

A little note

*This book is made up of excerpts
from an emotional diary I have kept,
in poetry,
for the last 14 years.
It is in chronological order.*

*I am bipolar and i hope my ups and downs make a good story,
I think at least the journey is an interesting one.*

*Morning rays,
love the ways
your stream plays
with the bizarre yoke stoke
of my cigar smoke.*

*My glassy outlook ajar
but not afar,
as the outside breeze
plays with translucence's ease.*

*You little flirt, are you teasing me
or is that just the wonder of physical mystery.*

*Words of wisdom sometimes wallow in the wisps of weariness.
Thankfully the tranquillity of truth transcends that tiredness...*

*He gave away his Life,
Through anonymous strife.
Only for the good of the planet
A soul self abuse habit.
Now a mere shadow of a man
Reflected in a beer can...*

*Somewhere in the realms of my heart
Is the strength to fill, to flow, to impart
Upon the closest to my soul
A final song to plug the hole.*

*To stop the bleeding, to change, to turn.
To finally finish what I have earned.
No more will I play the fool,
Too cool to rule, to good to pool.*

*The chances I have taken were choices imparted
By broken dreams and things I have mentally farted.*

*What it is to be me,
A lifelong quest to be happy.
Taking the ups with the downs,
Sometimes a smile, often a frown.*

*But Inside me deep there is a light,
Always ready to take up the fight.*

*Difficult now to let it shine
But always there, totally mine.*

*This is my lot I have been dealt,
Easier when I suppressed what I felt.*

*Now it is raw, harder to lift.
The truth is though it is a gift.*

I see so much, I feel it all.

*Have been so high was bound to fall
But with each day I learn some more,
Older and wiser, stronger than before.*

*Life has a way of working out,
Of that I certainly have no doubt.
My time will come, it will all make sense.
Finding a moment to enjoy the suspense.*

*So many others just like me,
With so much potential to be free.
So if I can do it for myself
Maybe I can help everyone else.*

*I know that now is my time to heal,
This is just life, the real deal.
Soon i will burst free of my cage,
Might even earn a tidy wage.*

*There is so much joy to be had,
I remember that when times are bad.
This world we share is a fantastic place,
Always there to put a smile on my face.*

*With every day my energy grows,
Always there to beat the lows,
Unable to lie down, full of grit,
The wonderful, indestructible, human spirit.*

*What it is to still be me,
That quest still alive, let it free.
Riding the waves, yearning to surf,
Sometimes forgetting my own self worth.*

*When the fractured captured thoughts swirl and dart,
To a recreation spawned of an instance of rationalisation.*

*Try never to dismiss as a mental fart
The wonder of imaginations realisation.*

*With in, around, before or after,
Something worthwhile should ensue.
Even if faced with a hapless laughter,
Find the falsity that becomes true.*

Now a turn into, to face

The changing timely place.

A stirring, whirring form to find.

The fractive active inner mind.

There is a welling, an almost drive,

A stepping or running, for which to strive.

Progress the regress beyond a clear chain

And remember the impetuous to dismiss refrain.

*Dreams beauty stems from infinite concept
And the pain of past emotions wept
While the chaos may be a part of the night
The dream is actually wonderfully finite*

*Healing through a delicate drip,
Captaining the game, guiding my ship.
Of words unspoken, of thoughts, of colours.
Pulled by the rhythm of many others.*

*True of heart, compacted by force,
Deaf to the screaming soul of course.
The hungry with no feeling for pain,
Can I hear it or does my perception wane.*

*Still I go on, sad for my dream.
Good is happening though, down happinesses stream.*

*For me now, focus on my life,
Sure enough my heart, my dream of a wife.*

*I will wait, faith in the crafter,
Confidence needed before and after.*

There ain't nought like a sphere
Don't look in, amaze at, after here.
Better to bang your head
Than be part of a big dose of dead.

Ode to the mental heros
Just ordinary battalions of nerros.

We doth process no more
For the rich or the life poor.

Tick Tock, look at the clock.
Time is up, no vodka to sup.
Your game is not taking flight,
Our brilliance is just too bright.

