

What you'll find the pages to come are just a collection of new poems I've written over the last month or so. Nothing more, nothing less. All I can really say is don't take every word you see at its face value. I invite you to make a meaning of your own out of what I've written - believe me, it makes things a lot more interesting.

Thanks for reading as well. Six of these poems have to be assessed as per the creative writing BA course which I'm going through at the moment, so feedback would be very much appreciated.

1. For All Of the People
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1. For All Of the People.

For all of the people
I claim to have met
And the webs I weave
In which they're safely kept
There's now a secret place
Inside of a busy life
Of pains and sorrows
Of just about any kind
The boys and girls therein
In their own, special ways
They turn to face me
In order to say
'Look at me
'Remember me
'Keep my heart beating for all to see'

2. Find Me a Night Of Bliss.

Find me on the arena's floor beneath the chandelier
Find me in the garden of better men's joie de vivre
Let's talk like saints, let's talk our way out of the abyss
Find me a night of bliss

I dearly want to see all that there is to see
Show me everything with some brutal honesty
Convince me beyond doubt that such a thing exists
Find me a night of bliss

Find me safety, find me warmth, find me something true
Find me a rhythm that you want me to dance to
Let me know if you think that something is amiss
Find me a night of bliss

Tell me everything that you know I want to hear
Words of love, words of truth, words to relieve my fears
I'm sure that you know by now of what this consists
Find me a night of bliss

Find me a reason to stay awake on this dark night
Find me a reason to stay beneath these flashing lights
Let's talk like saints, let's talk our way out of the abyss
Find me a night of bliss

3. And I Never Met Your Brother.

And I never met your brother
Before I had to say goodbye
Although this night does stay so young
All good things truly have to die
For soles shall wear thin no matter how the shoe fits
For clothes shall be outgrown no matter how the clock ticks
The sunshine must make way for the dark night sometime
The bright light that led the way must be left behind
Though we said that we'd meet again
I see the road and how it winds
And I never met your brother
All good things truly have to die

4. Curtain Call.

Nothing's going to stop us
There's every reason to get thoughtless
When bottles of wisdom line the barroom wall
And there's nothing but compassion
When my dear, exalted companions
Are doing their utmost to enthrall
My fellow drinkers and drug-takers
And merry hustlers and money-makers
Are in a race to remember nothing at all
So the doormen stand there crucified
The men are sitting there paralyzed
The women and their saucy invites
Are paying hell with the roll of a dice
At the curtain call

Now the band's playing for the booze
They feel like rhythm but look like blues
As we drink to the bleeding of their hearts
And the cider's in the now
While the money rolls out of town
This show's got off to a hell of a start
As the moon swims half-undressed
Caressing the night sky's throbbing neck
Like the passion of daylight we've all fallen apart
And as everyday ends just like this
It's just so hard to resist
Starting with a euphoric bliss
And ending with a passionate kiss
At the curtain call

It makes you feel so mature
If you tell yourself it's a force of nature
That tells you when to push and when to shove
So when the dancer dances to our table
We'll return her winks and smiles when able
And I'm quite convinced that I myself have found true love
This evening's truly never-ending
It's belated results are forever pending
For any God-fearing man that's surely reason enough
And reality turns back into a dream
A sigh turns back into a scream
A bright, new dawn, or so it seems
It all comes out for the scene
At the curtain call

Now I can't see anybody's face
But I know I fucking love this place
It's heaven in a little brown envelope
I love her for her honesty
I love him for his sense of dignity
I love everybody for every word that they ever spoke
The sunshine is such a phony
It always makes me feel so sad and lonely
Shining a light on my absent sense of hope
So the doormen stand there crucified
The men are sitting there paralyzed
The women and their saucy invites
Are paying hell with the roll of a dice
At the curtain call

5. Behind the Veil Of the Night.

On the street walks several pretty pictures
Through a gallery of stone and concrete
To a road that bleeds light and noise
And the pretty faces you'd always want to meet
Under pale moonlight torn from a day gone by
With all the freedoms and hopes it implies

There's a desire for a shoulder to cry on
Some dust off a cheap magazine
Back in the cave where swords were sharpened
Is where one more victim hasn't been
That bed, a cocktail of truth and untruth
Is one more that someone hasn't seen

There's a hall on fire in the middle of town
Through the word of mouth of its reviews
By a bar that never stops serving
Are the faces of tomorrow's news
Amidst explosions of light in the ceiling
Who's making the most of the power to choose?

