

# Anthology of J P R

Presented by

*My poetic Side* 



## summary

Rose

Christmas down Oxford Street

'Run Along'

Paths of Glory

They Tell Us

After Light

Hate

## Rose

The prosperous prosper  
The weak weaken  
The invisible worm  
Hides the beacon.

## Christmas down Oxford Street

Lights resonate with the success in the eye  
Of the blissfully ignorant passing by  
Wearing their trendy, cosy, wholesome attire  
Spending money in a playful transpire.

But what about the ones who are left behind  
Slumped in the doorway with a coked-up mind?  
Like a hunted, defenseless, ugly creature  
Removed from the scene as an obscene feature?

## 'Run Along'

Where has our humanity gone?  
When there is death, disease, deprivation  
at our door and all we say is -  
'Run Along'.

What's happened to 'love thy neighbour'?  
Because the doomed squalor  
always getting into bother  
just waiting for a saviour.

Dying in the inhuman dearth  
disrupting our lives and  
making us forget that  
they are people of the earth.

## Paths of Glory

His righteous plea for power  
gets stronger by the hour  
so the tabloids devour  
from their ivory tower.

He's moulded into an invitation  
for their condemnation  
but aint it a revelation  
to see their frustration.

## They Tell Us

They tell us we can't achieve  
They tell us we can't rebel  
They tell us we can't ignore  
They tell us they can never tell

They tell us we can't see  
They tell us we can't depend  
They tell us we can't cope  
They tell us we can only spend

They tell us we can't be 'appy  
They tell us we can't be sad  
They tell us we can't be free  
They tell us we must be mad

They tell us we can't be nasty  
They tell us we can't be nice  
They tell us we can't be safe  
They tell us love is a vice

They tell us we can't stay still  
They tell us we can't stray  
They tell us we can't be satisfied  
They tell us there's no other way.

## After Light

The darkness solicits the feral sight,  
Spectral sirens manoeuvre senseless night,  
Convoluting around the dancing light.

Recalcitrant fellows in lustful mode,  
Parading their ridiculous abode,  
Only to unlock the restrictive code.

Their boisterous watches as big as me,  
Glistening abruptly like the dark sea,  
Attempting to be what they wish to be.



## Hate

The cesspit of hate  
emerges onto the scene in  
everyday life - in everyday  
places where imagined  
tranquility prospers.

Innocent creatures - slaughtered. In  
the name of hate. In the spirit  
of hate. Across the world,  
bigoted buffoons riding the wave  
of hate paving the way for terror.

Inaccessible realms of power are  
accessed to program us to hate.  
You have more in common with the ones  
you hate than the ones you  
are hating for.