save the people Lord who just believe in you?
Other creeds and faiths dear Lord, what are they to do?
What about the combat zones ? The battles that rage on.
Who are you supporting Lord? Who's side are you on?
So what about me? Selfish, full of hate.
What about me? What will be my fate?
What about me ? Longing to be free.
What about me? Show yourself to me.

Lady's Man

Lady's Man

I wish I'd been a lady's man like some of mi mates.
They always know just what to do,, when going out on dates.
They strut around the pubs and clubs' in designer jeans
And wear them fancy underpants designed by " Kevin Clean."
They brag about their conquests and all the girls they 've known.
I remember buying chips and walking home alone.
I've hung around the taxi ranks in case I got a chance.
Never quite the place I feel, to ask a girl to dance.
I've tried to change mi image, wear stubble on mi chin.
Hoping that some foxy bird would invite me home for sin.
I never had the courage to make the first advance.
The other guys knew when to swoop and claim the last slow dance.
I drank too much dutch courage to charm and to impress.
I thought I'd broke mi duck one night with " Bernard" in a dress.
I sobered up quite quickly, it came as such a shock.
To be smootchin' in the dark, with a fella in a frock.
I should have noticed sooner, the penny should have landed.
She had a deeper voice than me and was rather largely handed.
It took me such a long- long time to get mi dance card stamped.
The only style I ever had was hurried, rushed and cramped.
Hopeless in a nightclub because I could n't dance.
Is it any wonder, I never stood a chance ?
The cool guys moving on in there with John Travolta speed.
While I'm stuck in the middle, like Mr Bean on weed.
Graceful as a zeppelin, cool as a tank top.
Whilst everyone was getting down, I did the Lindy hop.
Then there was the chat up lines, I could n't get them out.
Stutterin' and stammerin' I never got a shout.
All my buddys seem to know, just when and how to flirt.

A pack of wolves in hot pursuit, of anything in a skirt.
A carnal feeding frenzy, to walk a lady home.
To get invited in for coffee and " Give the dog a bone."
I was n't even on the starting blocks, always out of luck.
It took me such a long time to finally break mi duck.
I tried that online dating lark, thought I'd have a go.
But the women use their profile pics, from twenty years ago.
It's such a disappointment, when you're waiting in a bar.
And in walks " Dizzy blonde" from Blackburn, who looked just like mi "Ma."
I did n't recognize her, from her photo on the page, and she did n.t know who I was
Coz I'd lied about my age.
We did n't really hit it off; the date was bound to fail.
Me sipping on my G and T, her drinking pints of ale.
I looked for common interests, and probed for common ground.
But she drank me neath the table and never bought a round.
The evening was ending, and I was feeling kinda bad,
So she slung me o'er her shoulder, and poured me in a cab.
She said she'd see me later, "Now that we're engaged".
And that I'd have to meet her folks and seven kids, and get the do arranged.
"I think you've got me wrong:" I said, you've failed to understand.
"When I asked you would you CARRY me, I did n't want your hand."
So I've given up on romance, and I'm living like a monk.
My plans to be a Gigolo are buried, lost and sunk.

You make me feel.

You make me feel.

And today you made me feel brave
Like nothing in the world could make me feel afraid
Seemingly shielded in my bullet proof vest.
My heart is well protected and wrapped inside my chest.

And yesterday you made me feel alive,
No longer looking backwards, nor drifting with the tide.
No need to think about or count my life in hours.
When I wander through the garden, I stop to smell the flowers

And only yesterday you made me feel warm.
Like nothing in this world could ever do us harm.
Sometimes when the obstacles ahead seem high.
You give me wings and encourage me to fly.

And tomorrow perhaps I'll feel defeated.
Like life and motivation are depleted.
You'll bring me up my morning cup of tea.
And another version of our life you'll make me see.

Sometimes I'm far too introspective.
You arrange my jumbled feelings into orderly perspective
Times when I really hit the wall.
You make the obstacles insignificant and small.

You see I'm a crumbling, bumbling man.
Love and life are slipping through my hands.
Surviving on the moments that we steal.
Alive because of how you make me feel.

Looking back

It was nice to meet with you again, much further up the track.
Nice to meet and spend some time, together looking back.
And were those times we laughed about, as good as they appear?
And now that we are older, how did we get here?
We talked about our children, we remember being born.
And how did we get away with, all the things that we have done.
The pranks, the jokes, audacious things, the risks we dared to take.
The loss, the loves, the troubled times, the dealing with heartbreak.
So now we're in the here and now, and we're doing rather well.
It would be nice to go back then, if only for a spell.
Your smile it takes me back, instantly it seems.
To when our life was young and free and all we had were dreams.
I ask about your parents, and you then ask of mine.
Both of us suspecting that they're gone and had their time.
And was life really better then? When we were bold and brave.
And are we really looking back, or forward to the grave?
The kids have gone and flown the nest, they're making their own lives.
And we both now live with strangers, we used to call our wives.
And are you with the same girl, together all those years?
I'm sure I just recalled her name, and then it disappeared.
And me and getting married? Yes I've had a go.
Kinda got the the hang of it three times in a row.
And now I'm with my latest one, we practice give and take.
Took me many years to overcome, my taste for wedding cake.
So let's order up another beer and repeat the tales we've told.
We'll laugh a little harder after one more for the road.
It was good to meet you once again, further up the track.
Really good to spend some time, together looking back.

Shake Down.

Shake down.
Temperature at boiling point
People had enough.
Tired of your excuses
Tired of all your stuff.
Shocked at your excesses.
Being taken for a ride.
Things are gonna change
The turning of the tide.
From your castles and your mansions
Always looking down.
When the people come together.
They'll one day shake you down.
You taught us to accept
The way it's always been
If we are all born equal.
Why are you supreme?
Addressed by pseudo titles
Bureaucracy on high.
Sword and banners waving
While our sons went to die.
Liars and adulterers.
You never looked our way
You're trying to appease us.
One day you're gonna pay.
You 've kept the tiger in its cage.
You 've kept it in your zoo.
If someone leaves the doors unlocked.
It's coming after you.
You've got yourself a system.
A game played by your rules.
People getting wise now.
You've taken us for fools.

Wealth plundered by your father's
From far off foreign lands.
The blood of our descendants.
You wash it from your hands.
Nothing is impossible
Your flunkies have their aims.
Their motives purely selfish
Their loyalties can change.

Poverty's not a blessing
Nor paucity a crime
It's not a gate to glory.
When you 've gone and had your time.

Who cares about hereafter.
When you're trying to live today.
The people need a shakedown
They'll shake it down one day.
You've taught it in your churches
Taught people to be tribal.
Your lies and deception
Your version of the bible.
The whole things gone on far too long
The way things are a mess.
It's time for you to right the wrongs
Pay for your excess.

One day we'll shake it down.
One day we're gonna break it down
People voting with their feet.
Really shake the world, people taking to the street.
The odds will soon be even.
Give everyone a chance.
We're going to shake you down one day.
You 'll do our shake down dance.

Leave it there !

The things we disagree about, dump them on the floor.
Leave it like your muddy boots, outside and shut the door.
We'll never reach agreement, however hard we try
We'll only hurt each other and one of us will cry.
And if we try to work it out, I'll end up with the blame.
One word will lead to harsher words and off we go again.
Let's just leave it for a while, leave it where it stands.
Outside on the doorstep, untouched by human hands.
Let's play our kind of music, the songs we used to know.
Don't make reference to it, let's just give peace a go.
Let us change the subject, agree to contravene.
You're doing it again, you've got to make a scene.
Now don't let us begin again, I only mean't to add.
You always play the injured party, It's always me that's bad.
Please forgive my outburst, my stated point of view.
And if it makes you happy, I'll just agree with you.
And no, I'm not just giving way, for a quiet life.
I'm not the sort of man who wants to argue with his wife.
The little disagreements, should never lead us here.
We both refuse to say we're wrong, we both refuse to hear.
Are we not just wasting time, continuing our row?
The only time we're guaranteed is in the here and now.
The pressure cooker's boiling we can't communicate.
Each sentence filled with bitterness, each viewpoint tinged with hate.
While we're busy making money, we forget to make a life.
We lost each other somewhere in the chaos and the strife
Looking back on happy days, before we climbed this high.
We did n't need a fortune, there was only you and I
Smaller expectations, we never feared to tread.
Cold around the house, cozy warm in bed.
Let's try to live those times again, let's rewind the time.
To the days when we were happiest, but did n't have a dime.
Join me in our journey, let's retrace our steps.
Let us find our love again, never to forget.

So about this silly argument, It's all been said before.
Leave it on the doorstep, come inside and shut the door.

Corporal Punishment

Corporal Punishment.

"A clip round the ear never did me any harm." Said the man getting drunk at the bar.
Discipline, not love, is society's progression.

He said he'd been a soldier as he stood, anchored in his anger and drowning in his guilt.
Holding court for anyone who would listen.

Joined up to make himself a man, not a kind man, no time for mankind.
A hard man A hard drinking man, not a hard thinking man.

Never took a wife, was a soldier all his life and now believes the state should take a life, for minor misdemeanors.

He tells us where he's fought, whilst drunk and holding court, with anyone who'll give him their attention.

And all the fun he's had, whilst drinking with the lads, in the good old days, before they went their separate ways.

Deserted, but not by deserters.

The army life had rules that they never taught in schools and only a select few could understand.
The theatre of war is what he's longing for, feels safer with his hand grenades on hand.

Bewildered by the very thing he fought for Freedom.

Corporal punishment and his crew not concerned with the view of anybody getting in their way.
Together drinking beer " Lock your daughters up, we're here" and we're gonna love you only for a day.

"Educating and dominating savages".

He says "You should be scared of me, after I've had two or three, I'll fight you!"

Then go and deal with my own sorry reality, because "Society's too complex to be free"

The army taught him everything he knows but on civvy street, he's beat.

Just wandering the street. A competent combatant merely killing time.

Intellectual snipers keep him in their firing line.

.

" Hang 'em, beat' em, flog 'em then put' em in a cell and never let them loose or slip 'em in a noose.

I guess you had to be there.

Let conflict be a lesson to us all, turn your eyes towards the wall and never question what you're told,

He fought to keep us free, fought for our equality.

Was more than willing to take the King's shilling, but does not see the irony.

Then one day a year, he's called up to revere the cenotaph where forsaken souls still dwell.

To lay a wreath upon the floor and to celebrate once more past battle scars and present living hell.

Corporal punishment is the antidote to all society's woes.

They march along as one, till the barrage of the gun, sends cannon fodder rushing to the fore.

Born a fighting man, he does n't understand the inequality of freedom and of war.

But we will remember them.

When the poor take up their guns and rich folk start to run and barricade themselves in mansions and in cellars

While he's busy dodging shells, the higher order swells, forget him and look down on impotent killers.

Because the poor should be resigned to growing old

He will march and salute in his finest Sunday suit, the bourgeois people handing down his fate.

They gather up his thoughts till all that he's been taught is to look smart and never to be late.

Too rich to send their sons to die.

After trumpets have been blown, he'll go back to his home and wonder why he struggles to fit in'
Because the values at his core are only meant for war, where taking life is not considered sin,

Being camouflaged is not the same as being a social chameleon

Unfinished business,

Do you dare return?
Would you care to gamble ?
To see our fire burn again and view from another angle.

Each story has perspective.
Each participant, a view.
Both selfish, not reflective.
Would we, could we, start anew ?

Would you reconsider?
Take a different stance.
If we still love each other, then it's surely worth a chance?

Our love was like a fire
Let's relight the flame.
Somehow we lost each other.
Both of us, to blame.

Our footsteps in the sand.
The tears have washed away.
Let's take a different path.
Let's make another day.

So I've laid it on the line
Told you how it is
The future's in our own hands now
A chance we should n't miss.

Worked my fingers to the bone
Climbed the high trapeze
But never found a home,
A place where I'm at ease.

Stolen nights together.
Times I can't forget
Remain with me forever
But the bad times I regret,

So take a little time
Time to reconsider
Take a leap of faith
Jump into the river.

Gone.

Gone.

After all is said and done.

Nothing really matters when you're gone.

Gone as in yesterday.

When looking back is miles away.

You join this life and end this life alone.

Long gone is worse than gone.

Long gone is getting lost in time.

Time is always gone, though we're trying to hang on to it.

Because we believe to waste it is a crime.

Planning is the answer, planning all our days.

Planning what we wish to do or say.

But then we're wasting words, trying to be heard.

On people who forget to look our way.

"I'm here," you cry and then you wonder why, nobody seems to notice what you say.

One day they'll pay attention and you will get a mention.

They'll miss you on the day.....

You're gone.

Child.

When you first came to us your life was like the first bicycle we bought you, It needed stabilizers.
We've been there to stop you falling ever since.

Over rocky paths and terrain we were there to keep you on track, enjoying the ride and continuing to learn along the journey.

We removed the stabilizers one at a time, keeping you on course. We'll continue to do as long as you need us.

Like an injured chick falling from an unstable nest that the cat, or life had toyed with for its own twisted pleasure. We put the twigs back into place, repaired the broken wings so that you might one day fly.

You showed us your resilience, we nurtured it and it continues to grow. Pack it into your cargo hold, you 'll need it for the journey.

Broken bird we helped you fly so that one day you might leave us to our destiny and yours.

Or will you return to the nest ? The nest of vipers where curiosity draws you in. Is that where you belong? You don't belong to us. You never did.

Moments borrowed a major part of our life a minor part of yours. Keep looking ahead for the past is all we hold.

Sacrificial fate the journey's end. Move ahead and be immortal.

Experience all that life can offer. Do not be enticed by the mundane, the everyday. Sacrifice it only for freedom, joy and above all love.

Brightly colored toys all over your bedroom floor, Mere playthings. Tokens of love. Disposable.

Return and knock on the door of rejection asking why ? It's your right. Look for answers but not too closely for who knows what you may find?

We've strengthened your immunity to repudiation. It won't trouble you again.

Rise and be who you are. Apologize for nothing, for you are not the wrong doer.

Sleep safe child for now is all we can offer you. It is all we ever had.

We dared to love you knowing the fragility of love and life. We willingly took that chance.

You 'll probably forget us when life's distractions take you away. That's OK. Nobody can take what we gave you. Use it wisely.

Should you find yourself influenced by darker things, make your choices whilst remembering that there's always a price to pay. Ask yourself is it worth the price now ? Not when it's too late.

Make your own choices. Brave ones, foolish ones, futile ones, but all your own.

Should you wish to swim in darker waters, remember that's where the sharks are. We won't always be here to keep predators at bay.

Life glorious life. Never tire of it. For one day it will tire of all of us.

Remember above all Remember. Not with gratitude but with love.

The toupee in the pub.

The toupee in the pub.

It kinda came in with the breeze.
In gravity defiance above its host.
Of all the happenings in our local.
This was the one we all enjoyed the most

Our Grandad was the first to share opinion.
" That thing should be secured beneath a hat,"
He turned towards the barmaid and he whispered."
" Bring the man some milk out for his cat,"

Our visitor did n't seem to bother.
As all eyes began to look his way.
The hairstyle he was sporting was inky black up top.
And all around the sides ten of shades of grey.

We soon engaged the chap in conversation.
Coz friendliness is what we do the best,
But when he turned his head in reply.
The wig remained facing to the West.

The other rooms in't pub began to empty.
As word began to spread of the tableau.
" There's a fella in the lounge bar with a rug on! "
They shouted so that no one missed the show.

The landlord came down to join the party.
He'd retired to his bed an hour before.
But when he heard about the queues outside.
He started selling tickets on the door.

Then the chaps began to play the jukebox

Choosing songs to reflect the things we 'd said
David Bowie's classic " Wiggly stardust."
" I've got bills toupee" or songs by "Motorhead."

The crowd stood back and looked in sheer amazement.
As our guest began to talk about his work.
A headmaster in a private grammar school.
Caused many of those gathered round to smirk.

" And do you have a hobby?"asked a local.
" Like collecting rugs or taxidermery?"
" Would you be a fan of Bradley Wiggins?"
"The cyclist we watch on our TV ?."

Another asked a very probing question.
" Tell me do you follow any sports?"
The man replied he was a football fan.
" And Wigan was the team that he supports !"

The gathered throng were stifling their laughter.
When our guest,good night to us he bid.
We all replied in duplication.
Good night to him and good night to his wig.

Our local pub is really quite inviting.
To anyone who calls in for a chat
And blokes with thinning hair don't get a second stare.
But toupees should be kept beneath a hat.

Looking back.

It was nice to meet with you again, much further up the track.
Nice to meet and spend some time, together looking back.
And were those times we laughed about, as good as they appear?
And now that we are older, how did we get here?
We talked about our children, we remember being born.
And how did we get away with, all the things that we have done.
The pranks, the jokes, audacious things, the risks we dared to take.
The loss, the loves, the troubled times, the dealing with heartbreak.
So now we're in the here and now, and we're doing rather well.
It would be nice to go back then, if only for a spell.
Your smile it takes me back, instantly it seems.
To when our life was young and free and all we had were dreams.
I ask about your parents, and you then ask of mine.
Both of us suspecting that they're gone and had their time.
And was life really better then? When we were bold and brave.
And are we really looking back, or forward to the grave?
The kids have gone and flown the nest, they're making their own lives.
And we both now live with strangers, we used to call our wives.
And are you with the same girl, together all those years?
I'm sure I just recalled her name, and then it disappeared.
And me and getting married? Yes I've had a go.
Kinda got the the hang of it three times in a row.
And now I'm with my latest one, we practice give and take.
Took me many years to overcome, my taste for wedding cake.
So let's order up another beer and repeat the tales we've told.
We'll laugh a little harder after one more for the road.
It was good to meet you once again, further up the track.
Really good to spend some time, together looking back.

Gone

Gone.

After all is said and done.

Nothing really matters when you're gone.

Gone as in yesterday.

When looking back is miles away.

You join this life and end this life alone.

Long gone is worse than gone.

Long gone is getting lost in time.

Time is always gone, though we're trying to hang on to it.

Because we believe to waste it is a crime.

Planning is the answer, planning all our days.

Planning what we wish to do or say.

But then we're wasting words, trying to be heard.

On people who forget to look our way.

"I'm here," you cry and then you wonder why, nobody seems to notice what you say.

One day they'll pay attention and you will get a mention.

They'll miss you on the day.....

You're gone.

Our young one wants an Iphone.

Our young one wants an Iphone.
And if she does n't get one,
she's only gonna moan.

All her friends have got one
She's the only one.
Her life would be complete
If she only had that phone.

It's not easy being popular
When she is in school.
When she gets her Iphone
Her friends will think she's cool.

She also wants a horse
For riding with her pals
The latest cool accessory
For trendy teenage gals.

She's not sure if she'll feed it
Or tidy out its stable.
She'll let us old folks do it.
For as long as we are able

You see she gets quite tired.
With her social circle.
Lots of lifelong friends
All of whom are virtual.

She's camped inside her bedroom.
In social cyberspace
And if she had an Ipad.

It really would be Ace.

She'd also like some tickets
To a festival in't park.
Dancing to her music.
Till long long after dark.

When she's finished raving.
She'd like a taxi cab.
But does n't want to pay for it
She'll rely on Mum or Dad.

Her friends will need a lift home.
Straight to their front door.
If I pick them up at midnight.
I might be home by four.

She 'll wake up in the morning
Sometime after ten
We 'd like to make her breakfast.
But we'll be at work by then.

Our little girl could starve to death.
While we're out earning dosh
She cannot work a cooker
She cannot iron or wash.

She'd be able to have breakfast.
Whilst she is home alone
She'd call a Mc-delivery
If she only had that phone

Stifled.

Stifled.

The bottom of a glass that's where I chose to look for you.

The last place you were seen as I recall.

Retraced the steps of might have been.

Told my version of our love to strangers.

Mumbled about you talking to the wall.

Gazing through the side wall of a tumbler

That's where my jumbled, tumbled feelings made themselves at home

I looked for you there but you'd moved on.

I rambled on and pretended that the barmaid understood me.

Said I did n't care that you were gone.

The highball glass only made me highball for a while

Promised me much more than it delivered.

It left me with my troubles in a suitcase.

The love we lost forlorn and somehow withered.

Stifled love in headlights glare.

That chalky frothy foam where I made myself at home, only loved me till I'd spent my money.

I looked for you in lonely places and sought out darker spaces in my mind.

Hoping that a glimpse of you I'd find.

I laughed at life although it was n't funny.

Stifled joy in sadness.

You were always frightened of the darkness, that's when and why you needed me.

I became the darkness, encouraging you to the light, that's when you slipped away.

I searched for common ground with those I merely found in places I knew you would n't be.

I hoped you'd understand that I'm the kind of man who's troubled by my life in every way.

I'm stifled by the cold and scared of getting old before I say the things I want to say.

I could never come around to your way of thinking and so I'm still bound by my way of drinking.