In the attic of human existence
Everyone's only got so much time
To wade through a mist of stale alcohol
And act out their own little lines
But who will it be who climbs over the corpses
To commit their own lifestyle's crime?

Under a blanket of noise and confusion
Everybody's wearing the nighttime's disguise
Through the dew of the frosty outside
They hope to walk back to their cave's surprised
To bury their souls in the rancid heat
And steam up their windows of ice

The morning sun will shine in through the ivy vines
That grew just a little thicker overnight
The bridge that was crossed is now lost
By the ever-rolling wheels of time
And somebody's face is now disfigured
By the jumping shadows of the candlelight

Behind the veil of the night
Lay a pair of human eyes

The sparks to the fire of humankind

5. A Means To An End.

I smoked another cigarette
Letting my pride loose in my lungs
I looked at my empty bed
And wondered where my life had gone
Then I took to the road ahead
Under the morning sun
Every little regret
Is paying dividends
Every little regret
Is a means to an end

The smoke that billows at my heels
Keeps me from looking back
The world is turning like a wheel
There's nothing I can do about that
But march on 'til I can see
What I've ever lacked
Every little regret
Is paying dividends
Every little regret
Is a means to an end

When I turn up at your door
I'll tip my hat and bow my head
I'm ready for all that you can teach me
Maybe even a little more
Or just some much-needed advice instead
I've come so far, please don't disappoint me

I knew I loved something all my life
And this just might be it
I'll tell you so many lies
Good deeds that I never did
Because summer's gone, I see the winter's ice
It'll be gone forever in a bit
Every little regret
Is paying dividends
Every little regret
Is a means to an end

6. My Castle In the Sky.

I saw a new day dawning
The sun shone bright and wild
On a frosty, November morning
A night's child
On the other side of my pillow
Your weary head no longer lies
For you're long since in the shadow
Of my castle in the sky

I smoke when I can't breathe
I drink when I can't think
My heart skips its beats
As it sinks
But I know I'm doing wrong
So I guess I'm doing fine
As I sing this little song
In my castle in the sky

With a cigarette in my hand
In the park of snow and ice
Bottle in a brown, paper bag
At my side
The children in their scores
They'll seek when they can't hide
What kind of a world will they live for
By my castle in the sky

When I finally go to sleep
After all turns dark
I might once more cross that street
To the park
And alone as I may be
I can always live a lie
There's so much I can see
From my castle in the sky

7. Photographs.

I wonder what became
Of the photographs I took
You say they're all the same
I say take another look

A sun soaring so high
A vacant, misplaced moon
A clear and perfect sky
A clock that never moves

You say there was a storm
And now nothing remains
Of the landscapes that we saw
Or the home that we made

What lived has to die
Is what you always said
Well, I beg to tell a lie
If there's really nothing left

Maybe I'm clutching too tight
To the photographs I took
Maybe by tonight
I'll put them back in the book

One day you'll find a camera
Lying on my empty desk
Feel free to picture nature
And the day that's coming next

8. Waiting On a Prayer.

O brother, do you tire
Of promises and fables?
O sister, I'll hold your hand
As long as I'm able
We've starved far too long
We're growing weak on our knees
But here I sit
Waiting on a prayer

Once we stood so tall
I suppose times have to change
The garden that we planted
Now withers and decays
Keep rattling your little bowls
Keep banging your iron drums
I'll be right here
Waiting on a prayer