Be yourself on meds or herbal
And run the wheel of your own gerbil.
Bipolar people, plenty in thought,
Why did that joy get caught!

stuck in the black hole

with fellow lost souls

full of fight and of fright

drawing on one's might

pulled this way and that

how i miss my cat

wouldn't have been a pratt

smoking that spliff nice and fat

now I am here I fear

everything I hear I fear

everything I see I flee

Please someone help me

walking a round

Wandering souls, drifting minds.

Circular madness, yourself to find.

Hope everlasting...

*As goodbyes become farewells
A feeling waned that does not quell*

*Ask where the hunger stems
why look at shortened hems*

*a wander too soon
aft of blossoming swoon*

*can lead to tumultuous feel
for a glow bruised head to heal*

*slow into the apparent fray
or quick if just to play*

*remember though the fragile goodbye
inside in the common why*

*ready, sometimes steady it seems
fly, walk, strut to what deems*

*Winter haze, warmth plays
With intermittent consoling rays
Through mind's windows they stream
Burden released with each beam*

*The sunlight an easy bright
Shining, not waning of might
Might mine, by my way
Also burn without a cloudy grey*

*I have seen the serene, the sublime
A dream, past reach but still mine
A life true to me, my hopes, my capability
Which caged ensues bursts of creativity
To be free, I decree, for you, for me*

sobriety gliding in still waters

*Incomplete circles of clinging change
Encompass the chasm of infinite range*

*A light, a glimpse, a wisp of purity
A minute fight beyond all pity*

*Streaming together a gentle rain
Of beauty, hope, a love to remain*

*As one, with fun, a new life has begun
Similar to the old, the changes will unfold
To a dream whatever it may seem to mean
A Joy to be found and spread around*

sobriety gliding in still waters

Always remember that happiness is just a short shift in perception away

With each small shift

To the lightest lift

A little more in perceptions view

Happiness streams in the cleared hue

Finding words conveyed is key

Revolve, evolve, enjoyment be free

Remember you're not a total loon

And pick up the strings for a new tune

How wide is my pride

As I stray inside

Am I introverted

From when it hurted

Time spent all alone

Placing on my own throne

Better to high a crown

Than wear a frown

Bipolar all the way

Trying to win through play

Feeling a need for cleaning

And a life with more meaning

In amongst personal lines of thought

Our persisted lives are often caught

By making a difference

Of just a few pence

Drop to a rise in circumstance

By leaping to a gift, perchance

A Release from delicate slavery

With a glimpse of inner bravery

To follow the path we own ourselves

Placing new excitement where delved

*Each spin unique but dredged
Mono-events sometimes pledged*

*Striving still to find the man
The one that can see a plan*

*Seeing, doing apart it seems
The difference you see in dreams*

*Reality to find, to hold
To prise, to unfold*

*I have skirted with the edge
Flirted on the psychotic ledge
Walked the path of the erratic irrational
And found no frantic fall at all*

*All over, another world away
Is it so bad the one we stay
Anyway, I seem to stray
Even when I lay*

*Temporary if not exemplary
Born from a frustrated imaginary
Way to play,
Even when I lay*

*...Still, come what may.
I dream of a better day
Even when I lay.....*

Finding a binding to myself

A grasp from the top shelf

A gulp of a wisp from the bag

Freedom to smoke more than a fag

With in the recent vivacious strokes

Find the decent curvaceous jokes

So many drift to the incomplete

Still a lift away from the discrete

When tempted by a sustained high

Try to live within your emerging eye

Not the quizzical physical swelling wave

Of an enjoyment to quell, to crave

*A tiredness plagued by yawning
Dangerous may be the warning
A menstrual mental addictive wedge
Rammed between the rock and the edge*

*To flirt with falling off the end
A beginning of which to mend
Do not forget the inner eye
A haven when the raven flies*

*A break of the best
Not mental, a rest
Before the onslaught
In which I've been caught

Pulled into the work race
Headlong at my own pace
I find the techy mind
Please be kind*

finesse of happiness

*Solitude has me in a grasp
A tight hold for which to gasp
To choke on the single wisp
Of smoke, cute though that lisp*

*Little climbs up slippery slopes
Free of chains and pulling ropes
A wonder in the world I see
Finesse of happiness now free*

*Breathing room from the gloom
Aft of howling at the moon
And finding myself balancing well
Far from a spiralling hell*

*Buzzing around inside my head
That nagging thought is nearly dead
There is enough to feel, to be*