I'm lost in life trying to find the truth.
The bubbles in the wine glass slowly burst.
They sparkled then cease to exist
Reminds me of the love that I still miss.
Of love and death, I don't know which is worse.

I'll take you at your best if you can love me at my worst
Embarrassed to be found in this position.
You 'd gone and changed the rules.
Drunk in love and drunk as fools.
I remember when we loved without condition.
Lost in laughter, lost in tears, stifled in love.

Tall tales.

Tall tales:

Old Albert, he stood in the bar room

Recounting on last night's event

"I was making my way home down the dark backstreets. Out Into the twilight I went."

"I walked up the street into the darkness,

I was less than fifty yards from the pub

When six blokes appeared from the shadows."

It was me that they intended to mug."

" These villains were armed to the teeth

And built like a brick garden shed

But my combat training came back to me.

The mist that I saw crimson red !"

"They 'd picked on the wrong bloke that evening,

and justice was going to be done."

"Because, I'd left the army with a black belt in origami,"

They each had a knife and a gun."

"A Police car was passing the conflict.

And two coppers with truncheons drew near.

But eight men lay on the ground unconscious.

When the red mist started to clear."

" The skills that I learned in the jungle."

" Came back like an old memory."

The times that I had trained with the Gurkhas.

In camouflage that looked like a tree."

But there was a flaw in" Albert's" story.

And some of the facts were unsound.

Two Policemen attended the incident
And Albert was put to the ground.

Old Albert he'd had a few whiskeys
And when the cops passed him by in their van
He shouted a few words in Anglo Saxon.
And told them he was Jackie Chan.

The skills he had amassed whilst in the army.
Baking cakes or making meat pies.
Coz army chefs don't do unarmed combat.
And Albert was telling us lies.

Albert wore his best suit to the courtroom.
As the judge told him the error of his ways.
He sentenced him to work in a kitchen .
In prison for thirty five days.

Just a man

Just a man.

And who will leave a red rose on my gravestone ?
And who will leave a Black one there instead ?
Which of you will think of me with fondness?
And who will be happy that I am dead?

Who will come to visit in the winter?
And recall the summer of our days
Who will wipe the cobwebs from my tombstone?
Who will shed a tear upon my grave?

Some of you will say I made you happy.
Others will regret the time we had.
You'll never understand that life's a lesson.
And that I never meant to make life bad.

I'm sure that some will talk about my failings
You'll be the judge and jury of my crimes.
But life must be considered in perspective.
Our actions can seem righteous at the time.

And who will sit and recall all the good times?
And say it was a pleasure to have known.
A man who truly lived. A man who truly loved.
A man who is now finally at home.

I don't regret my life with any one of you.
Because you were the bedrock of my time.
Together we shared the good times and the bad,
And parted at the ending of the line.

Often within sorrow there's a lesson.
Something that we carry deep inside.
Sometimes we go on to fight a battle.
Other times it's best to run and hide.

And now it's time to thank the congregation.
For coming here to view my final rest.
I hope you'll understand that I was just a simple man.
And for all of you I tried my very best.

Whatever happened ?

Whatever happened ?

Whatever happened to

Locking door chains to prevent intruders.

Rapping schoolmates knuckles with your rulers

Polished shoes with cardboard in the soles.

To stop the water slipping through the holes

Football in the street till late at night

Dog shit on the pavement that was white.

Dads keeping pigeons in the shed.

Grandad and the ferret in his bed.

Football cards and bazooka bubble gum

Knocking on house doors then off we'd run.

Hoola hoops and skateboards whizzing by.

Paper planes launched into the sky.

Bows and arrows just like Robin hood.

Dads and Grandads going to the pub.

Chip shop dinners on a Friday night.

Tellys that were only black and white.

Cowboy suits and guns that fired caps

Tassels on the waistcoats and the hats.

Parka coats and Dr Marten boots.

Feathered hair cuts coloured at the roots.

Dancing to the sound of Northern soul

Working men queuing for their dole

Punk rockers and a new wave underground

Riots in our cities and our towns.

We had the day off school when we were sick.
A Lucozade or Horlicks did the trick.
And just as we were feeling on the up.
Our Mum would chop an egg up in a cup.

The scientists still can't comprehend.
How a mug of ovum made you mend.
You 'll never see a GP writing up
A prescription for a boiled egg in a cup.

Milk floats rattling up the street.
Policemen walking on their beat.
Rag and bone men shouting out their tune.
And every child was given a balloon.

A party pack of seven pints of ale.
In a tin you had to open with a nail.
Baby cham and bottles of Blue Nun.
Guaranteed your party would be fun.

Conkers in the playground on a string
Assemblies where everyone must sing.
A visit and a note from the nit nurse.
When given to your Mother, made her curse.

Ginny Greenteeth and the Bogey man
Were stories that were told to us by Gran.
All these things and more I sometimes miss.
When I take the time to reminisce.

.For time will never lead me there again.
To visit long gone family and friends.
To take another peek at what we did.
To happy times when I was a kid.

Black Dog.

When the black dog comes to call.
There is no invitation.
Your back is pushed against the wall
A sombre situation

When the stygian tyke draws near.
He assumes total control.
melancholia, sadness.suffering
Body, mind and soul.

In your deepest slumber.
In the darkest night.
You begin to feel his hot breath.
Then you feel his bite,

You 're ravaged by ferocity.
Culled by his attack
When the black dog bites.
You're never going back.

The pills will pull you under.
The pills will make you choke.
The black dog roars like thunder.
Grabs you by the throat.

Hoping to be rescued.
Never to be found.
Drowning in confusion.
Ravaged by the hound.

The hope of your deliverance.
Vanished out of sight.
You try to keep your distance.

From the black dog's bite.

You try to keep the wounds clean

Try to make them heal.

The devil sends his black dog.

Your mind and soul to steal.

Lots of wasted lives

Stroon along the path

Cerberus the blood imbibes

In the aftermath

Summon all your strength my friend.

To chase the wretch away.

Purgatory will never end.

If the black dog comes to stay.

Bins

Bins.

Old Harry lived next door to Jim for more than thirty years.
Friends, neighbors, buddys, through trouble, strife and tears.
You'd never see them arguing or ever hear them shout.
Until they disagreed one day, about when the bins go out.

Now Harry had a special skill, this was his field of play
Coz Harry knows which color bins go out, each and every day.
We 'd watch old Harry practicing, like a game of chess.
Harry's wheelie bin predictions, "wheelie" , were the best.

If you play a blue bin and Harry plays a black
I'll bet all the tea in China, your blue bin's going back
Coz Harry, he knows all the rules, studies all the odds,
His bin colour combinations. were gifted by the Gods.

We watched Jim play a green bin on Tuesday afternoon
But Harry disagreed, and countered with a blue.
The onlookers were so confused they all were so unsure.
The guys were in a stalemate, and no one knew the score.

Then Harry dragged a grey one out to even up the score.
He balanced on two wheels to show what a wheelie bin was for.
Then the old man did a stunt that could not be repeated.
He rode the dustbin down the hill, whilst on it he was seated.

We all waited eagerly for the waste disposal team.
To finally reveal what colors should be seen.
Old Jim, he played a grey one, followed by a blue.
The neighbors stood confused, not knowing what to do !

Coz we all followed Harry when dealing with our bins

We'd wait till Harry's bins were out, then we'd copy him.
But when Jim, the new contender, challenged for the seat.
The bin color combinations all differed down our street.

The picture was confusing, chaos reigned supreme.
All the bins along our street, a multi-colored scene.
So don't go putting bins out till old Harry's been.
Take time out to study Harry's colour scheme.

"It's a bin off world cup final !" the gathered people cried
When Harry played a brown bin that was deemed to be offside.
Only a bin grandmaster could play a bin so well.
Coz seeping from the said brown bin was such an awful smell.
A tactical diversion to settle an old score.
Harry left the smelly bin, outside Jim's front door.

Coz moving bins is just like life, in a rubbish kind of way.
And bins like opportunities, we get them every day.
If we don't pursue them, or begin to drag our feet.
They become like colored dustbins, abandoned on the street.

Reunited

Reunited.

I'll more than likely visit in the holidays,
now that you're together again.
I'm busy with my work and the family,
but at least I know I'll always catch you in.

Life was harder when at first you parted.
When suddenly one of you was gone.
Mum remained on this side broken hearted.
She did not have the strength to carry on.

The family gathered around her to encourage her.
To mend her broken life our love to give.
She carried on with life, the best she could
But without you Dad, she did n't want to live.

So now we'll bring you flowers in the winter.
And plant a small bush here beside your stone.
And when we come to visit in the summer.
All of us will see how well it's grown.

We tell the younger children all about you
The offspring of our wider family.
Collective love for future generations.
Protective care we give instinctively.

We often get together to remember
And talk about the life we had back then.
We pass around the photos when we gather.
On some or other family event..

We tell the children all about your values.
The good things that we came to understand.
Respect and care for others and for ourselves
Don't forget that " Manners maketh man.."

And so we carry on the journey.
The path you worked so hard to set us on.
Teaching us to work and thrive and prosper.
Prepared us for the time when you were gone..

We'll never pay you back for what you gave us.
The good things that we came to understand.
I was still your little boy whilst you were here.
But now you're gone I'm suddenly a man.

And when I come to visit in the summer.
When the bush we planted grows into a tree.
I'll come to understand that you're together.
Reunited wherever you may be,

Henpecked !

I'd like to go out for a beer with the lads but I guess 'er indoors would n't like it.
Now I can't go out until she's asleep, so I'll make her some cocoa and spike it!
Some out of date drugs from the pharmacy shelf, should help her to get forty winks.
Then I'll have a shower and splash on some Brut, and I'll pop down tut local for drinks.

She'll be wide awake by the time I get home, but pretend that she's out like a light.
She'll ask me tomorrow what time I got in, and who was I out with last night?
I'll tell her I just ventured out for a beer, because she fell asleep in the chair.
And so not to disturb her she looked so at peace, I thought that I'd just leave her there.

I'll say that I got in just after ten and she'll think I'm some kind of Saint.
She'll argue it was much rather just after one, and why am I always home late?
" And why do I make such a noise when I'm drunk and giggle when coming to bed?"
" And what will I have for the rest of the day? A hangover and a sore head!

I'm out in the garden cutting the grass,
She's barking out orders whilst perched on her chair.
" Don't do it that way, you do it like this."
"You're doing it wrong and there's some that you've missed."
I settle on't sofa to watch some TV,
She complains that there's nothing that she wants to see.
Then she gets her hands on the TV control.
She keeps changing channels, drives me " Up the pole!"
I'm henpecked from dusk until dawn

We're shackled together till parted by death.
Most of the time I pretend that I'm deaf.
I'm the henpecked husband who's never at rest,
She's always nagging while I'm trying mi best..

She takes me out shopping to buy her new clothes.

She demands my opinion on dresses she chose.

" You don't really like it !" she tells me before, I have chance to comment, she's trying on more!!
I spend all mi weekend,, my two days of rest, outside Ladies dressing rooms in M and S.

When she's finished shopping and spent all my pay,
She drags me round town for the rest of the day
She always complains she's got " Nothing to wear,"
Then spends a fortune on doing her hair.

" I like your white dress." I cautiously say.
" I remember you wearing it once for a day."
"I'm sure in that white dress you looked rather fine,"
"I just can't remember the place or the time.
. So why not the white dress ? In that you can't fail"
I can't" she replies " It's got holes in the veil!"

I'm henpecked and pestered till the end of my days,
I'm old and I'm cold and stuck in mi ways.
I just can't be bothered to argue it seems,
I thought that I'd married the girl of mi dreams,
A golden haired beauty, I took down the aisle.
And though we are older she still makes me smile
We traveled together down life's winding road.
Sharing the happiness, bearing the load.

I told her if she was a Cherokee dame, I'd call her" Three horses." an Indian name
These romantic words made my wife so elated.
" It's Nag, Nag and Nag, roughly translated !"

And although we argue and bicker and moan.
She lights up my world, when we're both at home
I just can't imagine her not in my life.
My friend, my tormentor, she's my lovely wife.

Gehenna.

Gehenna.

Come look over the fence at me and try to understand.
We're born where we 're meant to be our "Never Never Land."
All brought up the righteous way, or so our Father's think.
Our parent's version of the world is from the cup we drink.

I've watched the men in business suits who want to change my view
To make me rich, to cleanse my soul, to help me start anew.
But who you are runs through your veins, it cannot be subdued.
A product of your childhood, the outcome that is you.

Come meet with me on common ground and talk of what we know.
The principles we hold so dear, forgotten long ago.
A version that's instilled in us and forged within our youth.
Each and every one of us is searching for the truth.

A world of different colors and yet painted all the same.
A multi-cultured karma, known by a different name.
And what about the crooked men, where do they reside?
Somewhere in our conscience the crooked man will hide.

We gather all together and give our tribe a name.
We revel in its glory, refuse to take the blame.
We look for the familiar, that's where we are at ease.
We look to our progenitors, hoping to appease.

We fill our time with compromise, we gaze towards the sky.
We search for self fulfillment, we seek a further high.
We look for reassurance, that all will go our way
That somewhere far beyond this life, we'll live another day.

We hope to get our just rewards in some far distant plain.
Looking for the answers will be our lifelong aim.
Is this armageddon, Is this all we fear?
Is this far from heaven? Is Gehenna here?

Are we damned forever in ignorance and greed?
Rivers filled with the tears of people we can't feed,
Who will guide our future ?Who will take the reins?
Lead us to deliverance.and take away the pain?

Our leaders are mere mortals, who only understand.
The selfish sole ambitions have no love for fellow man.
Treachery comes nearer, it's knocking at the door.
This is no rehearsal Gehenna's here for sure.

Homes for heroes.

The old man in a cafe bar, hands clasped around his tea.
Invisible, he could be a ghost, who's only seen by me?
It kinda gets me thinking about what he's seen and done?
And why is he sipping lukewarm tea, at a table all alone?

Some say he's still got family now scattered far from home.
I'm sure he must be missing a daughter, wife or son.
Ribbons on his blazer, exhibited with pride.
Served alongside brave young men who went to war and died.

They told him he was lucky to survive the battle's rush.
He returned with memories, tormented in the hush.
He fought for "Homes for heroes" and bravely did his best.
He brought the theater home with him, the guns won't let him rest.

There was no time for brooding when the war was done.
He had to make the best of it, and find a job back home.
They promised him a "Hero's home", a fortress safe and sound.
They put him in a concrete box, ten floors above the ground.

A sprawling modern high rise, reaching for the sky.
Ascension to internment, loneliness on high.
The planners could not understand how life in his old street.
Could not be replicated at fifteen hundred feet.

When he was a young man, when life gave him choices.
He did n't need to listen to dissenting voices.
Now he is invisible, left alone to die.
In his concrete coffin, high up in the sky.

He fought for King and country gladly went to war.
Now he sits and wonders, what he was fighting for?
Because brave men never shout and courage seldom roars.

Tortured souls who dwell with us, ravaged by their wars.

Battle scarred forever, in unfamiliar places.

A marching throng diminishing, a sea of weathered faces.

Surviving on their memories, resigned to growing older.

In a world of progress, society grows colder.

These hero's are among us, we often fail to see.

The old man in the cafe, hands cupped around his tea.

Ordinary soldiers, voices softly spoken

Climbing to hereafter, although the lifts are broken.

Booze.

Booze, we used to be friends I never thought you'd leave me this way
I counted on you to make me feel good instead you went and darkened my day
Booze, you gave me a feeling that nobody could stamp out my fire.
Booze you left me reeling, sinking me then getting me higher.

You dropped me like a stone, took me far from home, so far away from those I really miss.
You taught me not to care, a weekend millionaire, then multiplied my troubles with your kiss.
Drink, I chose not to think about what was lurking just round the bend.
You promised good times, the spirits and wines, they 've become my fair weather friends.

Booze, your bright city lights, only serve to invite the antidote to living in fear.
Rinsing me, unflinchingly, convincing me that the answers lay in spirits and beer.
Wine, we had a good time, and life was just fine, until you brought me back to my fears.
She hung up the phone and now that she's gone, I'm left here with a glass full of tears.

Drink, I'm beginning to sink, in a sadness that lies deep in my soul.
When I'm out with the boys, you drown out the noise but never stop me losing control.
I wake up in the morning and you're gone, leaving me to suffer without my long lost friend.
Say we'll be reunited as I reach the journey's end,
Drink my melancholy friend.

Booze, you taught me to lose all the things I valued in life
The plans that I made, you want me to trade for my home, my children, and my wife.
But tonight we've got each other, tonight you are my friend.
Both trying to discover and reach a rainbow's end, both of us with nothing to lose.....
We'll always have each other as my erstwhile part time loverBooze.

What Grandma Saw.

Grandma saw a lady in the doorway of the hall just before our Grandad passed away.
She didn't recognise her but Grandma said she knew she 'd come to help our Grandad on his way.

Grandma swears the wallpaper on the kitchen wall, turned into a map of the world.
It took her back to places she'd been to in the past, to happy times when she was a girl.

The last time that we visited, Grandma had made tea for all of those who visited that day.
Grandma began to scold us for making too much noise, we 'd scared her other visitors away.

Then Grandma took a candle from a little boy, who suddenly appeared behind her chair.
Grandma was insistent that although we could n't see them, the candle and the little boy were there.

Grandma said that visitors called when it was time, to make your final journey go to plan.
It could be a lost relative, Mother or a Father, there to take you home and safe from harm.

Grandma said that life with us was like a holiday. She smiled and said she loved us all.
And although she 'd love to stay with us on our holiday, she was going to meet the lady in the hall.

Weird Family

Weird Family.

The family congregated at our Granddad's flat
Not last Saturday just gone, but the Saturday before that.
Took out all his furniture and sent it to house clearance.
Worked together happily, in collective perseverance.
Sent his clothes to charity shops for someone else to wear.
Divided up his ornaments among those gathered there.
They remembered Grandad's humor and how he liked a lark
He did n't see the funny side when he came home from the park.
You see, all the family like to laugh, they like a funny quirk.
They 're all enthusiastic until it comes to work.
Some don't work from leaving school and most of them never will.
Some say that they're just not fit and some pretend they're ill.
They say they 're having too much fun, whilst practically joking
Claiming dole and drinking beer, wastin time and smoking.
They all went on a protest march to vent out their frustration
To complain about their lack of cash, cigarettes and recreation.
The government wants to get them jobs and the pubs are shutting down.
It's hard for lazy "So and So's" to function in this town.
Our Dad went for an interview to talk about careers.
The meeting came as quite a shock, Dad had n't worked for years
They asked our Dad what skills he had to assist his application?
Dad said he remembered selling flags at the Queen's Coronation.
Uncle Tom went to A and E with a growth on his bald head.
Instead of a great lump, there was a frog instead.
The surgeon asked our uncle Tom, How did this come to pass?
The frog replied "It started with a boil upon mi arse."
Our Uncle George, a clever man, was ridiculed by folk.
For predicting what would happen to that old Titanic boat.
He shouted out to those who'd listen, that the ship would be a wreck
He was asked to leave the Cinema by an Usherette.
Our Auntie Maud made tasty pies with anything she foraged
Like bits of tyre inner tube from her husband's..... " Garage!. "

The crusts were rather tough, inside she'd put some veggies.
Then she'd use a welding torch to seal around the edges.
We 're quite a weird family, some would call us mad.
There's Me, mi Mum our Uncle Bert, Mi sister and Mi Dad,
There's Uncle George and Auntie Sue and mad old Uncle Jim.
Our cousin Fred and his Sister "Bernard", we don't see much of him!
When our dear old Grandma died the family were bereft.
But Granny had it coming, she drank herself to death
She chose to be cremated before she was interned.
For weeks above the chapel a blue flame gently burned
They said it was the alcohol, within our Gran's remains
That lit up half the village with blue and purple flames.
We're a family of weirdo's every one of us.
We don't belong with normal folk, we are on the other bus.
We're simple folk who like a joke and are a bunch of quirks.
We lark about and drink and shout and never go to work

The Maze.

When Stevie called at our house, just the other day, he quietly sipped his coffee and didn't have much to say,

He steered the conversation to our childhood days and how he was scared of getting lost in the maze

"Do you remember the maze?" he asked "The thing the old farmer made?"

"Of bushes and hay bales and wood.

I'd hate to get lost in the maze."he said "I'd get out as soon as I could,"

Then Stevie posed a question, like he'd plucked it from the sky "What frightens you the most? " I was stuck for a reply, so I smiled and blurted out " Ghosts!.".

Stevie stayed a bit longer and we poured ourselves a beer.

We toasted absent friends and some who were still near.

We talked about our childhood days and how we'd gone our separate ways.

Then Stevie talked some more about the maze.

Stevie said that some people could make it through their day and never meet an obstacle, nothing blocked their way, until they reached the finish line.

"The puzzle put to bed," then he drew a deep breath and quietly he said

"Life is like a maze."