I don't think you could handle
This room on this top floor
Its trinkets that once sparkled
Its once unlockable door
In the dark, dust and rubble
I chalk a tally on the stony wall
For all the years I've spent
Waiting on a prayer

Waiting on a prayer
The lie I advocated
I've never felt such despair
Since the King and Queen abdicated

I had a dream last night
Of blue waters and white sands
The were castles on the beach
Of a faraway land
Royalty so divine
Waved at me from the keeps
As I go about my way
Waiting on a prayer

The sands of time are falling
From my tightly clenched fist
Nature goes about its way with the glass

As the wind howls with a sexual bliss
Maybe I'm going crazy
Or maybe it's everyone but me
While I sit right here
Waiting on a prayer

I can now see the King's highway
You're both lying in the rain
Dead from someone's neglect
To say it's mine is quite a claim
I know it'll be me next
But unlike you, I know what's best
Just sitting here
Waiting on a prayer

9. Kings and Queens.

Nothing's really happened in all my life
So why would this shitstorm be stirring now?
These prophecies I thought of as lies
Drop like pennies upon this ashen ground

Kings and Queens watch me in the night
Kings and Queens are plotting my downfall
Kings and Queens, casting their own light
Summon me for my final curtain call

Free as any pleb as I may be
This rambling and roaming comes at a cost
They're as sovereign over you as over me
When they take us back it's going to be a blast

Kings and Queens are advocates of murder
Kings and Queens hold the hanging ropes
Kings and Queens have finally got their orders
To start the crusade for what they love the most

Kings and Queens, I see you standing there
Kings and Queens, the shadows I can't escape
Kings and Queens, you're breathing my air
Is there nothing of mine that you can't take?

10. This Wild Bouquet.

They say it's in the air
But I know it's not really there
Like the stench from a garbage can
It inspires some sort of plan
It's the diamond in the sky
That's too quick to drift on by
It's the darkness of the night
And the daylight to which it aspires
Faith is on its way
Is it here to stay?

All the silvers and golds in the world
Are making sure it turns
Like dawnlight in your car
They glitter promisingly from afar
Implications and titillations
Meditations on ruination
There's a hole in my pocket
Just what is there to show for it?
Faith is on its way
Is it here to stay?

So often do I wonder why
As we all spin slowly by
Emotional fascism and greed
Infect us like some disease
The poor stay poor, the rich stay rich
God is such a little bitch
How can a will be a way
When it's yet to see the light of day?
Faith is on its way
Is it here to stay?

Rise above
O beautiful world, rise above
Over our monuments of hate
Over the clouds of our fate
O beautiful world, rise above

It emerges with precision
From the ashes of religion
From the ruins of time and place
From the poisoned waters of the state
This life as we know

We're all too keen to blow it
On false promises and names
On exaggerated claims
Faith is on its way
Is it here to stay?

It emerges from working women and men
The true calling that we want to hear again
From the mountains and the trees
From the birds and the bees
It's that little beacon of hope
At the other end of the telescope
A dream, an idea
To conquer every fear
Faith is on its way
Is it here to stay?

Sentimental I may be
But still entitled to a dream
I don't know if I'm left or right
It depends on the angle of the light
I'm stubborn as a mule
If it's got anything to do with you
And time will never decay
The thought behind this wild bouquet
Faith is on its way
Is it here to stay?

Rise above
O beautiful world, rise above
Even if I'll pass too soon
Just as quickly as this mood
O beautiful world, rise above

12. We'll Find Ourselves Again.

From the squalor of a new day
The bitterness of its shadow
We'll find ourselves again

Through the light of whatever faith
The weather outside the window
We'll find ourselves again

From sadly searching for a way
Through the driving and ashen snow
We'll find ourselves again

Through the skin and tooth's decay
A trip to a place unknown
We'll find ourselves again

From the storm brewing in the bay
To the green and sun-kissed meadow
We'll find ourselves again