Finesse of happiness now free

In amongst the strands of play

I look to find the place to stay

Within a peace living true

A dream of a you

A you to hold the solitudes

A you to love the moods

*Welcome strands of the serine shine
From the darkness, unseen and mine*

*Somehow somewhere has found me
In a place tainted with complacency*

*In the crevice of my heart, my minds play
A dreamed nightmare, in a kind way.*

*Born from the drifting terminal case
Emotions stay to create the smiling face*

*My soul glows through closed curtains
Past the shy pry of eyes so certain*

*There I was full of mending
Then came the bipolar spending
Back to the start I am again
But still one of the better men*

Fleeting may be the meeting

Tenderness in the greeting

A glimpse of a possibility

To let this love be free

True to see a kindly caring soul

For which to climb the single hole

He takes a small step

Looking with hope,

I have not wept

For I can cope

I can be more than I am

A plan is in this humbled man

A truth of soul to climb the wall

Self inflicted hole, listen to the call

An inner sound from within the depths

Of truth and light, from which I wept

But dry tears no longer line my cheek

A tainted happiness does often peek

A mood of the old school classroom

Why does that shadow still loom

A movement away from where I stay

Time to down the play of every day

Around a whirl of inner calm

Edged with darkened harm

Hanging on tired excuses

Stagnated flowing of juices

*Is it a lazy way to live
The tired craving I give
To listen to rounded tunes
I find edging toward loon*

*Here before, after, for ever
No fuckwit gene, be clever
Do, not think, on the brink
Digital lines of working ink*

*As I gaze over a familiar ledge
I feel a slow walk over the edge
A repeating meeting with no change
Is it weird , it is true or just a timely strange*

I wake, I breathe and step into the fog.

I am the tool that grinds my daily cogs.

I was more before but he is dead.

Can I find again that sharp head.

Pulled back and restricted,

Now not so conflicted.

Clear is the future of happiness.

A path alone away from the emotional mess.

*She has changed me for the worse,
Filled me with darkness and pain.
Living with her is a true curse.
A downpour of everlasting rain.*

*This stallion is a battalion
Tethered and weathered
Fighting for the light
Might I escape to the bright*

to the light

*May I unwind the coils of my mind
And find a dreamy wish to bind
The hopes of the past to a way
Brightened by life's play.*

*She tries with all she can
But it will never reach this man
My heart is closed to her for all time
The choice is mine*

I have a pain in my soul,

A gaping yearning hole.

Left behind by a broken dream,

A lifelong hope it seems.

The burrowing sadness haunts my days

With a persistence leaving wits a fray.

Trapped beyond hope and happiness.

How can I settle for so much less.

Everyday the poison seeps within me,

A creeping clinging darkness I cannot see.

No longer do I smile or feel joy.

My only saviour is my boy.

Dislike has turned to bitterness and hate,

Anger is consuming me at an alarming rate.

My self control is a thing of the past.

I must change my path, I can't last.

*Inner strands of clinging thought
Find muddled wishes forever caught
In sorted contorted dreams to see
Beyond slim whims of forgotten me*

*A Falsity perverts contained hurt
With Brightness dulled and lying inert
My Shadowed soul in a drowning hole
Oh fuck it, lol*

Slipping from my stretching grasp

Is the fight to hope to last

The underlying current of pain

A dreary everlasting day of rain

Futures window obscured in dampness

Droplets hiding dreamy happiness

I draw the curtains and fall behind

To the persistent trappings of my mind

*Fear holds my heart closed
To truths from paths posed
I am more, a man contained
By emotions so deeply pained*

*From inside i hear a wailing
Brought about by my own failing
Dark knots of personal pain
Tear apart my heart strain*

I am a whisper of my man

*Could there be a way to be free
Away from the end of true me
So close it seems, a small leap
Over a painful chasm years deep*

*Everywhere I turn I yearn
Through drifting days I never learn
Walking a line that's not mine
It's not ok, it's not fine*

*How can I find the will
To swallow the bitter pill
My dreams in broken shards
But I hold all the cards*

*So now the freedom is here
But somehow it's not clear
My life a drudge of fear
Among tendrils that appear.*