"Some of us can't figure it, cannot work it out, no matter how we struggle, no matter how we shout."

Stevie said that on his darkest days, it felt like he was lost back in the maze.

Stevie said the twists and turns and endless one way streets meant he was a loser unable to compete and Stevie said that when he had those days, it was just like being lost inside the maze.

Remember when we were kids" he said " Taking chances whilst admiring glances made those endless evenings full of fun."We didn't know our lives had just begun,"

"But life is full of obstacles," he sighed," They stop you getting to the other side."

You simply can't remember how you reached the place you find yourself right now.
You don't know when, you don't know how.

We talked about the laughter and the tears and mused about the passing of the years.

Then Suddenly he said he could n't stay, there was something that he had to do today.

He went and took his coat from off the hook, he smiled and stepped back to take a look.
Then Stevie shook me warmly by the hand, he said he had an early evening planned.

I did n't hear from Stevie after that, until neighbour's sent the Police round to his flat.
Sleeping pills he'd used to end his days, to help him find his way out of the maze.

Linford the fugitive tortoise,

Linford the fugitive tortoise.

When Linford the tortoise went missing the whole of our crew were distraught.
Our Auntie Nelly was sobbing, coz that was for whom he was bought.
We searched all the lawns and the pathways just with the use of our eyes.
We dragged all the pebbles from the rockery, coz that's where he would be disguised.

Dad said " I saw him ten minutes ago, with his head poking out of his shell."
" Chomping on lettuce and salad and stuff, he looked very happy and well."
Old LInford he loved to have greens for his breakfast, he ate about as much as a cow.
And given that he'd been missing an hour or more, he could be ten feet away now.!

By mid- day we all were quite desperate coz LInford had not yet been caught
So we called 999 double quick to file a lost person's report.
The Policeman required further details like age and color of skin?
We said he was six and quite scaley and wearing a shell suit within.

The flying squad shot round to our house with officers walking in line.
They soon had their sniffer dogs out in the street and closed off the scene of the crime.
Then came the Police helicopter, circling around in the sky
To catch a mere glimpse of our Linford from their lofty seat upon high.

The Policemen began digging the garden suggesting it was homicide.
Our Auntine Nelly was frantic. "He's part of the family!" She cried.
"Does he have any family around here?" One of the Police officers asked
"And did he have a mobile phone with him, and would he be carrying cash?"

.
" What a strange question" we all thought. "Our LInford's gone missing from home?"
And this 'ere Superintendent's suggesting, we should buy our pet tortoise a phone?
"He'd struggle to use it!" said Father, ``His digits are too stubby and fat.
But now that you've made the suggestion, we might buy a Samsung fer't cat."

" It's never like this on the telly." Father politely reflected.
The coppers don't ask stupid questions, especially not the detectives.
" It's purely procedure" said the Bobby, to help us to locate the child.
Then Dad said before Linford left us, He was thinking of turning him wild.!

All of a sudden it hit us! Our Dad just about flipped his lid.
They'd been a misunderstanding, they thought we were missing a kid?
The bits of the jigsaw assembled. The manhunt, the chopper, the hounds..
Were searching for signs of a lost boy, not a testudinal six inches from't ground.

" Now let's re-assemble." Said Mother. "To our story, we 'll have to stick!"
" If they find out that Linford's a tortoise, we're all going down to the nick!"
The officer questioned us further, about when we last saw him at home
And was he upset with any of us, and why would he ever have gone

The Police took our Dad to the station, and concluded that Linford was dead.
When Dad said he'd spent all the winter, in a box wrapped in straw in the shed.
It became a murder enquiry the odds against Father were stacked.
And just like our lovely boy Linford, we prayed that neither would crack!

So Father confessed to the blunder and said that there had been a mistake.
And told 'em that Linford was our missing pet and not to go dragging the lake.
And just before sun down that evening our Linford came galloping home
He'd spotted Police in the garden so crawled under t'shed till they 'd gone.

We wondered why Linford avoided our brave boys and girls dressed in blue.
He said that they'd once caught him speeding in the fast lane on the' A42.
He was summoned to court shortly after and avoided paying his fine.
And he'd just woken up for the summer, so was n't prepared to do time.

Uncle Arthur and the Snail.

Our Uncle Arthur had an unusual pet, which he fed on meat pies and brown ale
The creature grew to a gargantuan size and we named him Samson the snail.
Now Arthur found Samson one stormy night by the side of the kerb on our street.
The snail came from Paris and arrived on our shores, when he learned what the French like to eat.

Old Samson wanted his name up in lights and he wished to be the star of the show.
He soon realised he'd be on the menu and his stage name would be "L'Escargot."
He made his escape as quick as a flash and for Old blighty he set a course.
He managed to get a free ride to Calais when he mentioned French food to a horse!

He then stowed away on a ferry all night whilst crossing the channel to Dover.
The waves were so high and seas were so rough he was glad when the sailing was over.

He clambered aboard a HGV truck and made his way to the North West.
He jumped off his ride in Bury, because he'd been told that this place was the best.

He got on quite well with the locals when Arthur took him for a Jar.
Who said it was quite entertaining a snail speaking French in the bar.
With all of the ale Sampson shifted and his penchant for black pudding and pies.
He soon put on weight and expanded to reach an incredible size.

To Arthur Old Sampson was special, you see, they'd formed an unbreakable bond.
And they learned to converse like Marcel Marceau coz they both spoke in different tongues.
Samson would often take off his shell and act like he was a slug.
And to all of those gathered in't Ferret and Whippet, they became the talk of the pub.

Grown men would go home to their loved ones after they'd had a few ales.
And say things like " You'll never believe this love, I've been having a pint with a snail !"
Those wives who'd been married a long time, just let it go over their head.
And say things like "Of course you did dearest, now isn't it time for your bed?"

One lady got a bit awkward, She needed some respite and space
She called the mental health hospital, and managed to get hubby a place.

" It's true,"hubby said to the doctor, "Come with me and you will see"
In the bar in the Whippet and Ferret, a fifteen stone snail from Parea. (Paris.)

Some folk thought the snail was from Yorkshire, and the accent was just a big act
Because he drinks all the ale people buy him, but he'd not think of buying one back!

They asked Arthur about his companion, and why bring a mollusc tut pub?
He said " Well it keeps the wife happy, and..... well here's the rub."
"Before I found Sampson." He continued." Before that twisting of fate."
Her indoors would nag me every evening when I got back home a bit late.

The misses, she gets on with Sampson and swoons at the way that he talks
So we can be late home any old night, coz she does n't know how fast he can walk!"

Poverty

POVERTy.

I was minding my own business sipping a libation
When the fella next to me, began a conversation.
He talked about the old days, back when life was grim.
He said no one else knew poverty, quite as bad as him.

I was looking for the exit, avoiding overthinking.
Then I changed my mind, when he asked " What are you drinkin'?"
Then he introduced himself and ordered up the ales
So I sat and drank the beer he bought, and listened to his tales.

He talked about his childhood and memories looking back
His Mum and Dad brought thirteen kids up, in a one bed shack.
None of them had any shoes there was never owt to eat.
They saved up for a two bed house on a terraced street

The house they bought cost twenty quid in nineteen sixty four.
Cardboard in the windows, no roof and no front door
No locks on the bathroom door, no bolts nor anything
They saved themselves embarassment by learning how to sing!

They had no central heating. so in inclement weather.
Dad would suck a polo mint, while they huddled close together.
His family they had lots of things that you never find down South.
Rickets, smog diphtheria, arthritis, foot and mouth.

He never could afford a pet, when he was growing up.
He longed to own a Budgerigar, a Rabbit or a Pup.
He asked Dad for a kitten or an older cat would do.
But they had no room to swing one, the house was so bijout.

He started work when he was four, working down the mine
He worked all day to make ends meet and then did overtime.
Digging coal for fifteen hours to buy a loaf of bread.
Then he'd make his way back home, just in time for bed.
The only bed the family owned was the one that Grandad died in.
He shared with his nine brothers, all tucked up beside him.

His older brother Malcolm was a "Wetter" to his shame
Shortly after midnight, a trickling sound it came.
But behind every cloud you see, comes a silver lining.
Because every morning in the bedroom, a rainbow appeared shining.

Malcolm's bedtime accidents drove them round the bend
All the kids who could n't swim, slept in the shallow end.
His family lived in poverty the poorest of the poor
He worked all week for five pence and gave his Mother four.
By this time I was getting bored of hearing of his woes,
I was just about to drink mi pint and av it on mi toes.

When he said " I've enjoyed our chat you've listened like a brother,
" I'm just about to get a drink, would you like another?"
I wondered how much longer, he 'd be telling his sad yarns
So answered " Oh go on then, I'll let you twist mi arm."

The bar room ,it had emptied everyone had left.
They'd gone to call't Samaritans he made em all bereft.
He continued moaning about his troubled life.
I became so traumatized, I began to miss the Wife.

He then went on to mention the season of goodwill
I was getting so depressed I was feeling rather ill.
" I never received presents."he woefully cried.
Dad told us Santa shot himself, a case of suicide!"

" You can;t take money with you." His Dad would often say.
They really had some tragic times, when on their holiday.
Him and all his siblings in Blackpool for a week.
But Blackpool in November really was quite bleak.

But still they'd stroll along the Prom then in the sea they'd run..
Getting hypothermia was all part of the fun.

By now the time was getting on, time for going home
I was getting rather tired of listening to him moan.
He thanked me for my company and he hoped we'd meet some more.
Because he had lots more tales to tell of when he was quite poor.

Tales of woe, of drudgery,he was a man obsessed.
Whoever he encountered would soon become depressed.
An atmospheric Hoover, solemnity his gift.
This fella was as welcome as a fart inside a lift.

So if somebody asks you to join them for a drink.
Do your homework thoroughly, wait a while and think.
Do you think they're capable of pleasant conversation
Or do you think they're suffering from humor constipation?

If you think they're boring or likely to offend.
Disengage or drink alone or find another friend.
Don't take drinks from strangers because nothing is for free.
They'll bend your ear all blinking night about them and poverty.

Marion and Ronnie

Marion and Ronnie.

"It's been a lot of years" said Marion to Ron
And although we're in our seventies, you still turn me on.
"Let's have an early night, let's love without duress."
"Don't wear your khaki Y fronts, your darker briefs are best".

A night of love and passion, we'll rock around the clock.
"Wear that stringy vest." she said. " And Man United socks."
" I want to live a little, Abandon all our cares.
"You can ride the Stannah, and chase me up the stairs.

Ron was apprehensive about that kinda stuff.
The last time that he tried it, he just got out of puff..
His arms were not as strong, he was weaker in the hips.
Could she not just settle for a plate of fish and chips ?

Marion was determined to have a steamy night.
She did n't want to argue, she did n't want to fight
Ron was sympathetic and said if she agrees'
He'd buy the flsh and chips and throw in mushy peas.

Ronnie said that too much sex gave him indegestion.
He was getting quite alarmed at his lovely wife's suggestion.
He said that it upset him to stand and watch her beg.
But if she called a truce, he would add a pickled egg!

"And if we're talking seafood." Ronnie then explained.
An older man's desires often tend to wane.
"It's a bit like hunting lobster, when you're too close to the shore.
I think mi brain's forgotten, what mi winkle's for."

Then Marion reminded him of when they were in their teens.

He was so adventurous,amorous and keen.
She said "You used to bite me, to really turn me on.
Ron replied he would oblige but all his teeth had gone."

Ron said many years ago, his passion knew no curb.
But nowadays his motto is. Please do not disturb.
"And if that's the sort of Monkey business, you wanting to begin.
I'll have to pop tut bathroom and put mi dentures in."

Marion was furious that Ron had lost his spark
She longed for nights of passion of cuddles in the dark
She said she'd get a lodger in to satisfy her lust.
Ron said " Can I have one too ,but with a bigger bust?"

Marion was livid and in the paper put an ad
For a live in lover, a Gigolo or CAD
This upset old Ronnie and made him rather blue.
"If she was to take a lover," he would have one too

He knew the kind of lady he wanted to move in.
A buxom sort of wench, tall and not too thin.
He said " If Marion's decided not to love me anymore.
There's no way that I'm buying fish and chips for four !"

Rain

Rain

Tapping on my window to let me know you're there
Something told me you had never gone.
Ain't it just like you to bring me comfort
To stop me feeling broken and alone.

I'm certain that it's got to be a sign.
That although you're gone you're still around
I never thought that I would ever lose you
In the rain you've finally been found

Before we met I battled through the storm.
Life seemed so unkind before you came.
You came into my life and made it warm.
Took me home to shelter from the rain.

Rain, did you bring her back?
Or are you here to purify my soul?
I thought I heard her whisper softly in the wind
The one I miss, the one that makes me whole.

Assuming we'd be sharing our tomorrows
I never dreamed you'd ever leave my side.
My point of view is clouded by my sorrows.
Blinded by the lonely tears I cried.

Rain, I noticed you're not finished with me yet.
Not satisfied until I'm cold and wet.
Tell your Altostratus up above.
The antidote to bitterness is love.

Lost and alone I was, lost without a friend.
Then came the path I found her on at the rainbow's end
She was my one and only pot of gold
Rain, when will I make amends and will your holy water make me whole?

Relentless, deluge water stack, punishing the earth.
A power that no man can restrain.
I'm certain that she's coming back.
Because we all know that sunshine follows rain.

Billy Nixon's Goldfish

There was lots of excitement in Bury.
When the traveling fairground turned up
And young Billy Nixon had been practicing.
The game that they called hook a duck.

He stole an old coat hanger from t'wardrobe.
The one on which Dad hung his suit.
And when Dad found his garb creased and crumpled.
Of the culprit he was in pursuit.

When Billy explained to his Father,
how long he'd been training himself
To just hook a duck wit' right number on
and select him a prize from't top shelf,

All year long Billy dreamed,
of the prize he was going to get
A lifelong companion, a family member, a dependant, a friend and a pet.

When Billy arrived at the fairground, he headed to his favorite stall.
He selected his hook very carefully, though he tried he won nothing at all.
Then all of a sudden it happened, the changing of young Billy's luck
On the fortieth try, he held his stick high, and the family cried " Hook a duck! "

Now Dad, who had witnessed the triumph, was pleased that his son had his wish.
But could n't help sharing his viewpoint, that they'd spend forty quid on a fish!
"As for hook a duck" he continued, or something that sounded the same.
They'd spent forty quid for a fish in a bag and fer't fishbowl were playing again!.

Billy had longed for a Goldfish, a pet he intended to train.
He named the fish Bob, coz when he opened his gob, he was already saying his name..
Another crowd pleaser Bob mastered, a trick that brought fortune and fame.
He became a breakdancing Goldfish, as soon as his fishbowl was drained.

This man and his fish became famous.

And each went and published a book.

"The guide to training your goldfish," and ``The Secrets of hooking a duck.!"

Mum's Words

"Always leave a Thank you as a parting gift.
Let good Manners be your calling card.
Work harder for the things you really want
And for the things you need merely work hard."

.
"And if you don't believe in God, believe in something,
Find a faith to help you to get through.
And when you find yourself unconvinced or outnumbered
That's the time you must believe in you."

"And if you find the brand of love you wished for, hold onto it, but don't hold on too tight
Because true love is being free together."
Remember that true love cannot be bought,"

"Ensure that you are remembered, make sure you stand out.
When you have good manners there is no need to shout
Try to see the good in everyone.
Even your adversary is some poor Mother's son."

"If you think it's time to come out fighting.
Although combat ain't the hallmark of a man
Consider your opponent's view in detail
That way you will truly understand."

"Be protective of the ladies in your life.
Your daughters and your sisters and your wife.
Make them feel safe within your care
Because within my little boy there dwells a bear."

"When the hill you're climbing becomes arduous and tough.
When you feel your legs are getting weak
When the climb gets steeper, the terrain becomes too rough,
The view will be much clearer from the peak."

"Remember where you came from, don't forget your core.
The people you grew up with, too important to ignore.
Make friends and memories you never will forget.
Strangers are just friends you have n't really met."

"Take some time to listen to the children.
Treasure them wherever you may go.
Listen to their answers to your questions.
They will teach you all you need to know."

As you move along this mighty river
When the flow is merciless and wild.
Remember that a Mother's love is never far away.
And you will always be my son, my boy, my child.

False Prophets.

False Prophets.

Self appointed numen of all races, when will we stop looking to the stars?

Those who dwell within you, those whom you condemn, shed their blood in war and wear the scars.

Theology promotes your paranoia, designed to make you question your beliefs.

Why does peace depend on being warriors? You cannot live your life avoiding grief.

You're looking to the sky for your atonement, searching for protection from your fate.

Your preaching love and peace to those around you, all outsiders subject to your hate.

Tribalism is our chosen doctrine, It seems the only righteous thing to do.

We never stop to ask ourselves the question. Do our enemies love their children too?

In your mind you build yourself an order, one that puts you firmly in command.

If there is a God somewhere for us to worship, why are you the one who guides his hand?

Surely divine teachings can absolve us, exorcise the ghosts we hold within.

You cannot hold the answers to our questions, cannot judge the nature of our sin.

Viceroy, governor, you give yourself a name.

Ruler, executioner, grand master of the game.

Why do you seek order and control?

If seeing is believing and anarchy not freedom, then who made you the guardian of my soul?

The opiate of the masses as Karl Marx once declared

Whilst wading through our poverty and smoke

Designed to keep you stifled, subservient and scared.

Life is now and death's the cruelest joke.

Theocratic orders ruling by decree, dictators of the souls who follow you

Open up your mind and surely you will see that Darwin would propose a different view.

Seeking your forgiveness, reflecting on our sin, believing you will lead to heaven's door.
We never stop to question throughout our wretched lives, that perhaps our only sin is being poor?

Apologies.

Apologies.

Our love it knew no bounds
Reciprocal affection.
Respect turned into jealousy,
We somehow lost direction.

We failed to find our way
Unhappiness, mistrust
Joy turned into sadness
You and I to dust.

I often get to thinking
We should have tried once more.
But nothing says " It's over!"
Like the slamming of a door.

I'd like to say I'm sorry.
For thinking of myself.
You became my trophy
Left lonely on a shelf.

A little of my time
That's all you really wanted.
Your ghost stays in my memory.
Forever I'll be haunted.

We now love other people.
I never would have guessed.
A love that was so perfect.
Now in such a mess.

We march into our future

Until the day we die.
Living with the memories.
That once were you and I.

That love we once both shared.
We buried deep inside.
Too painful to recall
Away from it we hide.

I'd really love to see you.
Purely to explain.
Without recrimination.
Without allotting blame
I sometimes miss the passion.
The way it brightly burned
We both know that we're over.
Never to return.

Our love is gone forever,
Never to be found.
Our love became destructive.
Raised it to the ground.

No reconciliations
No matter how we try
The flame we lit together
Put out and left to die.

The party's almost over.
And time for me to say.
I never meant to hurt you.
Or make you go away.

I'm sorry how we parted
I cannot find the words.
But I hope you've found the love you need.

The love that you deserve.

Lady by the hour.

Lady by the hour.

Lady by the hour please tell me that you're happy
Then perhaps my heart will let you go.
The busy streets your home and sanctum
Contingent love is all you want to know

When the evening's over and the make up starts to run.
The red lights have gone out and your working day is done.
Lady by the hour who will see your tears?
Relinquishing your power with the passing of the years

Lady up for hire, let me take you back in time.
Before you shone your crimson light.
The days when you were mine.
Money will impress you
Strangers will undress you.
Eventually suppress you
Eagerly caress my precious flower.
Treat you like a lady by the hour.

Harlot you pretend you're having fun
When the lights go out, where will you run?
Come to me and let me dry your eyes.
Don't treat me like I'm just one of those guys.

I've loved ever you since our teenage years
You run toward the city lights, fade, and disappear.
Searching for a certain kind of truth.
Only to be savored in your youth.

Lady of the street just let me love you.
Let me take you to another home.

Everyone you meet takes something from you.
Take your love and suddenly they're gone.

Lady of the night the shadows lurk.
Tempting you to go back to your work
Stay with me until the morning light.
Don't become a lady of the night.

Treasure in the shed.

Treasure in the shed.

There's an awful lot of treasure in our garden shed.
In Fact it's full up to the brim.
Lots of lovely artifacts that were no use to anyone.
But you never know they may well just come in.

A broken flag my Grandad proudly carried.
That blow up doll our Eric went and married !
Took her on a honeymoon to Kent.
A fancy do-wi vaulouvants all the family went.
The blushing bride brought her family too.
Rejects from Madame Tussauds they all came to the do
The wedding night lost some of its allure
When he bit her on the neck, she farted then shot through the door.

It all ended in tears and in divorce.
They tried in vain to rekindle love, to patch it up of.course
Their relationship on the rocks, it was a wreck.
A blow up doll with bite holes all around her neck.

