

# Just Rhymes Without Reason

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Presented by

*My poetic Side* 

## Dedication

*Dedicated to my Other Mother; who gave me life when I was lifeless.*

*Dedicated to Grace; that which was given to me and taken away.*

## summary

We Live Ourselves to Death

A Forget-Me-Not Is A Little Flower

Utopia

A Rhyme From A Lost Childhood

Eternal Strangers

## We Live Ourselves to Death

All the billions of the world  
Dream trillions of dreams  
All dream of reaching that peak  
Of being la creme de la creme

Yet most live in silent obscurity  
Doing much yet nothing at all  
Their hopes, struggles, and very faces  
None of them are to be recalled

*"No matter to me, it's a quiet life I want."*  
Quiet? Oh, how few are granted even that!  
A mountain of duties, demands, and disasters  
Shall burden your ever weary and tired back

We live ourselves to Death  
Squashing lifetimes into a single day  
One must do, hear, and see all too much  
Yet still, "*They died too soon*", we always say

## A Forget-Me-Not Is A Little Flower

To be forgotten, is it such a terrible thing?  
Must we to memory forever cling?

No, no, I wish to leave with no trace  
Every word I said and wrote be erased

Let there be no image, in mind or frame  
Let not even a fleeting thought of me remain

Oh, but a forget-me-not is a little flower  
And I planted many, in long-lost hours

But it is not my love that will be remembered  
Rather my shame is to be my measure

Little flowers, would you hear my cries?  
Might you forget instead, that I may peacefully die?

## Utopia

Utopia, such a deceptive word  
It is not with the top you should be concerned  
It is the down, down, below that matters  
The dirt, bones, and blood that are our rafters

Harmony is not to be confused with beauty  
Nature abounds and delights in cruelty  
Every wonder must be met with tragedy  
Every cure leads to another malady

That poor and desperate actor named Man  
Ever playing out the script of some dreadful plan  
No change to the play can be allowed  
So says the whim of an unseen crowd

Play out the drama as you can  
Build your Utopia with weary hands  
Watch it fall as a thousand times before  
And hear the theatre's laughing roar

Oh poor actor, in pain and misery abject!  
Pitiful performer, how long you have wept!  
Every moment you dream, of fleeing this fate  
Of escape! Escape! Escape into the waves!

## A Rhyme From A Lost Childhood

I am tired  
I am scared  
Hide myself  
From what's out there

Ever watchful  
Through the night  
Lest the demon  
Take my eyes

*"Little dolly,  
All alone.  
No one wants you,  
This we know."*

Says the monster  
In my head  
Tells me I should  
Go to bed

*"Lie down, lie down,  
Useless thing.  
Let it take you  
It won't sting."*

No use to call out  
I won't try  
No one listens  
To my cries

*"Such a burden,  
Such a waste."*

*Let another  
Take your place."*

Choke a sob  
And shut my eyes  
Cross my heart  
And hope to die



## Eternal Strangers

If I only had more time  
I'd get it right, find all the lines  
What time for study? What time for discovery?  
Such things for me are distant luxuries

No time left to care  
Why waste it in despair?  
No time for French, no time for Hegel  
Just quiet nights by the stove, waiting on the kettle

Never hungry, never filled  
Nothing I do is ever willed  
An actor with no passion left to give  
Yet so many I have still outlived

A life-long winter of discontent  
My youth so wastefully spent  
The future is dead and gone  
I slept too much, lived too long

I dreamt of life, and longed for connection  
To be more than a machine needing correction  
But I've buried my dreams below to die  
In my garden, where my roses bleed to cry

The eternal strangers, always looking in  
Only noticed to be accused of sin  
No meaning in life, no meaning in death  
In silence their lives came and went