The hope was real,

Now I feel

Free

*for my totalness i finesse a creeping sleeping through my tears
i find a reality of my spirituality which consumes all my fears
from with in my own place i face the time of my life
with a glee that takes me closer to my wife*

*please with ease do clover over to my drifting shifting breeze
my soft loft is full to the ends of space with a case for she's
can you find the wind in between the lean youngest of tree's
to bring you through to the glee of the freest of me's*

fingers of friction in addiction

*the weed that feeds the budding shoots
has a pull against rules for the physical mute
while the fun and danger brings a sudo joy
the ability in reality finds a true low boy*

*grabbing at the bag with a fag does nag
at the possibility of creativities infinite swag
but the will to fill the whole can drag
into a pill from the mill that cajoles the mad*

*clear from fear but laden in the line
my place here is a burdened mine
can i please ease into the enlightened path
to dreams that seem too frightened to last*

*my heart has fallen apart into shattered shards
pieced together by hope i cope now with all the cards
but i know within deep that the slope is too steep
my love wasted and basted in the fires that creep*

*unconditionally i gave the best of me to all i see
but it has left me waning and draining what is left to be
now wary of the scary truth of life and strife
i really have given up ever finding a wife*

*i know that should she find me in my damaged state
her love will be wasted it's just too late
maybe next time we will find each other
but this visit she is not my lover*

*my tears are so long
they sing the sad song
of hurt beyond belief
there is no relief
however brief*

a weary weight

on my shoulders are boulders

on my feet is peat

my hands in bands

i eye why

*the numbness of personal altering
finds me empty with all i bring
my self shelved, shaved and shoved
down a line left at the side of loved*

*as i swing from one hopeful branch to another
i find breaking wood and a splintered bother
can i bring myself toward myself
and string the emotional wealth*

*my strength at length must be truly found
not spots of shots but encompassing around
the levels of devils in my fractive active mind
drag the dodgy fag and place my limbs in bind*

*so why do i return and never learn
that the past clarity calmed the yearn
no more slavery just a steady bravery
to beat the peet and move my feet already*

darkness in the drops of despair

i hate me, my and self, life, growth and wealth

drudgery and smudgery of false smile

leaving hope and hair behind for miles

i have nowt, emptiness and failing health

it is down hill with no pill to escape the pain

my dreams dead, my head useless when sane

even more crap comes when i lap at the rain

of thoughts and bothering in the world of caned

*She has a way, a kindness and softness that plays
with my need to feed my gaping emptiness for another
she warms my not ready heady hope of a lover
not the sweaty physical but the true hue of me and her*

*there are some ones that draw me back to the good
gives me dreams that i've won where I could
not failing in wailing of broken tears and fears
but lifted and gifted by serendipity's ways clear*

*meditative sedative quietens the tightened potential
but minute and astute are the far reaching ripefulls
my why now a fleeting fly attractor of distractors
in an earnest furnace of my dear idea reactors*

*i have within me a little glimmer of the possibilities of realities
my being is floating through the days in ways that find self pity
i still try to find a balance of sorts that doesn't contort the line
i can do it, i can step a wept kept hope to cope with within mine*

The world I step through does allude in my mind to a beautiful place where dreams are realised in the smallest of ways and I have belief in the order of a reality steered towards eventual happiness.

Can I ride on the waves that threaten to crush me and trick my way out of trouble. The feeling I have of tiredness is a fleeting moment of fatigue brought on by incessant substance mood alterers of many kinds.

I must take small constant steps on a fine line of carefully thought direction to bring me closer to realising my dreams.

*My stability of fragility can creep a steep keep
From my weeping leaping up gigantic frantic heaps
Of fluidic cryptic phrases in dazes of fore lore
My capture of stature does maze even more raw*

my swirls say it's time to stop the dredging of fallen dreams.

The change in out and about has a place in history without a need for weeping. My production of introduction to thinking beyond the realms of physicality is a the gift to myself out of the fires of torture.

It should be a joy not a weight away from the normality you have been conditioned to think is important. Find the strength to be me at the places with faces that decree a inception of my portrayed playing of vocalality in joyality.

do you dream, dream, dream

inner scene of the serene

bring true for you, you ,you

try rather than shy through

there is dreamy happiness I caress

my place away from the race, I confess

there is a dreamy happiness I caress

my face hides the embrace, I impress

I stutter in between realms that threaten to drive me down a dark path.