There's a video player made by Betamax
A leather bound folder that was known as Filofax
Inside listed contacts,dinner dates and deals.
Some were so darn heavy, you pushed 'em round on wheels.

There's a wing mirror from an Austin metro.
It's the sort of thing we wouldn't like to let go.
We'll keep it in our shed all safe and sound.
Until we got ourselves a car,when the other bits we've found.

There's a stamp album that's full of penny blacks
The corpse of next door's missing cat.
A copy of the bible with autographs on the cover.
Signed " With love Jesus, Joseph and his Mother.!"

There's a fella named Lord Lucan within our shed he hides.
With his lovely Racehorse Shergar by his side.
There's' this German fella with a black moustache.
He loooks like Charlie Chaplain but we never see him laugh.

There's a ghetto blaster stereo with horn and woofer speakers
A pair of Reebok classics, a real cool pair of sneekers.
A pogo stick and a pair of Clackers.
They were really painful if they hit you in the Knuckles!
Therr's a Do Do bird from a taxidermist
Something that our Father bought we he was slightly..... drunk
It gets out of its case and walks around,
we 'd like to get another but they simply can't be found
He seems to enjoy living in this way.
We've never seen him stretch his little wings to fly away.

There's a Ouija board once owned by Uncle Ray.
Ray was dyslexic so he couldn't make it pay.
His failed to spell the names of the spirits checking in.
Claiming "CFDXP" was a ghostly bloke called " Tim!"

So join our band of hoarders and don't throw things away.
They are bound to come in handy on another day.
If a relative is ill, or better, becomes dead.
Take the contents of their home and put it in your shed !

Shall we?

Shall we live today, consider not tomorrow?
Will that be the way ahead to avoid the sorrow ?
Live our lives as now never to regret
Looking to remember, maybe to forget?

Shall we crash and burn?
Before the game is done
While the wheel's still turn
Who knows if we've won?
Shall we choose the present or the past
How to savor life and make it last?

Is the time for living only for today?
Sometime in the future, we'll surely have to pay.
Living in the moment, but then the moment's gone.
Living in the past when suddenly alone.
Shall we spend these moments here and now?
Lead booted firmly rooted where you are
Constrained, emotionally restrained invisibly contained
Shall we question where or when or how?

Packing up your memories.
You store them in a sieve.
Nothing to remember.
Nothing left to give.
When time begins to crush you.
You ponder your demise.
When background noises hush you.
And no one hears your cries.
Shall we be the hunter or the prize?

Small, held against the wall, who ya gonna call when you need aid?
Finished.status is diminished, all your hope is vanquished and in vain.
Stifled and defeated in your head.

Stumblin', Fumbling in the dark.
Mind is stuck in neutral, body stuck in park.
Bruised, Confused, Quietly abused.
Surely not amused by the turmoil in your mind and in your soul.
Shall we reach Nirvana, Shall we reach our goal?

Sinking in the quagmire
No matter how we try
Shall we keep on living?
Or shall we choose to die? ©

Progress?

Progress.

They tore down our old fire station, when the planners got their way.
Replaced it with a drive through fried chicken takeaway
"Commercial enterprise" Capitalist powers
"Is that with extra fries?"ask the kids on zero hours

" This sort of business brings in jobs!" Say the Suits in City hall.
"Progress economics it's better for us all
Satisfy the glut of unskilled labour up for hire.
Don't know what we'll do, if it ever catches fire?"

You see, the Firemen are much fewer. some are now part time,
Some work in the take away just to make a dime.
Because according to statistics the computer did recall
That the chances of a fire in that part of the town is small.

If a fire started, and if there was a shout.
They'd be fifteen blokes there frying chips, trained to put it out.
It's all about cost saving, I'm sure it will be fine.
Emergencies by email instead of 999.

"We've had to chop the Police force.
Really had to sort it.
If you're the victim of a crime, don't bother to report it.
Unless you get an email, that makes you feel offended.
That's the sort of scallywag who must be apprehended.

We've stopped the coppers walking out, patrolling on their beat.
Coz people made some rude remarks about their truncheons and their feet.
So now the Bobbys stay indoors with a computer on their lap.
Watching on the screen for a disturbance or a scrap.

And if it all starts kicking off on a Friday night.
They replay back a thousand times the highlights of the fight.
They identify the victim, the witnesses and accused.
And have a Station sweepstake on who is going to lose.

The council are not keen on opinions or suggestions.
They refer you to the website and frequently asked questions.
If you can't find the answer from the internet.
Your question's not important, better to forget.

And if you dare complain, they'll handle it in stages,
Forget who pays their bonuses salaries and wages
Meeting after meeting a non productive farce
Whoever is in charge needs a rocket up their chamber !

I guess I don't like progress
Suppose I'm getting old
I often don't believe all that I am told.
I don't like those who mislead me and those who just tell lies.
Who think that our brave firefighters should be making fries.

Breathe

Breathe !

While I still breathe there is hope.
When I inhale my mind clears.
Nothing has been learned despite the passing of the years.
Regrets, nothing left to say.
I'd like to stop the world, cut my losses, run away.
Time is like the huntsman's vicious hound.
No matter where you hide, he'll ensure that you're found..

Deep,deep breaths.
Desperately drinking in the antidote to death.
Life at any cost
Recounting what you've lost.
Looking back on youths impatient rush
Hold your breath and listen to the hush

Tired but insistent.
Wishing life was different.
Reflecting on the choices and the tangled web we weave.
No need for apologies, no time for reprieve.
No time left to hold unless we breathe.

Inhale, buy yourself some time.
Seeking out your destiny further down the line.
Breathe,tell yourself from life you'll never tire.
Head above the water or choking in the fire.
Dodging, ducking, weaving, always on the move
Try to find some peace,your broken soul to soothe

Care not what you were or how you leave.
Close your eyes and don't forget to breathe.

My first love.

My First Love.

Since we're not together, I thought I might explain
About the new love in my life, an old rekindled flame.
You're probably expecting me, wanting to come back.
But I found another life, not far along the track.

Rediscovered warmth, I never should have fled.
And now that we are over there's no more to be said
You probably assumed that we'd patch it up once more
But now I'm with my old love, just like it was before.

You never listened to me, the way I hoped you would.
My new love is considerate, I'm always understood.
Our resurrected romance, just like it was before.
She's the one I want now. I don't love you anymore.

She's always there beside me, no matter where I go.
I'm certain that she loves me but she never tells me so.
She's patient and she listens to all I have to say.
Now we're back together, I'm sure I'm gonna stay.

I guess you were expecting, like all the times before.
Reconciliation, to make it up once more.
But this time when we parted I knew I wouldn't yearn.
I had no wish to see you, no longing to return.

Something changed inside me, while we were apart.
I thought about my old love, she always had my heart.
And then I rediscovered my one true chosen one
The only one I missed whenever she was gone

How would I describe her? She's sparkling like gold.,

She's somewhat effervescent. She's bubbly and cold.
She's a girl of many colours, and ever changing hue.
She makes me laugh out loud. She often makes me blue.

Her beauty is addictive she'll leave you wanting more
She's frothy and she's petulant like waves upon the shore.
She sometimes whispers to me in the dead of night.
She's there to reassure me that everything's alright.

I've tried to live without her, tried to run away.
But now I long to be with her each and every day
She often makes me dizzy, she makes me feel so high.
Throws me in the gutter and leaves me there to die.

But she knows that I'll forgive her, put up with her stuff.
She knows I'll always love her. I'll never have enough.
I'll kick and scream and fight for her. I'll suffer and I'll beg.
For just a little taste of her from bottle glass or keg.

Affluence.

Affluence.

We really can't thank her enough
That lady the miners called " Thatch!"
She helped us to buy our old terraced council house.
And thirty years on we're "detached,"
We were lucky the way we invested.
The financial plans that we made.
With mortgage rates lower than renting,
In twenty five years it was paid.
We decided to move up the ladder.
And quickly our old home was sold.
The children had all flown the nest.
And we then together grew old.
Of course we miss our old neighbors.
We'd all grown up in the same street.
Our new residence is secluded, bidet included,
an estate known as " Debtor's Retreat!
We don't go out socially these days.
In fact we don't venture too far.
The neighbors ignore one another.
On Sundays when washing their cars.
I hoped that we'd all get together
For a drink and a chat round our gaff.
I set up a neighborhood watch club.
Just for a beer and laugh.
The locals declined our kind invite.
To meet at our house and fight crime.
What with high powered jobs and private school runs.
They simply did not have the time.

I've noticed the locals like lemmings.
With envious eyes they peruse.

Material things are their focus.
A contest they simply can't lose.

These locals, they study each other.
When poking their heads through their doors.
The car that you drive and the phone that you have.
And " I've got one better than yours !"

Their first port of call is " What mobile?"
Their neighbor has glued to his ear.
When they sprint down their drive in the morning.
Shouting loudly so everyone hears.

The latest obsession I've noticed.
The one thing on which they are keener.
To have the right vehicle plugged into their gaff.
To announce to the world that they're greener.
I've watched them look down their noses.
When I arrive home in my truck.
She's old and she's smelly and diesel.
And quite frankly I don't give a fig !.
These modern cars are next to useless.
Those fossil fuels they do not burn.
With a full tank of derv, I could drive to the moon.
And have plenty left to return.
" My car's all electric, they bluster.
" We're saving this planet of ours !"
" By boiling and drinking our urine and changing the make of our cars."
"These sacrifices are worth enduring, because our world is going to hell!"
But boiling one's pee, and then making tea,
It really does make your breath smell.
They plug in their vehicles each evening.
To reduce their reliance on gas.
The vegans save power by cutting their lawns.
On their hands and knees eating the grass.

And what about our poor dying planet?"
Our neighbor's wife shouted to him,
She'd obviously never considered.
That polars knew how to swim.
And if it gets warmer in England.
Think of the cash we'll retain.
No longer flying to Egypt or Greece, Portugal, Turkey or Spain.
They Warn us of our Armageddon
"The ending of all of our time.
This planet of ours is imploding.
We've come to the end of the line"

It's a contest to see who is " Greener."
A challenge that no one must shirk.
It takes twenty hours for their cars to charge.
And fifteen more getting to work.
"Electric cars are so much smoother.
With a push of the pedal you're gone."
If you long to drive out of town.
You can't have the radio on.
The ultimate driving experience.
By those clever Westphalian chaps.
By far the most common of breakdown
Is when the elastic band snaps.
Our neighbors just follow the bandwagon.
They congregate like wooly sheep.
They spend most of their days charging their cars
And that's why they're too tired to speak.

Poverty Wars

Poverty Wars

Following the leader, that's all we ever do
Faithful to a cause that we believe is true.
Marching on the enemy, this doctrine that we trust.
Tribalism flourishes, society to dust.

Economic downturn, conscription to the fore.
Honing of the missiles in readiness for war
Swords and sabers rattled, warheads primed and aimed.
No profit left in peace, it's time to change the game.

Society is quaking right before our eyes
The recipe for conflict gathered in the skies
We have no use for working men in economic lull.
Send them off to fight someone, let's begin the cull.

Bring corpses home as heroes, teach children how to hate.
Let memories and the cenotaphs remind them of their fate.
Orphaned hungry children, abandoned widowed wives
Trying hard to navigate their lives.

Some are much too wealthy to hear the cannon sound.
Instead they preach religion, in bunkers underground.
Machiavellian dictators dismissing "Jaw to-Jaw."
Too rich to send their own sons off to war

Crimson on the canvas, splashed upon the grass.
Where poppies grew and poor men drew their last
The stakes forever higher the odds against them high.
Where brave men were indoctrinated, trained to go to die

History will document what they were fighting for?
Educate our children on how we won the war
The factory gates will open up, the battle field will cease.
Our people will return again to flourish in the peace.

When the cannons wain and battle cries are quelled
Damaged men return to face their private living hell.
Imprisoned in the violence, for peace of mind they yearn.
Conflict once again will cease but will we never learn?

Kitkat Con

KitKat Con

The troubles of the world are many and vast
Can we avoid catastrophe? You really have to ask.
Conflict among nations, advancing climate change.
But the one thing I'm concerned about is something very strange

The economy is broken and money's getting tight.
We all have lots of worries that keep us up all night.
Everywhere you look a con man lingers
When did my Kitkat lose two fingers?

A British institution has halved in size.
A confectionary con trick right before our eyes.
I've lost the will to live, I'm reluctant to unwrap it
It's hardly worth the effort, to cup your hands and snap it.

Violence and crime are rife on the street.
You never see a Policeman walking on his beat.
Times are getting tougher and I don't know what to do.
The fingers on a Kitkat are reduced to two.

Television channels are obsessed with sex
We all have a psychiatrist because we're nervous wreck
Modern life is stressful, modern life's a bore.
The fingers on a Kitkat used to be four.

The ice caps they are melting.
We're all about to perish.
There'll soon be nothing left of this planet that we cherish.
I lie awake at night, not knowing what to do.
There used to be four, now there's only two?

It really is a rip off.It really is a cheat.
They're serving half portions of my favourite treat.
So to get myself a Kitkat,I have to buy it twice.
They've halved the blinkin' portions and they've quadrupled the price.

They should be brought to justice.It really isn't on.
I dip it in my cuppa and suddenly it's gone.
You could call it an obsession or I infatuate.
So come on Mr shopkeeper " Give a guy a break !"

The leading sweetie makers are hungry for your cash.
What used to be a Marathon reduced to a dash.
A Wagon wheel no longer fits the axle on a car.
No Coconut excess in a modern Bounty bar.

I really cannot help it. I have to vent mi spleen.
What's happened to mi Kitkat is bordering obscene
It really isn't fair, it's gone too far
Even Willy Wonka's got a shrunken chocolate bar

The train

We travel on a train that's going nowhere.
Lots of people join us for the ride.
When we reach our final destination
A few of them remain here by our side.

Everyday embarking on that journey.
We climb aboard like everybody else.
A fiscal marching army of commuters.
Competing with each other and themselves.

The train I ride is only heading one way.
A single ticket never going back
A thousand faces climb aboard then leave me.
Tears and sadness strewn along the track

We try to keep our people all assembled.
Hold them close, contained within our mind.
Gazing through the window going faster.
Suddenly a loved one's left behind.

We glance out of the window and we see them.
They wave to us and suddenly their gone
They left us at an unexpected station.
We never think we're gonna be alone.

When we reach the darkness of the tunnels
When the bad times suddenly approach.
When we feel deserted in the darkness.
A few of them remain within our coach.

A friendly face emerges from the darkness.
When raven hues surrender to the light.
Hoping that she'll stay and ride beside me.

Until my fellow passenger alights

The train, it rumbles on through town and country.

Our story was written in advance.

Time for us to move along the carriage.

Time to give the young ones half a chance.

The train will soon be at my station

I know because the wheels are moving slow.

Fate has brought me to my destination

Soon it will be time for me to go.

TV Soaps

TV Soaps

I'm not sure how long we 've been married.
It was sometime just after the flood.
And although we've been subject to life's ups and downs
In hindsight the years have been good.

When you've been Wed for a long time.
Life often becomes a routine.
Instead of a hotel and mucky weekend.
You prefer it at home where it's clean.

But now every night after dinner.
We cozy down on the settee.
The wife she entices, it's one of our vices.
Watching the soaps on TV.

I have to pretend that I like 'em.
Hours of nonsense and woes.
I'm confused about some of the actors.
Who turn up in multiple shows

One minute they're playing a Policeman.
Next time dressed up as a Nunn.
They're ordering hotpots in't local..
And everyone's carrying a gun.

"The Farmer's been shot in the hay barn!"
The coppers have closed off the scene.
The ring of security breached
By his Misses and Sister Maureen !

The ring of steel couldn't contain them.
And everyone blamed for the blunder.
A newcomer playing his first acting role.
Police Sergeant " Stevie Wonder !"

And back at the garage the drama.
Has heightened to dizzier heights.
When the big spanner monkey in overalls.
Wears dresses in't Rovers at night.

I manage to smile through the torture.
As the wife remains glued to the screen.
Watching predictable storylines.
Unfold within every scene.

The Fireman that was in the Farm show.
Is dressed as a Milkman in't Square.
And when he's in Manchester actin'
In the Street he's the villain up there.

The soaps remain equal employers.
No political or social bias.
The characters are all gender fluid.
Changing sex like the garage swaps tyres.

They all include children performers.
Most of them whiny and weird
One girl went upstairs to play cassette tapes.
And the following week had a beard.

I sit there in silence astounded.
And smile if the wife looks my way.
How can such rubbish and bilge.

Be put on TV every day ?

I suffer in silence each evening.

I can't wait to go to mi bed.

But some sacrifices need to be made.

I've learned if you want to stay Wed !

The smile.

The smile.

We are all proper glum of a weekend.
When the family's all gathered together.
When there's nothing on telly and everyone's bored.
And we're all at the end of our tether.

We struggle to talk to each other
As within similar homes.
Like most of our Nation, smart conversion.
Is conducted through Ipads and phones.

That's not to say we're not focused.
Like Lions we hunt in a pride.
We sit in the house going wild with the mouse
For parcels with smiles on the side.

Our little Michael then ordered
a chicken and egg one by one.
He wanted the old question answered.
It had been on his mind for so long.

Our Dad went and clicked on a punch bag
Which he hung from a beam in the cellar.
Each evening he'd put on his gloves.
And beat it like it was a fella.

Our Dad was a bit out of practice.
And slow when he shuffled his feet
The bag led on points for most of the fight.
And at last Dad conceded defeat

Our loyalty is never ending.
Dedication that can't be denied.
We constantly seek, eight days a week.
Those boxes with smiles on the side.

The firm has a eavesdropper present
It dwells in our home like a spy.
It listens to our conversations.
Then tells us what we'd like to buy

It influences buying decisions.
It says that it's well worth the price.
Convinced that we're getting a bargain.
We then go and order it twice.

Whether you're looking for homewares.
Or clothing to suit her or him
You can buy with a click, to your home in a tick
In a box that comes with a grin.

We can't get enough of our parcels.
Our boxes delivered each day.
We don't think we're spending our money.
We just let the credit card pay.

The goods that we buy are not needed.
These trinkets, like Zombies we crave.
Too lazy to go to the shops
Our time and our money we save.

.

Home shopping has become one of our past times
Delivering smiles to our town
Too much time on the net and too much in debt.
Can make you smile upside down

The smile will be ruling our planet.
It's taking us over by stealth.
It longs for world domination.
And a sizeable slice of its wealth

Cry

Cry.

Cry if you must, go on and shed a tear.
Finally confront just how you feel.
Sorrow is corrosive like acid to your soul
Salty tears will start to make you heal.

Hold on and listen to your heart.
Life won't stay the way it was before.
It fluctuates and oscillates and carries you along.
The love you seek will return once more..

Why? You try to understand
Why fate and life has treated you this way.
Not all situations are guided by your hand.
Not every lover's kiss is here to stay.

Pedrolino will finally succumb
Love and life can cause you disarray
Turn your face towards the morning sun.
You'll learn to live and love another day.

Abandoned you try to comprehend
Why are you now suddenly alone?
Precious little comfort is futile from a friend
Empty shadows fade, they forge your heart to stone.

Time.It will heal your soul
The antidote to misery and shame.
When you shed a tear today is all you hold
In time you'll see these troubles won't remain.

Siblings

Siblings

We always knew that one day you would leave us
First to go was Dad, then all too soon went Mum.
She hung on a little longer to see how we were fixed.
Filled in all the details from the outline that you gave us,
Finalised the details, finished off a job well done.

Your departure served to bring the siblings closer.
No doubt just the way you were intending.
New crew members board our family ship.
Each sailing onward to our happy ending.
Heading up a future generation.

The world appears much smaller to our younger generation .
Sister's Brothers, Daughters Husbands Wives and Sons.
Going out to mix within all nations
Doing all the things you wished you'd done.
With confidence they boldly travel on

The spaces between merge and bring us ever closer.
We move aside to let the young ones in
Fearless they strike out and take their chances.
Go out and live and laugh and love, indulge in fun frivolity and dances.
Where we lost we encouraged them to win.

Places and memories lost in time and space remind us
That gentle dig in the ribs or that brush of the shoulder when we part
Like lion cubs.playing,with killer claws retracted.
Tells the world that genetics are what bind us.
Collective history held within our hearts.

We age as we cut away the path.
We tell your story from our own perspective.
Mere product of love's aftermath.
We scan the world to keep our clan protected
One of us will heed the final call

Family is what we are, that's all.

OAP

OAP.

It happened all of a sudden.
When I began to grow old.
I now need the toilet more often.
Even more when the weather is cold.

Time is a fickle bed partner.
It makes us examine the truth.
Each day I look in the mirror
I'm not like I was in my youth.

When I look back on those days.
Those lusty, bawdy adventures.
I stifle a smile for a short while.
Delayed till I put in mi dentures.

