

Just a few words

Gray C

Presented by

My poetic Side 

summary

Coffee, Cigarettes and Me

Fool In The Mirror

In The Garden

Life and Death

Old Friend

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Punctuation

Stars

The Mask

To Knock, or Not

Walking with the Devil and an Angel

Weapon Of Truth... and Deceit

Coffee, Cigarettes and Me

Coffee, Cigarettes and Me

Sitting alone under the cold night sky
Listening to the hum of traffic passing by
Got my coffee, got my cigarettes,
Got my pen and paper too.

My phone, lifeless on the garden table,
Stares up at me, asking to be woken
Unable to swipe across the screen
Too afraid to type your name
It lies dormant, communication breakdown

Picking up my pen and paper, from beside the phone,
I begin to write. So much easier than speaking
Scribbling questions that I want to ask
Sentences that I want to say
Too many written words that I will never speak

I put down the pen as my mind drifts away
Smiling thoughtfully, I reflect upon all that has gone before
The good, the bad, the sad and, of course,
The many stupid things that I have said and done
Wondering, will I ever learn?

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Fool In The Mirror

The Fool In The Mirror

The Fool In The Mirror

Is he buried in the past

Is he dreaming of the future

Is he living for today

The Fool In The Mirror

Is he standing up straight

Is he falling flat on his face

Is he stumbling from day to day

The Fool In The Mirror

Is he laughing out loud

Is he crying inside

Is he numb to his heart

The Fool In The Mirror

Is he blind to the sights

Is he deaf to the sounds

Is he hiding in his dreams

(last verse)

The Fool In The Mirror

He's a reflection of you

He smiles knowingly at himself

Eyes open he stares at the glass

The glass shatters

The Fool is no more

(alternative last verse)

The Fool In The Mirror

He was a reflection of you

He's no longer asleep

He's shattered the glass
The Fool Is No More

(another alternative)

The Fool Looks In The Mirror
He smiles knowingly, eyes open
He stares and shatters the glass
The Fool Is No More

(Final Two Lines)

The Fool In The Mirror
Smiles knowingly at himself

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In The Garden

In The Garden

The ground can be very hard, especially if the winter has been long and hard.

When the spring rain begins to fall the surface softens, becoming receptive to new shoots which begin to appear as the sun warms the earth.

As the flowers begin to bloom, the whole garden takes on a new, fresh beauty.

All the dullness of the winter gone,
beautiful colours everywhere.

Reawakened, the garden is alive once more, how long will it last?

Slowly at first, the colours begin to fade, the petals start to fall, the warm summer sun becomes the autumn chill.

Before you know it the winter has arrived again.

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Life and Death

Life and Death

In that sterile room, devoid of possessions
Where the only sound was the gentle hum of electricity
We first said "Hello" and our lives became entwined
A lifetime of friendship was born, too short though

As days turned to weeks, then to months and years,
The bond between us grew, our relationship blossomed.
First as parent and child, then, as the years sped by,
Friends. Friends forever, never forgetting who we were

We shared plenty of laughs, a few tears too
Any angry words that were spoken in the heat of the moment,
Forgiven as soon as they were aired,
Replaced by an understanding that only friends have

Suddenly , as too few years had passed, we found ourselves back where we began.
In that sterile room, devoid of possessions
Where the only sound was the gentle hum of electricity
Powering the machines that stopped you from dying

As the hum ceased we said our final goodbyes

Gone, but never far away.

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Old Friend

Old Friend

There's a part of me
That wants to say goodbye
There's a part of me
That wants to look away
There's a part of me
That wants to remember
There's a part of me
That wants to forget
There's a part of me
That still feels...
That still feels
The anticipation and trepidation
The freedom and restraint
The faith and the fear
There is a part of me
That will be forever yours

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Playing With Fire

Playing With Fire

Stood at the edge as you lit the fire
Then stepped inside as it took hold
Should have known that I'd be burnt
Temperature rising there was no escape
I wondered what would happen next
Oxygen depleted, the flames died down
Smouldering remnants doused by rain
Fire extinguished, ashes blown away
Only memories remain to keep me warm

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Punctuation

Punctuation

Want to live a life with

No punctuation, no full stops

No bad events that make me feel scared

(no innocents being killed, no buildings blown up)

Want to live a life with

No punctuation, no commas

Nothing to make me stop and think (reflect?)

(no doubts in my mind, nothing to fear)

Want to live a life with

No punctuation, no speech marks

No more lies coming from your mouth

(no hatred and venom)

Want to live a life with

No punctuation, no possessive nouns

Don't care who owns what if everyone has enough

(like your big house , I've got water to drink)

Want to live a life with

No punctuation, no adjectives

There is no need to differentiate between you and I

(our skin doesn't matter, it's inside that counts)

Stars

Stars

Turn off the lights
Let the stars shine bright
Remove the false hopes
Strip it back to the truth
Find out where you are
Choose your own path
Don't dismiss your dreams
Follow them through to the end
Don't be forced to conform
Be true to yourself
If you try and you fail
There is no one to blame
You did what was right... at the time

The Mask

The Mask

Keeping up appearances is hard to do You appear relaxed, contented, at ease Reality is different though

Your mind is at odds with your heart

You've begun to question your actions, Can you understand your reasons?

Have you determined your objectives? Decided upon your route?

Keep on the mask

Give them what they want

Let them see what they want to see Speak only words that keep them at ease

Remove the mask

Open up your heart

Show them the person behind

Give them the truth

To keep up appearances you have to decide

To be upfront, or to hide

To Knock, or Not

To Knock, or Not

Looking through the windows, don't know what I see

The door is slightly ajar,

Should I ring the bell, or just wait and see

Inside perhaps I'll find a treasure, perhaps an empty shell Though temptation is great, I'm still stood outside, afraid to go in

What scares me most?

Is it the fear of finding an empty room or is it the insatiable lure of potential treasure inside?

If the door should open, I'd gladly walk in If it remains closed, I'll carry on walking

Never knowing what was inside

Walking with the Devil and an Angel

Walking with the Devil and an Angel

Walking with the devil and an angel
Devil keeps you sweet
Angel tells the truth
Been a long time since I walked on my own, being unsure of how I feel.
I'm always chatting with these two friends of mine
They're my constant companions
Craving attention, always wanting to talk
One tells me what I like, the other what I need
I don't think that they have ever agreed on anything
We walk together, sit down, have a rest
Share a coffee, relax, listen to music
At work, at rest, at play, we're always together
Never separated, each knowing the others thoughts
There came a time when I had to make a choice
" Who will be my best friend?", I asked
Satan replied, "I will give you everything you desire",
The Angel's response, "I will give you honesty"

Weapon Of Truth... and Deceit

Weapon Of Truth... and Deceit

I have, in my hand, all the power that I desire

I have the power to build bridges,

The power to knock down walls

I can write a story to control your life

I can ask questions to make you think

I have the power to ridicule belief

To bring people together

To tear them apart

I have a pen.