I try to adjust the mental but I find my resolve left waning when pushed.

I have a dependency that leaves me helpless to advancing my need to be more.

Should I aim low and achieve so that I feel a sense of accomplishment?

*My goal in shoals of nipping fishes at wishes of dreamy streamy sights of light insights
brings me free.*

*For a while I have been searching for my smile
A quest of the best intention may I mention
Although low the blow does show in ringed eyes
I have found an answer to my whys*

*I look but can i hook the beauty i seek
do i reek of broken shards so weak
my smile a crook into my life pages
so they see me with a plea of ages*

The more I go round in circles the tighter they become, left in a whirl of dreams but apart it seems I find my way more than before. But I feed my steed with hope and wishes of future's happiness. My sole role in this plan is not enough. I have been looking since I was five, maybe I am destined to be alone for the rest of my life.

The type of woman it would take to bring me out of my hole would be the type that would look at other scholes. The fish are plenty but the sharks are many. The choices of the female race leave me confused and wanting. Am I really so little in their eyes despite deeps that would answer their whys.

I have had enough but still I try every day to strike a connection with those around me. Before it was natural but now I am scared and frightened that they will hurt me. When I was disconnected from my empathy I found a smile but now I am intertwined. My sadness is a large stone dragging me down deeper and deeper into a realm of solitude.

I need to help myself and try, try, try.

Just not fit enough!!! That's the rough!!!

*Blundering wandering through the budding flowers
my shine a small whine where happiness cowers
i enhance the chance with my why try
but it leaves me passed by*

*Places and faces pass with a rasp
On the feel deal to open the clasp
My willing has billing for the drain
but always I brave the cave of pain*

A cutie beauty, with a grin for sin

A glowing flowing kindness within.

*Her smile does beam at the seams
The lightness and joy beautifully clean
my apart heart may heal for real
A possibility of connectivity I feel*

*stepping aside to ride wide down the path
i have enveloped and developed my past
into a wish, a whisper, a wonder of hope
my light to lead me away from frayed dope*

*mountains moved and life locked
in sound support to build boulders
between seen edges never mocked
or rocked to carry on clever shoulders*

woo woo kid

trying to woo

finding woe

to me write this little note.

It is time to face the sustainable future and quieten the self medication.

It is withdrawal and inevitable to just fight through it to the other side.

Yes it may be boring and low and hurtful and deeply debilitating but it may only last for a little while and the recovery through exercise will flush out the cobwebs and fill me with virtue and impetus to live a life of fullness not chasing the next numbing away from the dredergy of my opinion on my place in the world.

*it's a great wait for the little angel eyes
a great weight on my brittle farewell ties
unload the road by calming the farming
and free me to be totally charming*

an infection of rejection

*there is no beating a greeting of budding petals
of a shower of flowers on the field of mental metals
but they fleet in the meet with whispers of running feet
i look less so look for a looker to the core of my heat*

*i have a rise in my smiling corner eyes
a wise lift, a gift in the filing of morner whys
i sort the wrought, my hues of views
into more mindful clues to my yawner sighs*

*will my lines of digital ink wink or sink
from the fears of the ears and what they think
my life of strife rare but laid bare showing the frayed edges
of my barrier hedges around glowing played ledges*

made from the memory

*blocked and locked behind snatches at latches
the key to free from the chains that main
gives views to see that become the same hatches
i have escaped through before from the rain*

*spilling over from the whole bowl I smith words
whispers in the inner ear laden with past heards
circular now perpendicular to the reaction actions
a ploy for joy but really just a faction distraction*

gliding in the falling air

*i delve into my foggy cogs for the golden change
finding a habitual ritual emerging from a holden range
the ties are deep and steep but only in a temporal wall
the right might lies waiting to fight free of a feeling fall*

so the man plan is to take the steps closest to my easy leaps up the steep steps. bigger legs or a perspective change is the relative movement needed.

can i take those small walks to the acheviable targets.

first a reduction in substance from a life gift. then a reduction in frequency combined with a healthy lifestyle is the only way. the tiredness and effort will be returned in energy and pride.

just start small and stop the excuses.

something is always better than nothing in this circumstance.