Those hips that once graced the dance floor.
The aftershave worn for the chicks
Mi joints are all creaky and sore
And I now smell of Urine and Vics

My boyish good looks gone awry."
Life's short and time is a thief
My mirrored reflection asks " Why?
I'm losing my good looks, my hair and my teeth.

A wheezing sound comes from mi chest
Whenever I run for the bus.
My teeth jump out of my mouth.
Whenever I swear or I cuss

The best of my days have now gone.
But reluctantly I soldier on.
Excelled in the free love generation.
Now blighted by piles and acute constipation.

The mop of thick hair that once graced my head.
Grows wild round my ears, eyebrows and nose instead.
I'm bald and depressed and I'm fat.
The top of mi bonce like a pink crash hat.

The tales that I tell they've heard em before
They don't want to hear my old stories no more.
People walk out when I enter a room.
In a permanent state of misery and gloom.
My breath smells of stale beer and whisky and smoke
I'm stuffed full of yesterdays stories and jokes

.

The world has no time for old codgers like me.
They don't want to hear how life used to be.
Before we had mobiles, computers and Wifi
I'm just an old geezer who's waiting to die.

I'm sat in God's waiting room till it's my turn.
Considering whether I'll be buried or burned.
Little or no future left here for me.
And the sod of it is I've just turned fifty three.

Infidelity.

Infidelity.

Old Arthur he lay on his deathbed
His wife Ann Marie by his side.
It seemed like more than a lifetime.
Since he asked her to become his bride.

Old Arthur could feel death approaching
His heart was tired and weak.
"I've got a confession," he whispered.
And he gathered his strength just to speak.

"You know we've been married a long time?"
He whispered. "And we promised never to drift?"
" Well sometimes I felt that our love life occasionally needed a lift."

Ann Marie then interrupted, " Let's not discuss this right now! "
It's too late for dragging up history, t
too late for wherefores and how. "

Arthur wanted to tell her.
To confess how he betrayed his wife.
The best time to wipe the slate clean.
Was here at the end of his life.

" Do you remember Mary?" He asked.
" She lived at the end of our street,"?
" Her husband went to the bowling club,
So each Wednesday evening we'd meet."

" I'm sorry " He said, " I deceived you."
I told you I'd gone playing pool."
So I thought now's the time to confess.

That I'm sorry and I feel such a fool."

" I never intended to leave you.
because you are the love of mi life..
It was just a mere lusty fling,
she 'd never replace you as mi wife."

"And when I got home on a Wednesday,
and you were tucked up in our bed."
You'd leave me a note on the table,I'd open it and it read. ;
" Welcome home my dear husband, my hero and number one guy.
" Your dinner's int oven on a low light, your favorite,Steak and ale pie."

" It might taste a bit tainted," You wrote." It's been in the oven some time..
So enjoy your dinner and hurry to bed, to these loving arms of mine."

" You'd make the same meal every Wednesday, how could I be such a prat ?
" Playing away each Wednesday night, I behaved like next door's Tom Cat.! "
Ann Marie smiled at her husband, and he wiped the tear from her cheek .
" It's nice just to let your hair down, she said "Once or twice in a week."

" You see, when you went out on a Wednesday, Mary's bloke came round to ours,"
We made our escape from our cheating spouses, just for a couple of hours.
You said that you felt like a Tom cat, and probably asked yourself why.
" The three tins of cat food each Wednesday night, I used to put in your Pie! "

Other People's Words

Other people's words.

You read my words and judge me don't you?

Trying to discover who I am.

Decipher and dissect every syllable and phrase.

Looking to learn a little more about this man

Something in my words provokes a flame.

Intrigue is the Devil by any other name

Some men write their words to buy them favour, maybe time?

I'm happy that if life is short, at least the words I write are mine

We try to change the world using other people's words

Written from another point of view.

Consuming what is fed to you taken from a spoon.

Trivial scripted rhetoric clings to you like glue.

You suffer in the mundane coz it's safe.

Longing to be in another time, another place.

Shackled by the phrases in your head.

Imprisoned by the books your Mother and your Father read.

Wake up to the dawn of a new day.

Free your mind and let the words you've written show the way.

Conformity minority, your casual phrases rolling from your tongue.

Time to reconsider, time for you to sing a different song.

Subservient in spirit, bitter wounded soul,

Winning popularity but losing all control.

Tell the world exactly what you've seen.

Life and time are wasted when you're tethered to a screen

There's no need to be scared that the world might disagree.
Your words will paint a picture of everything you see
Refuse to let them tell you what to think.
The consciousness collective drives me to the brink.

Patronising, agonising, scared to be yourself.
You'll know your place from schooldays to the crypt.
You're taught to doubt, but not think about
Reconsider, throw away the script.

I'm supposed to lift my soul from quick sand height.
Hoping from this life I'll take my leave.
When you're drowning in your sorrow and you've lost the will to fight.
The crushing sadness makes it hard to breathe.

You tell the world that life is somehow brighter
Wasted time, futility, clutching at the straw.
Don't forget you'll always be a fighter.
Your words become testimony to all the things you saw.

Time to teach the children of the world.
Equality belongs to every boy and girl.
Tainted by the majesty of youth.
Their words will be their unique version of the truth.

A beer with Uncle Albert.

A beer with Uncle Albert.

Uncle Albert told us that when he'd had a beer..
All the world took on a lick of paint.
The colours shone much brighter in everything he saw.
And he became the person that he aint.

He'd wake in the morning having dreamt of doing things that were quite scary
He woke up last Sunday, having climbed into the cage with the canary.

He remembered feeling hungry when he got back home and wanting something tastier than chips.
A snack before his bedtime was his wish.
Awoken by the chokin' yellow feathers around his lips.

Uncle Albert said that drinking too much beer could lead a man to swear and cheat and lie
It's a credible mistake, one you're bound to make when you think the family's pet tortoise is a pie.

Uncle Albert told us that when he'd had a beer, he suddenly became a circus clown..
The street lights became spot lights and music filled the air and everyone was happy in his town.
His mind began to feel much more at ease.
He believed that he could walk the high trapeze.
Arriving home at some God forsaken time.
Walking the trapeze on the garden washing line.

All the neighbors in the street complainin'
Woken from their slumber by the noise that he was making.
His garden gate was like a chronograph.
His neighbors shouted out the time as he staggered down his path.

Uncle Albert told us that drinking alcohol was a habit that we must try to resist.
But when we reach maturity and want to have a try, we should join him in the pub and just get
..... drunk.

Uncles and Aunts

Uncles and Aunts.

Our family is rather unusual, both parents from good Northern stock.
Meaning most of my Aunties and Uncles were without a few cogs in the clock.
Some would say they're peculiar, others consider them quaint.
Most would reach the conclusion that nearest to normal they aint.

Take my dear Uncle Norman, who lost both his legs in the war.
Forgot to put on his parachute as he dived through the aircraft's drop door.
He was lucky he'd left the plane early, too early to face German guns.
He jumped before leaving Old Blighty, as the aircraft flew over his Mum's

He spent all the war as a hero, recalling the last of his jumps.
The hospital took off his two broken legs and replaced them with two wooden stumps.
Not one to rest on his laurels, Uncle Norman found a vocation
A security guard in a factory on the night shift asleep at his station.

One night the factory caught fire, the flames and the embers and smoke
caused a disturbance in the security shed and old Norman, he awoke.

The smoke was so thick and so acrid, the fire escape could not be found.
And because Norman's legs were wooden, our uncle was raised to the ground.
The fire held no fear for our Norman, who'd fought Hitler's army and won.
He escaped from the raging inferno, by shuffling along on his bum.

My Uncle Stanley would stammer, when he decided to talk.
Sometimes for a change he would stutter, whenever he went for a walk.
A big fan of Showaddywaddy, he followed their music so long.
Coz some of their songs went " A ba ba ba , a dang a dang dang !".
Which meant that he could sing along !

My Auntie Cathy got married fifteen times in her life
She couldn't imagine living without being a rich fellas wife.

All of her husbands died early just after they'd transferred their wealth
She insisted on making home cooked food,with ingredients that compromised health

Hand picked mushrooms from the garden Shoe leather lemon sole
Earthworm spaghetti with pesto, authentic toad in the hole.
Cheesecake with iron filings sprinkles,Salsa with onion and grass.
Anything else she could think of to assist her old fellas to pass.

She didn't intend to murder,and soon after she tried to forget it.
If there was any other way to their cash. It was the only way she could get it
Most families have ego's and weirdos some have trainee psychopaths.
Aunt Cathy still visits her husbands, they're buried beneath garden paths.

Mr Pierrepont's Briefcase.

Mr Pierrepont's briefcase.

Mr Pierrepont's briefcase went with him to " The Nick."

Filled with straps and ropes and cuffs designed to make it quick.

Seconds to collect you, quickly to unlock.

The door behind the wardrobe.leads ya to the drop.

Days before you meet him, you're sitting with the guards.

Marking tortured hours, endless games of cards.

Days of preparation, measuring the rope.

Designed to make you suffer, lost sanity and hope

Friendly conversations smoke a cigarette.

Peeping through the spy hole, measuring your neck.

The appointment can't be cancelled. It's one you can't refuse.

Calmly take you from your cell, slip you in the noose.

Get it over quickly, make it a surprise.

Put the hood on swiftly to mask those condemned eyes.

The strap he shakes your hand with. tightens like a vice.

Get it over quickly then you've paid the price.

Mr Pierrepont's family excelled within the trade

Mercy was a bonus, only Mr Pierrepont gave.

A nine AM appointment heightening the gloom

Your destiny lies among unconsecrated tombs

Mr Pierrepont's briefcase went with him everywhere

To carry out the actions that judges wouldn't dare.

He doesn't want a struggle as you're taking your last breath.

Nice and easy does it, as the state puts you to death.

Barbed wire breakfast.

Barbed Wire Breakfast.

Barbed wire breakfast in the mornings,
Slate grey days longing to be free.
Ashen nights served cold and uninviting.
You smile and slip the strychnine in my tea

Choking on those broken dreams you gave me,
Wishing that I'd left you yesterday.
Hatred is the only thing we share now.
The love we made now lost along the way.

Once upon a time we were together.
Our lives secured and served upon a plate.
We shared our life and love for one another.
Now we live in bitterness and hate.

I stare into the mirror on occasion.
I ask myself why I still remain.
Silence gives to stilted conversation.
Criticism becomes our only game.

The common ground between us now in dispute.
Each morsel of attainment ours to claim.
Better that we cut our ties and go now.
Time to end the suffering and pain..

Our lives lie lost and trampled on the carpet
Comments like projectiles launched with spite.
Do I pack my bags and leave today?
Or do I wait and stay another night ?

The razor wire that somehow seems to bind us.

Still cannot contain my troubled heart.

Time to take the shackles from each other.

Time to let another chapter start.

Time to stop pretending and believing, that we are bound to turn another leaf

I can't live with you or think of life without you.

Both of us are stranded by our grief.

Cyberspace

Cyberspace.

Insomnia guides me to the launchpad
Caught within the void, relinquished of my powers
I open up a window and I navigate.
When I take my voyage in the early hours.
I search for interaction to stimulate debate.

Search bar primed looking for direction.
Gazing at the screen to find the answers
Hoping I can calm my troubled soul
Tempted by the Chancers and the naked lady dancers..
Moving on to find a common goal

What will I discover in the twilight hours?
In what direction will my journey end?
Somewhere in the void there is someone just like me.
Looking for a lover or seeking out a friend.

They swim among the sharks and new connections
Delving into cyberspace lost within the eather.
Our paths may cross in opposite directions
Lighting up the beacon when infinity runs deeper.

Is there anybody out there in cyberspace?
Seeking out something more than lust
Floating, drifting, looking for that place.
Someone I can talk to.
Someone I can trust

And it feels like it's all over bar the shouting.
High time we heard the lady sing her tune.
Tired of empty promises bored with ladies pouting
Got to get my remedy, gotta get it soon.

Purpose made to aid communication
Violated, subjugated, wondering what for?
The ability to speak to every nation.
Not even here in cyberspace can we avoid a war.

And It's so lonely here in cyberspace.
Like midnight up on Mars or on the Moon.
I'm sending out a signal to somebody out there
Late night conversation, intellectual stimulation.
Better make it fast better make it soon,

I'm looking for remote communication
I'm here, I'm here I cry, hear me cry out loud.
I guess there's no one willing to begin a conversation.
Lonely in the night yet lost within a crowd.

Insomniacs unite and hear my scream.
Aimless conversations written to a friend
Looking for the answers on a screen.
Relationship relinquished at the journey's end.
Morning makes you take back what you gave
Searching out in cyberspace from launchpad to the grave.

Grandma's Mispronunciations

Grandma's Mispronunciations

Grandma makes us laugh at all the things she says
She dreams of going to "Erotic" places on her holidays.,
A life of idle luxury is one of Grandma's dreams.
Travelling in the back of a "Sofa" driven limousine.
The family exchanged stories of Gran's mispronunciations
Her verbal faux pas and funny annunciations.
When Grandma wins the lottery she'll spend some of her stack
On a lovely " Bunk a low " in a quiet " Cozy sack!"
She'll open up a Zoo of species under threat
Reintroduce the " Dojo" the Tiger and Marmoset.
Of all endangered creatures we really can't forget
The " Articulated" Python would be her chosen pet.
Our Granny sold her furniture in the local weekly news.
She hoped to make some changes to replace the old with new.
Her continental sofa attracted some alarm.
A "Cheese lounge " piece of furniture.
A couch with just one arm.
She dreams of moving house when she gets filthy rich.
She 'd have her new pad built from scratch choose a massive pitch.
Forget about her neighbours, leave them all behind.
Order up a Mansion that's " Artichoke " designed.
So if you want a giggle or if you're feeling flat.
Pop around to Grandma's house for a cuppa and a chat.
She'll tell you tales and stories of how it used to be
Long before the " Tintterwebs,"" Shell " phones and " Stalagmite" TV.

Lady in Pursuit.

Lady in pursuit.

Lady in pursuit you shook me to my boots
Giving off those signals all the time.
Lady it's not as it should be.
Laying down your case for all to see.

Uncomfortable at the way you're chasing.
Words you use sets my heartbeat racing.
If necessity is the Mother of invention.
You're casually stating your intention.

Turn my life and future all around
I know you'll pick me up and then you'll put me down.
I'm sure deep down it's all part of your game.
Divert your attention, please readjust your aim.

Lady in pursuit this can't be right
When I think about you in the middle of the night
The sweetest of all forbidden fruit.
Has got to be the lady in pursuit.

Lady in pursuit you make it clear
Making conversation and standing oh so near.
I can see the longing in your eyes
I'm hunted down, soon to be your prize

And I just can't handle your suggestion
Your motives cause me not to question.
All I've known is called into dispute.
Scary sexy lady in pursuit

Thoughts of infidelity and sin.

You tease me and you slowly draw me in.
Tempting me to taste forbidden fruit.
Teasing, flirting lady in pursuit.

Your moving far too close now honey
The things I say are not that funny
Feeling like a helpless child.
Your suggestions drive me wild.

The things you say make me a nervous wreck
You've rearranged the seating on my deck
You rock me to my feet You're deliberate yet sweet
Suggesting things I really must refute.
You wake me, shake me, very nearly break me.
Lady oh. lady in pursuit.

Old Tom?s Wake

Old Tom's Wake.

Old Tom has gone to heaven,
Or at least that's what we think.
We argued about football when we'd had a drink.
The debate would be quite heated, with opposing points of views
Big tough lads with tear filled eyes, when we heard the news.

We didn't really get along, it's not like we were mates.
But we hope they've got a pub up there, beyond those pearly gates.
We'd sometimes get quite drunk with him and ponder about life.
We've clubbed together for the wake, to help his poor old wife.

Old Tom was just a working bloke, he had no heirs nor graces.
He left the lads with sadness, etched upon their faces.
Tom was just a simple man, whom he was, you saw.
Talked about his army days and what he did in't war.

The younger blokes had no respect when " Tommy " had a moan.
But always walked him to his door, to ensure he got home.
You see Tommy, he was one of us although you'd never know.
Coz big tough blokes have feelings too, but never let them show

We'd rather curse and swear and laugh at everyone's mishaps.
But deep down inside us all, were gentle humble chaps
If we had domestic stress or were running short on bread.
Each of us would gladly give a loan or short term bed.

We are a band of brothers, who fight like Cherokee and Custer..
We trade our nasty insults, that we regard as bluster.
The things we say might seem harsh to those who hear our noise
But it really is just banter between us Northern boys

We're going to take a day off work, sacrifice the pay.
Trade our jeans and overalls, wear smart dress for a day.
The lads will don their best white shirts and borrow a black tie.
To recall and to celebrate a really lovely guy.

Tom's old retired workmates will travel from afar.
Because we've left a kitty stashed behind the bar.
Caring for the elders of our community..
Who attended in vast numbers, because the ales were free

We'll make sure that the family is not without a pound.
And watch our friend and enemy being lowered in the ground.
We'll celebrate his life. We'll sink a few more jars,
Then finish off the afternoon, with whiskey and cigars.

1066

1066.

It was merely a misunderstanding.
A communication mistake.
Our history is full of these blunders.
The sort that anyone can make.

In 1066 Our King Harold.
Took some of his lads on a trip.
To Hastings, a town by the seaside
Where King William had landed his ships.

Both Kings were on a bank holiday.
So took their brave troops for a treat
For a fish and chip supper and a few pints of ale
And an ice cream or two on the beach.

It became a great misunderstanding, as I was explaining before.
It began as a bit of name calling and ended up in a war.
King Harold attempted a truce before the boys started to fight
Saying "We've all had a drink lads so let's all calm down or we'll all be in't :Police cells tonight! "

It really kicked off on the seashore, after the name calling stopped.
Both sides started bashing each other and Harold said let's call the cops.
His squire said " H, there's a problem with calling the cops to assist. coz telephones have not been invented, a detail you may have just missed?".

So Harold instructed his soldiers to run at yon Frenchmen and fight
Then some sly old bloke with a crossbow lined up "King H" in his sights
The bowman had the advantage because darts was his chosen game.
He was an expert at hitting the bullseye, so with " H" in his sights he took aim.

The sniper aimed his bow treble twenty as he pointed at King Harold's head.

The flight of the dart was caught on the breeze and he scored a bullseye instead.
So King Harold stood there defeated, and William took over his throne.
It could have been a different story, if someone had invented the phone.

These events changed our history forever and King William ruled over our nation.
In modern times it could have been all sorted out by a night in the cells down the station.

Money

Money you're a short term high
Thinking about the power and the people we can buy.
Stack it to the ceiling, take it all to bed,
Numbers scratched on parchment figures in my head.

It makes a sort of noise like fingernails on ice.
Counting it in private, totalling it twice.
Money, it reminds me I have choices
Power unrivaled over pathetic needy voices

Freedom in my pocket giving me that high.
Moments filled with dread should the well run dry.
The power that it yields constantly assures..
Addictive and intoxicating, it makes me want some more

Money makes it better, purifies my soul
The only true religion that weak men like me hold
It abdicates the sinner, makes opinion go my way.
Money, I hope you're here to stay.

Money, you're my navigator, you're my guiding hand.
I'm certain if you'll stay with me I'll become a better man.
Money, say you'll stay, never leave my door.
I'm sure in time I'll come around to thinking about the poor.

Think about the partnership you and I will make.
Swell my coffers and I swear that I'll give more than I take.
Some say you drive invasions causing innocents to perish
Your value based on the treacle and the minerals we cherish.

So money, guide my path and I'll think just as you ask.
Never daring to consider in who's filthy hands you've passed.

I'll treat you like a tender child or a virgin bride.
As long as you will guarantee you'll stay here by my side.

My mind will never ponder, consider or concede.
That you're the cause of war, of hunger and of need.
Instead I'll just imagine all the things I'd do.
If only I had more, a little more of you.

Do you recall?

Do you recall ?

The days when we played cowboys in the street.
The good guys tasted victory and the Indians defeat.
Toy guns wedged within our snake belts as we hid.
Those who didn't have a gun forged one from a twig.
Behind parked cars we'd hide from enemy attack.
Some day to be parted, dispersed and never to look back.

Boys and Girls from rows of terraced houses where we lived
The plastic bullets bounced away, the real ones don't forgive.
Some girls we'd kiss but never tell our friends.
Romance on dark corners, heartbreak when it ends.
Experiments with fire and with love and with bravery and hope.
Laughing with each other and at silly names and jokes.

Fighting with the other boys across from where we lived.
Never understanding that our love is made to give.
Not a weapon nor a status symbol, or a carving on a tree.
But a lighthouse sent to guide us, to keep us safe at sea.
And I sit and wonder if you recollect or can recall?
The boy and girl who used to kiss goodnight along the garden wall.

I'd rush to walk you home and we'd pause at your front gate.
Scared to face your Dad if we were late.
Back then life and love was just a game, but cupid shot his arrow in another time and place,
But sometimes when I close my eyes I still can see your face,
In the shadows and the streetlights shine.
Thinking that your love was always mine,
Not considering the endless twists and turns along the way.
Taking it for granted that you'd marry me one day.

And on that terraced street we'd buy ourselves a home.
And our Mums and Dads would live to see the Grand kids having children of their own.
We both flew the nest on separate paths, both charged with self determination.
And now our children proudly walk ahead; they are our independent gifts to the world and to future generations.

We marched into the world with all its splendour. We went and took our chances when they came.
The bravery of youth knows not surrender, grown up love's a complicated game.
I often think about you and those carefree days.
Before time began to take its toll
Our teenage years when we were young and free
Times we never dreamed of getting old.
I like to think those happy times have shaped us
Moulded us so nobody could break us, taught us about love and about life
How to be a Husband , Father, Mother, Wife.

I'd like to think that if by chance we'd meet.
We'd reminisce about those terraced streets.
Those dizzy heights from which life makes us fall.
I'd ask you if you can still recall ?

Time.

Time.

Follow your mind until you lose it
Follow your heart until it stops
Live your life never to refuse it
Stand up against the storm, stand until you drop.

Only check the timepiece in your heart.
That's where treasured diamonds can be found.
Examine all the cogs and springs that move you.
Ensuring that you're never overwound.

Don't be fooled by strangers or imposters.
By considering their measure to be true.
Only count the ticking of your heart
The only version that belongs to you.

Forgive the ones who never understood you.
They're the ones who lost you in the crowd.
Scorned upon the truth that you hold dearest.
Scared because your truth was far too loud.

Their jealousy and hatred you can taste it.
Begrudging, snatching, clawing at your soul.
Conformity is how they want to shape you.
Dragged into their rat infested holes.

They'll line you up like dominoes in sequence.
Orderly like soldiers in a row.
It only takes one tiny push to topple you.
Controlling you is all they wish to know.

To you the world remains so full of wonder.

Clumsily you amble like a child.
Searching in the places no one else does.
Daring, articulate and wild.

You ask yourself Is that the time already ?
Convince yourself you've still got things to say.
All at once you're feeling rather sleepy.
Perhaps you'll leave it for another day

The Wimp's Rap.

The Wimp's Rap.

From the moment I was born, life was destined to be sad.
The Doctor slapped mi Mother and then Mother slapped mi Dad
The midwife came to look at me laying in my crib.
She said she'd never seen such an ugly looking kid.

Growing up was hard looking like I did
I was as welcome as a summons with all the other kids.
I didn't have the looks that were sought on the telly.
I've got a kinda profile like a melted welly

I'm a wuss a weakling a softie and a wimp
When I was at school my classmates called shrimp
I'm skinny and I'm puny, hench I'll never get
I dance in the rain to get myself wet.

I tried my hand at boxing I thought "I'll have a crack
All was going well until my opponent hit me back.
Every bout I entered I was guaranteed to lose.
I started putting adverts on the soles of mi shoes.

I did some cage fighting, a sport that's rough and tough and scary
Imagine my shame, being mauled by the Canary,
The beast, it nearly killed me, in the corner I was trapped.
I thank mi lucky stars that I was rescued by the cat

Coz I'm a coward, I'm a weakling, a softie and a weed.
I'm not built for combat, I'm only built for speed

If there's any chance of conflict, violence or affray.
I'm soon up on mi toes and I swiftly run away.

Dancing in the nightclub I spilt this fella's beer.
A great big ugly brute with a cauliflower ear.
He said " Now where I come from that's a sign of disrespect
I'm gonna give you a lesson that you will never forget."

The fella changed his mind, when he'd spoken to his wife.
He said " I've got a proposal that might just save your life"
My misses she quite fancies you so let me illustrate.
We have an open marriage,tonight you'll be her date.
And if you want to keep your looks and don't want to end up dead
You're going to buy our drinks all night, and join us in our bed"

I glanced across the room and his wife began to pout.
If beauty was only skin deep, this girl was inside out !
I looked at the big ugly brute and woefully I cried
" I've considered your kind offer and I'd rather step outside"

I'm the heavyweight champion of Bulimia
There's not a woman who wants me to be seen with her.
I'm so puny I struggle getting dressed.
I wear mi hobnail boots to stop me falling through mi vest.

Coz I'm jittery and jumpy, a cowardly disgrace.
Spent my life getting lots of sand kicked in mi face.
I'm aesthetically challenged, one might say.

We keep my portrait over the fire to keep the kids away.

The runt of the litter, I'll never be a winner.

Bullied by my siblings every night at dinner.

My teeth stick out like a rabbit with the pocks.

I can eat an apple pie, through a letterbox!

I've got a face that would stop a bus.

I'm a wimp, a weakling, a softie and a wuss.

Russian Roulette.

Russian Roulette.

Pointed fingers lead to accusation.
You're the instigator of the crimes
Homespun propaganda of the nations
Nothing changes in these modern times.

Politicians running for the lifeboats
Shuffling the chairs upon the deck.
Do nothing for the citizens they serve
No wonder our society's a wreck.

No sign of justice for our people.
Liars and philanderers hold our fate.
Apologies for unearthed misdemeanors.
Regrets expressed when it's far too late.

Poor men die to save the rich man's ego.
Rich kids still complain about their lives
Child abusers pay to change what's legal.
Ghettos where the children carry knives

Greedy men guilty of corruption
Incompetency everywhere we look
Anybody can become a victim
Politicians should be brought to book.

Of patriotic pride we are defenders.
Doctrine we bestow upon our youth.
History has taught us to remember.
Patriotic versions of the truth.

Wonder what our people will uncover?
If within the pond we lift a boulder.
Acts of greed, no thought for one another.
Allow the fires of suffering to smolder.

And we're still playing Russian roulette
The gun you hold gives you the upperhand
Punch drunk on the power forbidden to forget.
Coz with a gun you're always in command

Hold a single bullet in the gun.
Point it at your head and hold your breath.
Spin the chamber then we'll see who's won.
Destitution, Poverty and Death.

Spin the chamber randomly and swiftly.
Spin again, who knows where it may end?
Find the answer silently and quickly
Those who once were enemies become our loyal friends

Surely we have other things to teach?
Who knows what riches can be found?
Will our children's homes require a bunker within reach?
Slaughtering the children for some treacle underground.

And we the world's playing Russian roulette.

Punishing the innocent, for someone else's crimes.
Serving up a cocktail of murder and regret.
These sad, chaotic, troubled modern times.

Modern Times

Modern Times.

Living in the modern world is not my cup of tea
.Progress was supposed to liberate us, supposed to set us free
It seems you're left to sail your craft, to paddle your own canoe
No matter how you try, no matter what you do,

Online shopping every week beats competing with the throng.
Till a message on the web says " You've got your password wrong! "
" And would you like another go to reset one more time?"
Says some young chap with acne, somewhere down the line.

You begin to think of some key phrase that enigma couldn't crack.
But everytime you enter it, some smart arse sends it back.
He's probably about eight years old and he's hacking your machine.
Sending obscure messages, "Lord knows what they mean."

Technology is not for me I'm just a simple chap
If you want to buy a cheese burger you have to have an app
Tap your card and off you go out of the shop you dash.
What was wrong with conversation, listening and cash?

No room for individuals; they make sure one size fits.
You can't just buy a burger, it has to come with chips.
" And would you like it bigger for an extra thirty P?"
" Chance would be a fine thing !"the misses said to me
.

Supermarket shopping,we do it for ourselves.
We scan and pack entirely on our own
We fight a war with robot tills,do everything but stack the shelves.

They've cut their workforce right down to the bone.

Our next door neighbour "Tommy".
So good with pack and scanners
So cool under pressure always has good manners.
Promoted to Store Manager right there on the spot
He'd only called in Tesco to do his weekly shop.

So noble at the turnstile, progressive in the queue.
They bestowed on him a badge emblazoned NVQ.
Old Tommy packed his goods away efficiently and slick
We think that NVQ means that he was not very quick.

I lost my wind up wristwatch.
It just fell off my wrist.
I was on my way back from the pub.
Wobbly and Drunk!

You can't just get one like your old watch.
You must have one that's smart.
It records your bodily functions
Warns you when you fart !

Like cattle to the slaughter, we follow like we ought'ta

Instructions from computers and machines.
They organise our life and even help us find a wife.
To folk like me, that's just the way it seems

I'm just an old- old fuddy duddy. I'm just a simple man.
I don't have time for gigabytes, e-mailing and spam.
Surviving in the modern world not wishing to comply.
Living in the past before hip hop and WIFI

Tomorrow

Young man you're so unhappy, you've never been so down.
She's left you for another, your world turned upside down.
You didn't see it coming, don't know what to say,
When dawn breaks in the morning, there's a brand new day.

You'll wonder what went wrong, search your heart and mind.
Looking for a reason why you've been left behind.
From your own perspective, you can't see why she left
You'll waste another day lonely and bereft.

You question and you'll wonder what you did so wrong.
The nights become more lonely, miserable and long.
Soon you'll see the sunrise on another day.
The rays begin to heal your soul, its light will guide your way.

Tomorrow is a brand new start, it marks a new beginning.
Next time you play the game of love you'll be the one who's winning.

Your life is not an episode nor is it a race.
Take your time and very soon you'll see that pretty face.
She'll gently make her way into your arms and take away your sorrow
You'll see life in a different way
Just wait until tomorrow.

Cats

Cats.

"Let's give a pet a home." She said, " Let's adopt a cat
We'll get one from the shelter, there's bound to be a match.

"Let's do our bit for animals, those who are in need.
We're not fussy about the type, the colour or the breed."
" Make sure to get a fluffy one a Ragdoll or Mancoon,
Let's get ourselves a cat," she said, " In fact, we'll make it two!"

We arrived home from the shelter and shortly after that.
Following a home visit they delivered us the cats.
They arrived in separate cages and when we set them free.
They both began investigating, first the house then me.

They're not the nicest looking cats in fact they're rather plain. The family spent many hours
considering their names.
The Tom cat only has one eye and so he's partly blind.
Half a broken tail that he drags along behind.
A chunk out of his ear and a scar across his chin.
Naming him was easy, Lucky, Lucky Jim.

The other Cat, she hates me and likes to play her games.
The kids all think I'm the one who's given her a name.
The kids have heard me curse when referring to the Cat.
They often hear me say " I'll kill that Cooking fat!"

Like a pair of wild hyenas they set out to explore.
Then Tom cat marked his territory up the bathroom door.
The " She" cat kinda sniggered, and then as if she'd flew,
up the curtain pole she went to get a better view.

What harm could they do? A couple of rescued strays
They had the personalities of Ron and Reggie Kray.
And when they'd had some dinner and settled for the night
They waited till we'd gone to bed and then began to fight.

They were howling like the Banshee running around the bed.
Then they ceased their argument and picked on me instead.
The Tom cat lifted up a paw and one by one exposed
A set of razor talons which he stuck into my nose.

" Aww look they want to play" she said as she began to wake
" If I get my way" I thought, " I'll chuck em in the lake.
I slipped into mi dressing gown and was glad to let them out
To terrorise the neighborhood and anyone about.

Look, they 've brought a present back, " My good lady said.
They proudly dropped upon the mat a bird without a head.
My sleep was interrupted when I heard a mighty crash.
I thought we might have burglars, so down the stairs I dashed.

I fumbled in the darkness in my undies and mi socks
And found a half dead pigeon stuck in the letter box.
"Who would post a thing like that?"
I pondered, then I saw..
The feline Burke and Hare sitting there outside the door.

So if you're fond of animals and filled with good intention
Don't listen to your instincts, reasons or convention.
Don't listen to the Children or pleadings from your wife.
But it's good to give a rescued pet a home and happy life

Crumb

Crumb.

Like that broken biscuit left there in the barrel
Reduced to nothing but a crumb
Not sad, nor abandoned or forgotten.
Silent, resolute, numb.

Like the echoes from a tombstone or a cavern.
You're pleading for your yesterdays return.
The echoes of your life subdued and barron
Woefully you look back and you yearn.

When all you have to fight with is your anger.
On the darkest and the coldest winter's night.
When your final embers smoulder in the fire.
Defeated and dejected by the fight.

Smiling to disguise the way you're feeling
Like trying to get back into the race.
Pretending that the world is on your side
Overwhelmed and beaten by the pace.

When you realise the good times are behind you.
That the mountain that you've climbed is at its peak.
When every day you hope that someone finds you.
Tongue tied with the words you long to speak.

You convince the world you have all bases covered.
Assure yourself that you'll come out on top.
Another you will soon be rediscovered.
Longing for the misery to stop.

You climb a mountain that is never ending.

Thoughts hit like a corkscrew through your head.
You feel your spirit rising then descending.
Desolated, Devastated, Dead.

Parting shot

Parting shot.

You wake up every morning your motivation greed
Mind is full of all the things you want
Nothing that you need.

Dreams turned into nightmares
Inhibitions lift
You open up the box
Unveil Pandora's gift

Revenge becomes your mantra.
Your sacred holy vow.
A dish best served ice cold
Let's see who's laughing now?

Unpredictable.
Somehow undetected
Not to be ignored
Somehow unexpected.

Approaching from left field.
Two halves to the game.
No time to launch a counter
Nor adjust your aim.

A parting shot to teach you.
The grit from which I'm formed.
The strength I have within me.
Don't say you've not been warned.

On the other hand,
Perhaps I'll walk away

Be the bigger man.
Fight another day.

Lost in your uncertainty
Thinking that you're winning.
Always looking forward
To a new beginning.

The earth is gonna shake.
You're gonna feel the pain
Exactly who i am
Remembering my name

You think that I'm defeated?
Back against the wall.
Think I'm gonna fail
Wanna see me crawl.

Gonna put a show on.
Show you what I've got.
Let this be the lesson
Here's my parting shot.

Coffee Shops.

It's always nice to call a friend when you're feeling down.
Arrange a time to catch up, and have coffee in the town.
We're never short of venues, to have a chat and meet.
With half a dozen coffee shops all along the street.

They all have fancy names to make them seem unique.
Like "Cuppa chino" "Cafe stop" and "Queen of Arabique".
Our hosts are often hippy types with tattoos and goatee beards.
Taking coffee to an artform, overpriced and weird.

They stand behind the counter in clouds of milky steam.
Then demand your hard earned, at a price that seems quite obscene.
You hear them bang and clang their cups, it sounds like world war three.
I feel like saying, " Bugger this, I'll have a cup of tea!"

They ask you for your name, before you get your brew.
I often say " My name is Nigel, what is it to you?
I tell them that I'm spoken for and older than your Mother
I don't want complications, I don't want any bother.

"Find someone who's younger, coz I'm a married man.
I just came in for coffee, I hope you 'll understand?"
I'm flattered and I'm humbled that a qualified Barista,
Would choose an old guy like myself to be her loving mister!.

You queue up for a lifetime like waiting for a bus.
" They're only making coffee, what's with all the fuss?"
They present you with their works of art, all pretentiousness and froth
In a glass that burns your fingers, too hot to carry off.

So if you're in the high street and your at a loose end
You've got some time to kill, you're meeting with a friend.

Avoid these fancy coffee shops; they're quirky and they're queer..
Find a pub and treat yourself, take him for a beer

Strong

Strong

That's how my Daddy taught me how to be
Brought up tough on inner city streets, biting cold and pierced by shards of winter rain.
They infiltrate my mind and leave a scar.
Then Lucifer pretends to be my friend..
Looking back I wonder what went wrong.

Brash

Like symbols in the " Sally army band!".
Out of range when Cupid takes a shot,
Repelling all emotion and I jettisoned your love along the way.
Shadow boxing your emotions.
Avoiding at all costs..
Cutting to the chase, no time to care. "Simply have to dash."

Bold.

Staking claim to chattels and trinkets that I own.
Famous at a gathering and sure to make you smile.
Pedrolino, visits after dark, waits until the party guests have left.
I wandered home.alone
Bitter tears remind me of my life now in the cold.

Joy.

Pursuing it like bubbles in the air.
Bursting when I snatch at them too quickly.
Undeserved imposter, speaking louder than the rest, hoping you might hear my cry
When I cut you to the quick with just a stare.
Assuming that our love was just my play thing.
Presuming that your heart was just my toy.

Wrong

Not the guy to toy with. Nobody's and everybody's fool
Living everyday as if it was my last.
Misunderstanding how life has taken its toll nor the way I've lived before you came.
Grateful, underhanded, simplified and cold.
Cannot change the tune, will not change the song.
Even when you left, everyone reported, "He was strong."

Grandpa's dress sense

Grandpa's dress sense.

When Grandpa eats his sandwich, the crumbs fall on his chin.
His teeth stay in his pocket, he forgets to put them in.
His gums go round and round like a Zanusi on full spin.
Like a visit to the Laundromat, having lunch with him!

The stains on Grandad's trousers were always around his crutch
Grandma couldn't wash em, he wore them far too much.
A little crumb of cheese leaves a greasy spot.
Especially from Pizza, it's gooey and it's hot.

Grandad wore a cardigan that bulged around his chest.
Crumpled, green and bobbled, buttoned to his vest.
He wore his braces short, tri- coloured and thin.
They held his fly hole zipper, somewhere near his chin.

The legs on Grandpa's trousers, were windswept wide and free
His turn ups, tall and heavy, stopped somewhere near his knee.
With stains all down the front of meals that Grandpa ate.
A record of the morsels that fell off Grandpa's plate.

When Grandpa wore his party shirt on family occasions.
The colours and the patterns would stop all conversations
The garish Paisley patterns of yellow, pink and brown.
The collar stands up proud, bold and penny round..

On auspicious occasions like christenings and wakes.
He wears his crumpled silk suit with boots made out of snakes.
Our family, we love our dear old Grandpa.
We love to hear him talk about his time
When John Travolta danced away the fever.
And wearing flares was not a fashion crime.

Before the days when time became a thief.

When Grandpa wore his silk suit, and his snake skin boots,

When Grandpa had his hair, his youth, his fashion sense and teeth.

Wounded Tiger

Wounded Tiger.

Who released the tiger from its cage?
Unlocked the cell and left the gate ajar
Thought that you had all the bases covered.
Thought that you were smarter than you are.

Who let the snake out of the bag?
I'll soon be in the undergrowth.stalking.
Waiting for my chance to mount an ambush.
You're sitting pretty, nonchalantly talking

Should have checked the small print should have crossed the Ts
Thought you had me stifled, thought you had me squeezed.
Considered I was beaten, assumed that I'd forget
I'm turning up the heat, coz I'm not beaten yet

Your negative opinions only fuel my flame.
Got you in my sights and now I'm taking aim.
You don't own my soul, let the games begin
Catching you off guard. It's me who's gonna win.

This guerrilla warfare, calculated stealth.
Gonna pick your pocket, relieve you of your wealth.
Fighting for the future, gaining upper hand.
Soon I will evict you, remove you from my land.

Took me for a fool, considered me a jerk.
Time to get it on, time to set to work.
I'm sure behind closed doors, you'll ponder and you'll scoff
Time to put your guard up, the gloves are coming off.

You're gonna feel my anger.

Soon you'll feel my rage.

Regret the day that someone freed the tiger from the cage.

TGIs on mi Birfday ~!

TGIs on mi Birfday !

That time of the year has come round once again, when the family gets quite excited
We'll all go out for my birthday for our dinner where we'll be United
I don't mind a pizza or chicken or an American burger with fries.
But the place I hate more than receiving a summons is dinner at
TGIs.

They'll tell 'em that it is my birfday and all the other diners will stare.
The customers sing happy birthday while I have to stand on my chair.
The waiters start dancing around me and then segway in to the lambada
They all come from show business background most of em rejects from
Rada

Meanwhile I'm getting dizzy, on my chair looking up at the ceiling
Whilst nobody's serving the food, they're too busy rocking and reeling.
It's not the done thing on my birthday, an experience I've grown to hate.
Stood on my chair like a pillock while my food's going cold on mi plate.
I eventually get back to the floor, feeling like a buffoon
Then some silly bugger appears with a badge and a bloody balloon.

An experience I don't want repeated, an adventure that I've learned to detest.
Sat with a balloon around my wrist and a birfday badge stuck on mi chest.
With waitresses cavorting around me, singing so loudly and clear.
With a cold steak on mi plate on the table and a bottle of very warm beer.

The waitress is always a big girl, with muscles and child bearing hips.
Her blouse is always skin tight, with badges all over hersleeve.
The highlight of my birthday party is when she is serving mi steak.
She leans so far forward, in that low cut blouse.
Her titties fall onto mi plate !

I'm glad when the party's over, I can't wait to call it a day

And just because it's my celebration, the family expects me to pay.
Next year when it is my birfday. I'm gonna pretend that I'm ill.
I'll avoid all this drama and theatre, and I won't have to settle the bill.

Leveling up !