*there is a block bulging in my line
preventing venting of potential on the vine
i grow but i show little brittle edges on mine
a level that bevels the dark sharp devine*

warning from myself

*the limbo lightens the path to the next day
with my hiding finding me low from play
the specific horrific just a glimpse away
i fear the mind behind but try anyway*

*from the budding of connected chains
between torn worn wiles in my insanes
i have ceased my pieced together whys
my dead dream now living, it flies*

*sections of redemptions tease the pleased need
with in grasp I rasp at the effort too curt indeed
optimum not hummed in my fields of toll
and i cringe at the scope of my role*

completely unappreciated

intelligence depreciated

ideas ignored

so bored

*there is a wide eyed view to take
into the break of late mates to make
a mature cure completely fine
a pride in unreturned effort of mine*

*the anger at the lack of getting my back
the selfish relish in their own worth
but i see the company i chose now black
just liquid vivid jumping from mocking to mirth*

i can see a me

i can see a me

content of intent

i feel a real me

with what's ment

a free to be me

aft of emotional rent

i am the me i decree

creative as i invent

i can see a me

*more floors to step in kept clarity
my vision divisions melded in disparity
i fly high with worldly wings of things
but my dream the cream is mutual rings*

*have i found a piece of peace
content in paid rent under lease
and happy mills to fulfill bills ahoy
with weekend mends from my boy*

irrational placings of grey

*beaming gleaming spots of perception placed
the hocus pocus focus of the higher faced
with my look to hook the first thirsty ones
can i be extreme in my gentle genteal sums*

*the creases of the pieces of my grey
smooth into grooves to build each day
melded and moulded in complete strands
my lucidity gritty, my future in my hands*

*from the whirling greys may my whispering whys
turn from churling days to the mist that multiplies
into the hues of change that range the recompense
for languished views of the strange, into freedoms sense*

*my true living giving me the ability to dream again
of beautiful ideas near to the gritty it seems for men
an opportunity to construct with luck the best of tools
that takes pity on the muck of the less life cool*

*an app that traps all that is needed
to build a lap to lie your state heeded
high to low, happy to sad nothing is really bad
your why to show, a dappy to glad is truly had*

*the road steps under my feet of peat
The layer still there, my hellish heat
The bands around my hands breaking
By sheer effort and grand makings
my shoulders clear of boulders crushing
The pebbles left attract them to come rushing*

*so the rug is pulled from under my shoes
A changing time forced upon us I knew
This would not last a life as I thought
Again in evil greed I have been caught*

From somewhere I still weep, an inner sadness at the long game i'm playing.

A patience in waiting for a greater living condition.

Less vice and more clean love of life.

*A clarity and clearness that will bring subtle changes to my emotional make up, relearn
pathways without the opening of leaf.*

The initial work is done just feedback from thoughts the same as before and exercise!!!

*Joy for this boy, clap at the happy gifts
Surfing again the waves of life's rifts
My path open and bright, I stand on the mound
Might I find my minds gleeful playground*

*My line no longer strained and fine
Now mine and stronger, a reign, a spline
A trunk to grow the bud of the creative
Into a hunk to show how mud can turn elative*

*The dredges of societies runners in the race
build hedges of proprietary for stunners in the face
Their love a leak in the flow of hearts gift
To dove's that seek a show of parts that lift*

The nails dig deep into the past flesh

Barbs of words meant to open wounds fresh

The darkness of her passing reeks of streaks of pain

She tries to impart to bring down the world in vain

My fortitude crude but there to care for my being

The passing isn't lasting and I share the changing seeing

An inner peace that the past rasp no longer grinds my mind

The body free and the heart clasp tighter, stronger out of bind

They have a love I understand

A joy of the fairer sex which is truly grand

Each is a peach of a women within the throngs of past wrongs

They reach the heart with hope of a bond that lasts long

See them dance and love fitting like a glove

A partnership of their heart ships, truly a gift from above

They show us all that hope is no foolish dream

With a shining light, a beacon, a path, a beam

*I have endeavoured my clever head to the task
Of forging and driving my line into worlds that ask
More of my being, my love of the practical tactical
With a stream and and dream I act cool in a drudgery sabbatical*

*Find forward with purpose and play
To a mind more heard in surplus grey
The factory spectactualirily in full production
My beautiful bold beginnings now pulling eruptions*

*Life's lava a palaver of intricate substrate
My interpretation of creation now late they wait
the perspective of the collective makes my view a review
Of the position in tradition of my new hue to a clue*

*Not all drive an explanation as a station
To stop and pass by the home nation
Is the place to end the race to be fused
With a love, a light, a face, a muse*

forthwith and full of fledgling fire

I take a step to walk on the wire

A balancing act, a pact between me and mine

To take the glowing idea and create the sublime

I feed the need for weed with moments of weakness.