I ventured South of Solihull and could not believe my eyes.
Nearly starved to death, there were no shops selling pies.
Further down from Watford of pies they are bereft
A lad like me from Lancashire could easily starve to death.

I don't know how they function, or how they stay alive.
They don't have Greggs the bakers and don't have tata pies.
A cultural misadventure among the nouveau riche
With jaws too slack to eat a pie they'd rather have a quiche.

It's all about genetics, our evolved chin and jaw
Born to eat black puddings, tripe and offal raw.
Not like those Southern softies, their silver spoons in gobs
Raised on Pimms and Foie gras, those public school boy snobs.

They're raised on semolina, jellied eels and mash.
These Southern softie chaps are the ones with all the cash.
These boys they have no culture, football teams or bands
They're shocked to see that we can hold a knife and fork in hand.

These London chaps have plums in mouths, when they pipe up to speak.
They sound like they've a pebble wedged firmly in each cheek.
We have to educate 'em, or tell 'em to shut up.
Coz there is no "R in bath" and there is no "A in cup."

They have a place called " Soho where ladies live in cellars.
They stand outside in their underwear, smiling at us fellas.
They stand outside in scanty clothes, morning, noon and night.
No wonder they're too warm, bathed in coloured lights.

They think we're thick as two short planks because of how we speak.

Consider us to live like those on Coronation Street.
And when we come to London town, you hear us in the crowd.
Looking rather gormless but talking very loud.

We live in windswept cities, villages and towns.
Our landscapes aren't in colour, our backdrop sepia brown
We're Northern and we're handsome, intelligent and tough,
And of pies with concrete pastry we can never have enough

I called into a London pub to educate the throng.
The pint of beer they served me was fruity, flat and wrong.
It tasted like my Grandad's socks after ten hours down the pit.
I shouted to the Landlord " Here mate your beer is Shocking!"

They don't like Northern humour, those posh folk from the smoke
They say we are too friendly, us jolly Northern folk
They say we have an accent whatever we might say.
There will come a time when us Northerners have our day.

When poverty descend on Downing Street and Westminster goes broke
We'll teach those "Lar de dars" about our industry and smoke.
Where good men worked in factories, steel mills and pits.
The profit went to London town to make those people rich.

A place where generations followed Fathers to hard graft.
They tell us that we're leveled up, they must think that we're daft.
Where real men wear flat caps and keep their pigeons in 't back yard.
Where whippets run round race tracks, and chips are fried in lard.

They think we're thick as pig muck, uncultured, rough and loud.

We're friendly and tenacious, humorous and proud.

We say it as we see it "A shovel is a spade."

We're Northern and we're proud, it's just the way we're made.

Ron's late night TV.

Ron's Late night telly.

Ronnie liked to stay up late, sit back, relax and watch the box.
Send his wife to bed, and he'd stay downstairs instead
Just sitting in his undies and his socks.

You see, Ronnie had an innate thirst for knowledge.
The sort of thing he never learned in college.
He'd channel hop deciding what to view.
Something pre recorded or relatively new
He'd wait till midnight to witness something grand.
Glasses polished clean, remote control in hand.
The programs shown before the streetlights glow.
Are nothing like his favourite TV show.

Meanwhile upstairs his wife prepares herself for bed.
Removes the blue rinse hair piece from her head
Puts it with her false leg on the chair.
False teeth in a glass all smiling there.

The rest of her climbs in between the sheets.
Not long now before she's fast asleep.
That's when Ronnie can't believe his eyes;
A channel hopping unforeseen surprise.

.
A television feast for fela's all alone .
Ladies with no clothes on talking on the phone.
They point at him and gesture from the screen.
Suggesting things that really are obscene.
Encouraging him to call them and explore

All his darkest fantasies and more..

An evening of erotica and sin.

Just call us up and put your bank card details in.

She's giggling and wiggling about.

Telling Ron to hurry up and get his finger out.

To pop it in the phone and start to dial.

At ten quid to the minute,he hopes it's all worthwhile.

He'll wake up in the morning sad and fretting.

A night of solo foreplay and a phone bill he's regretting.

After waiting twenty minutes on the line.

He gets through to his favourite chick " Sexy Caroline"

She'says she'll do whatever he requests

"The wife has woken up!" said Ron.regretfully.

" I suppose you should get dressed!"

Tekken to thee.

Takken to thee.

Av tekken to thee, in a way I canna describe.
It should be very simple but it's not.
Sure I've had other girls, some might say a lot, burrits different ya see.
I can't help it, can't fight it.
It seems the only right thing, in my life.
It's clear and everyone can see,
That I've tekken to thee.

When I met thee, I knew they'd broken the mould.
Unique that's what you are.
My first prize at the summer fair, unrivaled.
When I first set mi eyes on thee, I was sold.

And all your friends they tawd thee.
They'd warn you about me.
Mi past life with the ladies on mi arm.
They said it would be best to let me be.
"A man wiyout integrity ner charm.

And now that I'm the one who gets to sleep beside thee every night.
In love wi life and wi each other and it's warm and cozy by the firelight in't Winter's cold.

And around our feet we've childer. Noisy and impatient to be loved.
So we make a bit o' room fer um on't sofa.
And't kids are just like me
An opinion on which we all agree.
We've tekken to thee.!

Don't tell.

Don't tell.

Don't forget to tell them who you used to be.
Don't mention how or why you failed
Tell them all in detail how you came to be
Tell them how you survived the storm and lived to tell the tale.
Don't forget to tell them about the battles you have won.
Better not to dwell upon your fears.
Lead them to believe that it's all been harmless fun.
Don't let them see the anguish and the tears.
Don't forget to tell them who you could have been.
Exaggerate the good times from your youth.
Show them how you rolled the punches.
Make your fiction better than the truth
Tell them about the times you gained the upper hand .
When the odds stacked against you were unfair.
Give them just a hint about the mountains you have climbed.
Never let them think you really care.
Don't you ever tell them you've been lonely
For fear that they may think that you are weak.
Convince them that you've got it all in hand and in control.
Confidence whenever called to speak.
Tell them you're an independent thinker.
Not afraid to show them what you've learned.
Always be the victor in your version of the fight.
Tell them how the odds against you turned.
Ensure they understand that you're not like other men.
You're bolder and your spirit is of fire.
Never let them see below your surface layer.
Don't let them discover you're a liar.

Cheated

Cheated.

I guess it's more exciting when we break the rules.
Cheating on our partners, making them look fools.
Do you ever wonder why we're in this place?
Snatching secret moments, "Guilty! " written on your face.

Because deep down none of us are sure.
The value of a moment compared to what we had before.
When we reach out for another's hand.
When we're blown along the beach like tiny grains of sand.

We somehow lose direction from the path.
We're swept along to pay the price in the aftermath.
And everyone's a victim in this game.
We're going round in circles, to once more start again.

But deep inside we yearn for something more.
We want to pack a suitcase, taxi at the door.
And those we loved before will take the blame.
Anything at all to absolve us from the shame

We'll tell the judges what they did to make us sad
It's harder to explain about the love that we once had.
There's something new promised for tomorrow.
Will it bring us joy or crumble into sorrow?.

And everybody's innocent and everybody's wrong.
We change the tune to emphasise our version of the song
And once the thrill of hurting them subsides.
Will the one you're with be forever by your side?

Will you live regretting what you lost?
Once you've paid the lawyers will you count the cost?
And will your new love take you for his wife?
Will he love and comfort you in the winter of your life?

Or was that never part of the arrangement?
Will you come to learn of his habitual disengagement?
Will he keep you strictly in your place?
Or will he scan the room for another pretty face?

Will you become lonely and defeated?
Time to roll the dice again.
Now that you have cheated.

Shakers

I Shakers.

We come from a lovely owd town
In a valley between't' Pennine hills
Where smoke once shrouded our landscape
From factory chimneys and Mills

The passing of years changed our borough
The cotton trade we had to ditch.
But it's still a hard life for us poor folk.
And good fortune still favours the rich.

Our town became subject to changes.
With plans handed down from above.
They'll make us a bike lane on't busiest road.
And tear down the streets that we love.

The council makes planning approval
For rich people's construction dreams
For building investment opportunities.
And lucrative commercial schemes.

" Our town will attract lots of tourists!"
Said one fella up from the Smoke
He had all his facts and figures at hand.
You could tell he was that sort of bloke'

He was not one that ought to be trusted.
Not one you'd consider a mate.
Instead of the newspaper wrappings.
He ate fish and chips from a plate?.

A strange sort o' chap if you ask me.

Deranged and really quite queer.
He came down tut pub to befriend us.
Then moaned at the froth on his beer.

Our precinct he'd change to a Strasse,
or a sun beaten " Calle " from Spain.
The cafe's would put chairs and tables outside
And we'll have our dinner in't rain !

They'll replace the pubs and the chip shops.
Wi Coffee shops trendy and new
They 'll put up a bridge to the Old town
And charge fifteen quid for a brew.

This is the town we call home.
Our people are the salt of the earth.
Some have been " Shakers" for most of their lives.
Many are " Shakers"from birth.

They call us the Shakers from Bury
Together we fulfilled our aim.
We outwitted con men and doubters to bring
Our football team back to Gigg lane.

A puppet for the pills

A Puppet for the Pills

Long dark days, longer lonely nights.
You get no sleep till morning comes.
You're wired into the fight.
Body is electrified, your mind, it never stills.
Once you are a puppet, a puppet for the pills.

The battle's never over, no time at all to rest.
The devil sets the table.,and you'll become his guest
He shows you how life might be, he taunts you with his thrills.
He wants you as his puppet, a puppet for the pills.

You're just a bit part player, a simple Marionette '
Some you'll take to heal you,some to just forget.
Some are merely sedatives, to turn the bright lights down.
With vanity and ego you'll wear the devil's crown.
He'll take away the fever, cure you of life's ills
If only you'll succumb and be a puppet for the pills'

.
Obedience is crucial, essential in the game
Addiction is Beelzebub, by another name..
No need to set down roots, nor live beneath a roof.
Lucifer will provide his version of the truth
Removes accountability, absolves you of your wills.
When you become a puppet, a puppet for the pills

Arnie the Siamese Fighting Fish

Arnie was a Siamese fighting fish. Who never really got to earn his spurs.
He'd never picked a fight with any other fish, even though we'd had him for years.
He'd swim around the aquarium, smiling, preaching understanding and love.
And although he was a fighting fish, to his tank mates he'd not lift a glove.
The Angelfish ran one part of the tank and all other fish bowed to their wishes.
All except twins who lived under the diving man.
Ronnie and Reggie Crayfishes.
The twins had fish friends in low places.
Connected since they both were but nippers.
Their cousins the Cod Father on their Mother's side, and on Dad's side Jack the kipper!
Old Arnie was tired of the conflict. He'd hung up his gloves and retired.
And because his folks came from Thailand, by nightfall he'd say he was "Thai'red."
He loved to lie under an almond leaf, beneath the warmth of a lamp.
He'd sleep all day in peace and tranquility.
Well fed, contented and damp.

But bullies lurked in most corners, and they'd nip Arnie's fins for a lark
A tiger Barb, AKA Boris, a Gourami and a Black Shark.

So Arnie came out of retirement.
He fluffed up his bright purple fins.
Then he rushed round the tank in a frenzy, his front fins colliding with chins.
He KO 'd the Angels and the Kray fish, and on points he scored further wins.
So now when the clock says it's midnight.
When the lights in the tank have gone dim.
The other fish consider old peace loving Arnie.
And not to go messing with him!

Cat mailed.

Cat -mailed !

I'm at that age when nothing can surprise me.
grumpy and I'm seldomly impressed.
At that age where life becomes routine
But my story it must be addressed.

I'm old, but I've still got all my marbles.
I still recall the good times that we've had.
I'm embarrassed telling you my story,
In case you think I've gone completely mad.

I'm always up early in the morning.
Insomnia, I suffer like an owl.
Each morning I let the cat in
After she's been out on the prowl.

She's naturally nocturnal is out "Whiskers"
She comes home before the traffic's rush.
She sleeps all day while everyone's out.
Peacefully sleeping in the hush.

My tale seems kinda normal at the moment.
Like any home across all of the nations.
But when I let the cat inside the house.
The cat and I have conversations.

These episodes I'm really not proud of
Something I'm not keen to admit.
You'll think that I've been smoking marijuana,
Or sniffing or chewing on the cat-nip.

She comes in and greets me with " Good morning !"
" Kindly put my food into the dish.."
" And if you're feeling happy coz it's Friday
Perhaps you might buy me a fish ?

" A lovely little Kipper or a mackerel,
a haddock, a salmon or a trout."
That she could climb inside beneath its gills.
And eat it from the inside out !".

Then she tells me all about her antics
Adventures in the middle of night
She tells me that if it takes her fancy,
she pops down to the airport for a flight.

She sneaks aboard those massive cargo planes
The big ones that only haul freight.
You can tell our little cat's been overseas.
She comes home over twenty minutes late.

She talks about her nights in Majorca,
When she sang in a karaoke bar.
Other times she hitchhikes down to London,
to see how King Charles and Queen Camilla are?

" It;s not easy dodging royal Corgi's.
When sneaking around in " Buck House."
But she never leaves the palace without a souvenir

A regal rat or a posh bejeweled mouse.

She sometimes likes to ask me awkward questions.

Like where she might file a complaint.

" Coz frankly since the lockdown and recession.

" The grub that's offered to her ain't so great."

" I'm sure that your wife holds the purse strings?"

She quizzes me while stifling a sneer.

" I've seen you go and sulk out in the garden.

When she says you can't go out for a beer!"

"Will you have a chat on my behalf?

About the delicate subject of food?"

Coz talking to the cat might cause alarm,

she might view me as militant or rude!"

" Perhaps you might help me with the problem?"

Have a word in your lady's ear?"

And if she agrees to fish on Fridays,

I'll ensure you get out for a beer!

"And what if I refuse?" I refuted.

"Refuse to help you with your wicked plan?

Coz in this household ,it's me who wears the trousers.

In our home, I am the man!"

The cat climbed up onto the table,

To ensure that she could be heard.

" I'm not into blackmail," she whispered.

"But just so that I can be understood."

"When your misses wakes up in the morning.

You stamp on parade by the sink,
You ask her what she'd like for breakfast,
You're a mouse of a man, you're are a wimp"

.

"But if you'll come and join in my venture,
Help me to improve my life,
You can go down the pub to meet that barmaid
and I promise I won't tell your wife !"

.

Land of dope and stories.

Land of dope and stories.

The world is far too busy for the likes of us

Society is leaving us behind.

The train has left the station we missed it long ago.

The pathway that was laid over many years, now too overgrown to find.

Once upon a time this whole wide world was ours

A world that seemed without limits or a border.

Our lives as we knew them were only ours to keep, tailor made to fit the new world order.

Now everyone's holding a webinar in the hope that someone will hire us

But we don't want to meet with you personally for fear of catching the virus.

You don't need a personality as long as you're using an app.

Kids leave schools illiterate, society gone todust !

The modern world just makes me want to scream, instead I'm told to follow the instructions on the screen.

Never asked to ponder or to question.

Money breeds corruption, cash too tight to mention

Not to look for reasons or for rhyme.

Time my friend is money, and money lost is merely time.

Our only aspiration is the fastest German car.without a second thought for who or how other people are.

Those who break the law remain unpunished.

Frozen processed foods leave our children undernourished.

Politicians open to a bribe?

Rich men in the banquet, others wait outside

Bureaucracy the cape that sycophants love to hold

Giving them protection from those they put out in the cold

Lots of things I fail to understand, in modern Britain, our green and pleasant land.

We awake each day embattled in the strife.

This pleasant land our descendant paid for with his life.

Compassion. Love and sympathy are banned.

Our land of dope and stories, our green and pleasant land.

When is " Now" ?

When is now ?

Is now the time we spent with friends drinking by an open fire?
Was that memory a gift from Father time ?
Or is old Father time a liar?

Can we hold those moments closer than before?
Will the chance to say the things we need to say just pass?
Captured in a moment
How long will it last?

Will our moments burst just like a bubble in the air?
Will our love be pure and true and will it stay protected ?
Does a moment equal now?
Or is " Now" retrospective?

Will that moment stay with us forever?
Keep us safe and focused as we age?
Memories of the time we spent together.
Or will you simply turn another page?

Can we hold that moment in our hearts or in a cup?
When was it you totalled up our moments?
Decided that our time was up ?

It's something that I really need to know.
The moment you decided we were through.
The day you chose to let our moment go.

Bettering

Bettering !

Netflix has endless possibilities

Along with gas and water it's one of our utilities.

Fancy cars are key to family life

A range rover for Dad and a "Beemer" for the wife.

An open diner- kitchen for our family meals.

An update on the transfer rates on credit card deals.

Labels on the alcohol we drink.

Without designer clothing what will the neighbours think ?

CCTV Cameras, all around our homes

In case a burglar calls when the kids are home alone.

Coz Mum and Dad work all the hours God sends

Providing for the children, impressing all their friends.

The trinkets and the chattels that they own,

Spread like silver trophies all around their home.

We must become red wine aficionados.

No place for beans on toast, instead an avocado.

We must go skiing in the spring in St Moritz.

I'll buy the wife a boob job, realign hershoulders !

And we'll go glamping when the summer comes.

And talk about extravagance with all the other Mums.

"We're going to hire a Limo for the prom!"

We'll tell the kids about the humble backgrounds we came from

We'll throw a birthday party for the "Chavvy.

Show off our new bathroom with its " Soft close " seat on't " Lavvy."

And we'll become the gossip of the street..

The splendour of our home and our silent "Lavvy seat."

Spring loaded, and engineered hydraulics.

And how my bamboo underwear stops chafing round miwaistband !

We have to show the locals that we're affluent, you see.

We've triple glazed our windows, and bought a " Glass" TV.

We make sure that our neighbours don't forget.

That we've got lots of ready cash but we're head and heels in debt.

And when there is a bill we need to pay.

We heap it on the mortgage for another day.

We spend our time and money chasing more.

Until the debt collector comes knocking at the door.

A Mother, Another, A Wife

She was a wife and a mother, she could not find any other description of herself
Subservient in his wake, he's the man who charmed her, impressed her with his riches,
He became a casual encounter
She became a Mother She became another of his "Bitches"

He moulds her and he folds her into the shape that he demands.
She's tired of his stories but jumps to his commands, and she wants the world to stop and have a
recount.
When was it she fell into his snare?
She hasn't got the courage now to speak out.
He will choose the dresses that she wears

Caged like a canary that's forgotten how to sing,
Interned by her vows, imprisoned by a ring and she wonders how it came to this?
Good intention exiled in a kiss.
She couldn't wait for him to meet her folks.
He lit her cigarettes and told her silly jokes and life was warm.
How could this man do her any harm ?

He takes her out on Saturdays to show her to his friends and they always have an argument before
the evening ends.
In company he smiles at her when topping up her drink as he interrogates her cell- phone and tells
her what to think and this is pure perdition
How could she arrive in this position?.

At home the kids are driving him insane, he says he gets no peace around the home
On Monday he'll be working, leaving her alone, and she's scared to ask him where he goes?
Or how he earns his money? He likes to " Keep her on her toes."

She's certain that he loves her, despite their ups and downs, because he buys her flowers when he
comes to call..or following a beating , when he throws them up the wall, but on the whole she's
happy with her life she's no longer a woman. She's a Mother, She's another, She's a wife.

Pebbles

Pebbles.

You tell me you got pebbles on your beach.
Blemishing the soft sun kissed sand beneath your feet.
Pebbles on your shore line. the turning of the tide
Slowing down your journey to the waterside

Others have to tread a rocky road,
Stumbling and crumbling carrying their load
But coping with the burden that they bear.
No point feeling envious, life just isn't fair.

Complaining about the pebbles in your way.
Neither caring or listening to what others have to say.
The boulders underfoot are jagged and serrated.
You tell me love and empathy are vastly overrated.

You tell me you've got dark clouds overhead.
Believe me girl, your tapestry has only dropped a thread.
No time to think of anybody else.
No empathy, no sympathy, you look out for yourself.

You talk about those pebbles on your beach
Makes your progress slower torturing your feet
Believe me I got boulders blocking mine
I'd tell you all about it but you just don't have the time.

Instinctively we move along the track.
We're looking for the avenues beyond the cul de sac.
To tree lined boulevards where you long to spend your time,
Avoiding the obstructions further down the line.

Don't talk about those pebbles in your way.

Stop to count your blessings each and every day.
When happiness is so far out of reach,
Stop and count the pebbles on your beach.

Tin Men

Tin men.

Your cufflinks shine like diamonds, you're shaking hands and smiling
You're polished and professional, handsome and beguiling.
The salesman of the hour, who everybody knows.
You shake hands `with your clients, shake hands with your foes,

The sales director's prize guy, you can do no wrong.
Until a better offer, and more money comes along.
We're dealing with the tin men, they're in the trade for life.
They hardly see the children, never see the wife.

Once you're in the industry, once you're in the trade
"Hit your targets sonny boy, and all of us are made."
Someday when you're older they'll put you on the shelf.
You're focused on performance, networking and wealth.

We are all just tin men going round and round.
Mingling and interacting and focused on the pound.
Watching all the tin men in their fancy suits.
Polishing their ego's shining up their boots.

Measuring performance," The data never lies!"
"Practicing the sales pitch. Thinking bluer skies!"
"To get the bigger picture, if you follow me!"
If you have a problem " Run it up my tree! "

You got your fancy motorcar
You got your credit card.
You gotta sell, sell sell today
"Really go in hard.!"

Targets are your focus,

Money is your friend
You'd sell your Granny's soul, you would.
Just tin men to the end.

In a place I don't believe in.

That place I don't believe in.

When we met you were my true salvation
You tried to change this man over the years.
.You find yourself in prayer and holy water.
And I'll go find a bar and have a beer.

The long nights spent in quiet contemplation
You quelled the troubled nature of my mind.
Theology, late night conversations.
The truth you seek, I could not seem to find.

Someday when we are parted from each other.
When I've reached my place of deep repose.
When I've reached the home you call Nirvana.
When my life is coming to a close.

I'll make my way to wait for you in places
The place you used to tell me all about.
I'll look for you in crowds among new faces.
And when I see you in that crowd I'll shout.

" Maybe I am lost and merely dreaming?
I'm in the place where I can hold you near
In a place that I did not believe in.
Where love transcends the passing of the years."

I'm here just waiting for you in the street lights.
In the gentle whisper of the breeze.
I long to tell you everything is alright.
You'll hear my message echoed in the trees.

I'm in that place I never could believe in.
When you and I were strong and bold and true.
In that place I never could believe in
In that place just waiting here for you..

How Long?

How long?
For how long did I hold your gaze?
Back then in the early days.
The day that we first met.
And how long did it take you to forget me.
For how long did your fire burn?
How long before you ceased to yearn for me, and only me?
I can't believe I couldn't read the sighs?
When did you no longer become mine ?
When did you believe I might discover?
And how long will it be till I recover ?
Leaving me a hurt and broken man.
Please walk me through the timeframe to help me understand.
For how long were you longing to be free?.
I need to understand, explain it please to me.
When did you finally decide?
Decide to walk away, Choose to " Let it slide ?
Another game to play.
And when you up and leave me
I hope that you believe me, when I tell you that I didn't see it coming.
Couldn't see that time was running out for us.
For how long did you endure and live a lie?
When did our love die?
Please don't tell me what I did so wrong
Just walk me through the time frame.
Tell me please how long?

All the fun

Il the fun.

Bright coloured lights we approach from a distance we dream about losing and winning.

If life is a circus, a fairground at best then the dodgems are just the beginning.
We're ushered to climb on the roundabout first, full of hope and joy from the start.

Some will climb onboard by themselves, fearless, courageous of heart.

Some climb aboard the fire truck first for a life of adventure and stealth
Some are more cautious right from their birth,
Some will look after themselves.

Some will get through by the skin of their teeth and life becomes their chosen ride.
Some will be cursed with a love for themselves, others defeated by pride.

The teenagers head for the fast rides, the helter skelter of youth.
Life becomes carefree and joyful, and fun till the ghost train looms into view.

The children have long since departed and have family and kids of their own.
When you have to ride on the ghost train, you climb on the platform alone.

A hobby horse replicates life's ups and downs, we ride from when life has begun.
The ghost train you ride at the end of the day, at the wain of the warmth of the sun.

You don't want to go on the ghost train, for fear of the monsters inside.
The ghost train reminds us of chances we missed.
The ghost train's the end of the ride.

We want to go back to the dodgems, full of candy floss, bright lights and girls.
But the ghost train is now the train we are on, as our life starts to wain and unfurl.
We don't want to witness the horror inside, as we chose to look down or look back.
Once you're onboard and the train pulls away, your destiny lies on the track.

Revolution Day

Revolution Day.

Not my King, not my ruler, to you I have no worth.
An inhabitant of time I am, a citizen of earth.
I'm one of many people, who have come to understand,
you are not divinity, to me you're just a man.
Your ancestors have pillaged and sent our sons to die..
In slavery and war, while the poor boy's mother's cry.
You're just an old world order that will soon be replaced.
No longer will your lies keep our people in their place.
Those sycophants that serve you, one day will betray.
When those who live in poverty will see through this display.
Of subterfuge and violence or threat disguised as law.
Of young men killed in battle to quell your feudal war.
Of child abusers walking free because they paid the bribe.
Your sins don't go unnoticed, nor will be set aside.
You represent our people as a conduit to salvation.
Has your God forgiven you for crimes against our nation?
And what about your mistress queen, how did the world ignore.
Your unashamed adultery, your wife betrayed once more.
Protecting those within your pride, your future is in doubt.
When people come to understand just what you are about.
You view the world through fuschia haze, peruse us down your nose.
Poverty, the nursery where revolution grows.
Unaware that in our streets the embers of a blast.
You're not my ruler, not my King banished to the past.
Your version of our history puts you at the core.
Of leading men to victory within your feudal war.
Re lived and celebrated accompanied by a band,
No mention of the plundering of other nation's land.
One day our revolution will bring your playhouse down.
Your palaces will tumble, we'll raise them to the ground.
For all the years of poverty you saw but turned away.

The land will be returned to us on revolution day.

Going Green.

Going Green.

The wife wants me to drive a Tesla
Or another such green family car
But I have one burning question
If I buy one and drive it how far?

My old diesel van is reliable
I fill it and drive where I please.
I can't be my fault that in London
The Thames rises up to your knees

Those tree huggers driving electric.
They get just what they deserve.
When they run out of power within half an hour.
They wish they had filled up with derv.

These new fancy cars are electric.
You come home and just plug" em in.
The colours they come in are basic.
So they blend in when parked near the bins.

We're worried about Polar bears.
With adverts shown on the telly.
For folk to adopt these big buggers.
But for us they're too angry and smelly.

'We could fit one in the spare bedroom?"
Said Dad coz he's such a nice geezer.
We'll put in a tin bath to swim in.
And put more fish fingers int' freezer.

We recycle all of our rubbish.

Our bins are now colour coded
The council collects it each Wednesday.
On't back of the bin wagon loaded.

The rubbish will then be recycled.
Hand sorted, graded and weighed
Except on a Friday it's all thrown together.
Coz the weekend cannot be delayed.

We're going to hell in a hand cart.
The icebergs are melting away.
If I can't drive to work in my old car.
Who'll be providing my pay?

We're all going Vegan next Thursday..
We don't know what more we can do?
Our house will be just like a wind farm
On Friday and Saturday too.

The future is looking uncertain.
We're governed by BOTs and machines.
We're brainwashed, misled and hushed.
The future's not Orange it's Green.

Forever

Forever.

I wanna stay here in this warm place forever.

It's just before too long, forever's been and gone and I'm left here in the cold, forever.

We wait until our lives are almost gone.

We try to trace the path back to our home.

We're holding on, hiding from the storm.

Turn off the lights and lock the door

Our troubles are no more.

Searching for that place we call "Forever."

All our lives we chase it, the moments that we grasp.

We cling on and we face it, until our final gasp.

Searching for our destiny.

Too blind , too young to clearly see.

The place we long to be Forever.

Left out in the cold

Deranged and growing old

Assumed that you and I would be together

I long to go back home, relax , unplug the phone.

The thrill of life has gone for me....., Forever

Don't want to go out in the cold, nor be compliant in the zone

To bring the money home it seems the way that life has always been.

We chase a distant dream, that's never what it seems, depicted on a TV screen..... Forever.

We want to live forever and a day.

To capture it but then it runs away

We 're living the best way that we choose.

Time's a gamble we were born to lose.

We'll find a place where we can stay together.

Our love will be the place we call Forever.

The Needle.

The needle.

The needle only hurts you when it's piercing through the skin.

The crimson river flows, anticipated pain.

It spills upon the carpet there it makes a nasty stain.

What a waste of ichor, what a waste of Tufted Wilton.

It really is a shame.

All the things imagined; you will strive for.

All the things you let your lover's steal.

Quench your thirst on celebrated violence.

All those things forgotten in favour of the deal.

You have danced along its stainless shaft daring not to meet the passing of the day.

Absolves you of the longing, frees you from the blame.

Everything you've longed for, dreams that blew away.

Taunting it to hurt you until you cannot bear it.

Your wounds displayed like sorrow deep inside you wear it.

What a waste of youth, what a waste of life.

Got to let the blood flow, time to let it vent.

Only then the craving went.

You free the blood and watch it spurt, hoping it will spill upon your skin and burn you.

Love and life discarded, hopeless, spent.

Compared to the pain you feel inside, disappointingly dull, and insignificant.

Acid in your gut, toxins in your blood.

Opium, Crack, Amphet, Smack. Acid, marijuana, pills cocaine.

Anything less potent, maybe less corrosive?

Tame.

Abandoning your children, sell the family jewels, anything to keep you in the zone.

No need to put down roots no need to love someone.

Don't need an occupation. No need to have a home.

Shackled by your past life, imprisoned by the truth.

Longing to be gathered in the night.

Random love of strangers, momentary lust, clutching total strangers under crimson light.

Tell the world your story, the injustice, and the fight!
You are the headline act, the lady of the night.
Chemic in your bloodstream, poison in your heart
Going home alone, hiding in the dark.
And will you take the needle till the ending of your days?
The needle it can heal you in many ways.

Sandbags

Sandbags.

Grandpa, tell me a story.

The tales you could recount

Like when you were a soldier.

For years you blocked them out.

I'd love to hear your yarns, about the sorrow and the joy.

They sent you to the frontline.

When you were just a boy.

All your pals were going.

Their first time overseas.

They would all come home to terraced streets

Men, celebrities.

They said it would be over,

by Christmas time at latest.

Of all the soldiers in the Empire.

The British are the greatest.

You did your basic training

You drank the bar room dry.

When you shot a sandbag.

You never heard that cry!

You never realised , when you raised the sights

Your target was a boy like you, crying in the night.

Screaming for his Mother. In violent decay.

Longing for his home, so many miles away.

Instead he would become entombed in putrefying gloom.

Absorbed into the quagmire.

Satan's gourmet soup.

Grandpa ,tell us once again,
about what you're comrades said,Those evil sandbag enemies
Abandoned, tortured, dead.

How killing was for soldiers, with medals on their chests.
Once they heard the sandbags scream, nobody could rest.

The sound of sandbags wailing ,never ever wained .
They killed for King and Country
In killing they were trained.

The hollow shrill of sandbags pierced with bayonets and knives..
Pursued them in their nightmares disturbed them all their lives.

And when they met their maker.
How would they convey?
That slaughter was not murder.
With sandbags far away.

That all was fair in love and war, when you took the shilling.
Just sandbags in the darkness, that's all that they were killing.

But in the heat of battle, no time to contemplate.
In conflict with the enemy, whom we were told to hate.
Deep within our nightmares, we could not understand .
How sandbags oozed with blood, and lives were turned to sand .

Blanket.

Blanket.

I will only need a blanket when I'm cold.

I will only really miss you when I'm old and lonely.

Instead, you're there to watch me as I run.

No hurdles on my saunter through youth and morning sunshine.

Stopping at reflections on my way.

Never got to tell you all the words I had to say.

Stopped to check the mirror just to see.

Check I'm still a young man and you're somewhere here with me.

When I am confronted by my fears.

Assuming you will be with me as the passing of the years.

Sap my strength and snatch from me my thinking.

Will you say you love me, and watch me while I'm sinking?

Drowning in a quagmire of despair.

Will you be my blanket?

Will you still be there?

The Old Flat Cap.

The Old Flat Cap !

Our Dad was but a simple man, never did much thinking.

Talented in other skills like gambling and drinking.

Didn't waste his hard earned cash on children nor his wife.

But when he came back from the pub, he'd deliver sound advice.

On my eighteenth birthday our Dad produced a gift.

" To improve my personality, give my sex appeal a lift!"

He handed me a parcel all floppy round and flat.

And much to my surprise, my present was a cap.

A cap the size of Wembley to wear upon my bonce.

The cap my Grandad died in " He'd only worn it once!"

On a Zebra crossing old Grandad bit the dust.

Flattened in the tarmac, run over by a bus.

The coroner declared that no one was to blame.

The road was dark, the driver's view, obscured by driving rain.

Our Grandad could not see too well. Just a sad mishap.

His eyes they were obstructed by the peak of his flat cap.

The flat cap I inherited came with sound advice.

Apart from two black tyre marks, it really looked quite nice.

It's a family tradition passed down through generations.

A common bit of advice to unify the nations.

A piece of social welfare, to guard against mishap.

Wherever you may travel "Don't forget your cap !"

When leaving home for work or going on a date.

You try to be so punctual, and never to be late.

A bit of preparation consult the weather map.

Put on your overcoat and don't forget your cap.

You just won't feel the benefit, by leaving your head bare.

Your cap protects the follicles, your " Barnet" and your hair.

You'll never get arthritis, gout or constipation.

The girls who spot the tyre marks, begin a conversation.

King Henry the eighth, the ladies he could charm.

Always had a brand new wife, hanging off his arm.
The queens who disagreed with him, or dared to answer back.
Went straight to London tower they didn't need a cap!
Adam and his lady friend, in Eden's garden, dwelled.
The first couple on earth, or so the Bible tells.
Their first disagreement, the first time they were miffed.
Twas about a cox's pippin or a granny Smith.
One bite of forbidden fruit and they noticed they were nude.
Naked as two jaybirds vulnerable and rude.
Adam stood there naked, there was no prouder chap.
Standing in his birthday suit in nothing but his cap.

King Harold took his brave young troops to fight on Hastings sands.
A cheeky little Frenchman laid claim to Harold's lands.
They watched the Punch and Judy show and had some Fish and Chips.
Waiting for Duke William to land his battle ships.
The battle had just started, when a bowman took his aim.
A nasty little Frenchman, "Pierre Bullseye," was his name.
Took up a position, King Harold's cap he spied.
Waving in the wind. the peak above one eye.
Pierre released the arrow, aimed at double top..
It hit the peak of Harold's cap and in his eye it shot.
Poor Harold met his maker, and William became King.
Claimed King Harold's Palaces, land and everything.
He moved into his castles, sat upon his throne.
Claimed our green and pleasant land, made himself at home.
And when he'd finished pillaging and wanted to relax.
He'd take off Harold's crown and wear his old flat cap !

OUR LOVE.

Our love.
Endless lonely days, long yet sleepless nights.
Thinking of the love that we once had.
We cannot get it back; we lost it in the binding of a book with many pages.
Now in the final chapters of creased discolored times of many ages.
We can't re-write the text again; the letters and the timeframe appear blurred.
The times I wrote, "I miss you," letters never sent, words you never heard.
Our love lies undisturbed, yet not forgotten.

I can't begin to tell you what you do to me.
Overwhelming feelings I'd forgotten are renewed.
Got to try to pull myself together, desolate and hurt.
Too wrapped up in your love it makes me shudder in the cold and cry out in the night.
Both knowing this is not as it was meant to be.
A love too strong to contemplate, the end of you and me.

I hear your voice, and it makes me want to cry.
The love we had, we trampled to the ground.
Discarded, and forgotten, like the baggage we mislaid.
For someone to discover, calculate its value, then consign it to the vault of "Lost and found."
Sadly, made an exit, quietly it died.
Abandoned, and forlorn, resting like the embers in the fire.
Longing for your love to reignite.
I guess I'm just a different kind of man.
A man too weak to fight for you.
Hopeless, but brave before the fall.

Too cowardly and proud to make you understand.
Too scared to shout, "I love you!" Scared to shout too loud.
Too weak to stop you leaving me or take you by the hand.
Instead, I watch you walk away, tracing every step you make.
I watch you blend into the color's, and then you disappear into the crowd.
We lost it long ago, pushed it to the backseat of the car.

Left as a reminder, forgotten yet uncovered.
Lost along the journey, close at hand, too far.
A time we can't reclaim, despondent, not to be repeated.
A gentle understanding of each other.
A quiet affirmation our love remains defeated.

I thought.

I thought I heard you say you loved me, when I put the bins out in the morning.
Before I climbed into the car and went to work.
I thought I felt the warmth that we both shared.
When I buttoned up the cuffs of my crisply ironed shirt.
The collar stiff, itchy, unforgiving.
"Don't forget to recycle." You shouted from a window up above, and I wondered, if you meant the shirt, the bins or our love.
I thought I felt some passion, when you suggested we should have an early night.
It dissipates and dies when you turn away from me and dim the bedside light.
I thought I felt my heartbeat, skip and dance whenever you came near.
We live in quiet conflict.
Surrender to the fear.
Instead, it was the ticking of a clock as it echoed down the hallway, its empty chimes.
When did you stop loving me?
Tell me please what crimes did I commit against you?
I thought that I might leave you.
I thought that I might stay.
Once we were together,
Together battles won.
Together, battles fought.
That was many years ago
That was what I used to think.
That was what I thought.

Passwords !

Passwords'

I am just a simple man, made of grit and soil.
Forged by rain and frost and snow, sweat and earth and toil.
The world I now inhabit, officious and irrelevant.
Why would I need A I, when I've a memory like an Elephant?

Annoyed by nonsense conversation, theory and nerds.
Not prepared for modern times, can't recall mi passwords.
I settle down on Sundays, the football is on TV.
I'm home alone, for a couple of hours, just the game, the beer and me.
The game has just kicked off. The telly's gone all blurred.
My telly is a SMART TV, who wants to know mi password.

In this high-tech jungle, I'm vulnerable and weak.
I can't recall mi password; it changes every week.
As soon as I am satisfied that my password is secure.
Along comes some computer geek, and changes it once more.
Evicted from the world wide web, like a debtor from his home.
He downloads sexy ladies, when I am on my own.
He takes me on a journey, along the world wide web.
Then shuts me down, when he decides it's
time I went to bed.

Mi wife was wide awake in bed , all sexy and alluring.
She's normally in her concrete nightie fast asleep and snoring.
She looked at me like a hungry cat peeking at a canary bird.
Then she whispered in my ear "You're going to need your password."
It really isn't cricket. It's just not bloody fair!
They are asking for a password every bloody where.!
When you make a password, you guard it with your life.
You store it in your brain box and never tell your wife.
But she's one step ahead of you.

A winner in this game.

Because if you 've made a password, it must include her name!

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A trip to London

I've just got home from London Town and I'm sure it's not for me.
Back home here in Bury, is where I love to be.
In sepia civilization from factory smoke and grime.
No mention of the Kray twins or tales about their crimes.
No tales of "Jack the Hat Mc'Biscuit" or how he met his end.
Everyone you talk to, were Ron and Reggie's friends.
They'll take you to the local "PAB" with bullet holes in't ceiling.
A poor excuse for warm flat ales that taste less than appealing.
They take you down the Dockside" caff
For "POY" and "Eels and Mash, "
A lick all; around the edge that dribbles off your moustache.
.
They're banging on about how the Krays were cousins of their Nan.
If Greggs the baker were their kin, at least we'd get some scran.
They look down on us Northerners and when we speak, they laugh.
Why don't these buggers understand there is no "R" in "Bath!
Those Cockney wide boys speak of culture, local arts and crafts.
They don't partake in Darts or "Doms" or farting in the bath.
I stumbled into Soho amazed by what I saw.
A lady in her underwear with lightbulbs round the door.
She beckoned me inside to join her in that cellar.
But I'm a simple Northern chap, I'm not that sort of fella.
Burning all those lightbulbs will increase global warming.
I said "Now go and put some clothes on, consider this a warning.
"I'm filing a complaint!" I said."
Address it to the Mayor.
I'll mention carbon footprints, and girls in underwear.
I'll find the bloke who runs the show
The boss, the chief, the one.
I think his name is Boris Khan or Richard Whittington?
I'm glad I'm back in Bury, amid the damp and cold.
I'll stay away from bright lights and streets all paved with gold.

The Present.

The Present.

I bought you a present today.

Just a little token of appreciation.

Just a little something, you might say.

A token of affection or a confirmation.

I kept the receipt.

Kept it just in case.

This gift I bought so hastily, but still.

I kept the receipt.

Made a point of asking, the lady at the till.

"The receipt please." I pleaded.

I'll need it just in case."

"In case it's not her colour or just not to her taste."

The colour too stark, too dark, too light, too bright.

So, I hung onto the receipt just the way you like me to.

You can return it to the store if you don't like it.

Return it to the store if you don't want it anymore.

Change it, re arrange it, go for something better.

I'll slip the receipt inside the bag or in the wrapping paper.

In case you change your mind, now or sometime later.

The important things seem to pass us by.

We hold onto receipts for everything we buy.

A sign that we're unsure about the things we want to keep.

So we tuck it in dark places, out of sight and out of reach.

Just like our love.