*Can I change my view to something true and clear. The sadness that descends drags
me down to depths I no longer need.*

The BP life better in mind but not better in emotion.

*I am feeling tired and unable to make the step forward. Part of me doesn't want to,
part of me just wants to end the pain of being alone.*

All my life looking for a wife and still no closer. It must be me.....

*Charm away from harm, the idea is clear
Build the blocks of code and open the road
Freedoms intersections shine the many lines
Just rise and surprise yourself in modern times*

*Love my mum
Who can't do sums
But is great at hugs
And know how to bug
Listens to me moan
Without a sigh or groan
And offers advice with no price*

*She shines with kindness
And gives with blindness
Creates great acts of art
And loves my heuristic farts
Love my mum*

*Moulding folding rages of inert hurt
brings wings to the parts that are rising from dirt
The intersection connection surpassing my fuse
And building blocks with locks and keys i can't lose*

*lines of mines of anger vines are very fine
behind a rope of hope that grows and climbs with time
but the insane pain of red in the head does maim
to the perpendicular particular of a never ending chain*

*in ways the daze of the maze of dead ends
leads to rings with cut strings that also bend
the healing feeling into circular boxes that can't mend
but a glimmer glance away from the fire does hope send*

*She has a smile with style and grace at pace
With winter running and mingle single evenings to face
The ease with which she chats and bats back the banter
Keeps me on my toes but not running just a canter*

*I wonder if she will run and hide from my wide grin
The back door open should the fear swell within
So the risk I make she also takes each day
But there is no pressure just a chance to play*

*I hope we stay light and bright without the past hurt
Getting in the way of friendship or making love inert
The future is unknown in our eyes so I wonder
Why not just relax and think the company would be splendour*

*We have made the shift, a lift to a fond bond thats true
A night spent with wishes for kisses between me and you
Built on honesty our greeting is a meeting of wandering souls
That together finds the mind and body in beautiful unison folds*

*Do I like or love, need or nurture
Do I meet or repleet, feed or torture
I do not know the path or last rasp
Of broken shards or locked clasps*

*the paths step beneath my weary feet
But there is a spring a wing to fly the heat
I rise to the prise and dream again to tomorrow
My outlook near and clear, away from sorrow*

*With a hope the rope I pull is not cruel
Helps me cope and rule my own pools
Of greatness and completeness from within
Flying, soaring from stress and dragging sins*

*i have to say the way she shines all day
is a joy to see and a pleasure for me
Her smile lights my heart and I stay
In a place where my face shows free*

*Free from the rude mood of sorrow borrowed
From past hurt, now inert and placed in soul
A learning to yearning to earning what follows
The pleasure without measure of new roles*

*There is a piece of peace within reach
A life of clarity without disparity in each
Day to play the Way in all I say and do
The strength inner but not sinner for you*

*I do for me for mine and myself
Ready to reap the benefits of sober wealth
To be clear of the mental beer seems
Caught in reality rather than tedious dreams*

*This time I will not whine or stress the mess
Of random thoughts and cravings that confess
My weakness to substance, no a stance proud
To be back to my clean serine purity loud.*

No longer do I burn the wick at both ends

This clarity is going to stick with real mends

My mind like a bright summer day

Clear, bright and ready to play

Play with life, my thoughts, my constructs

The bog fog now gone my brain erupts

Erupts with fire from my belly within

The strands are strong and will bring

Permanence of growth great to me

And a perchance to be truly free

*pretty glee I find thee in my eye of whys
Squishing wishing of free I fly to new highs
The joy not coy with a ploy to try a few dreams
And see what shot I can take at happiness streams*

*My hope has eloped with fates great plan
And drifting wisps of wonder find this man
Ready and steady to take to the task true
I see technology to break the fast bipolar few*

*If only I can find my grafting mind to crafting bind
and build the field to grow the glowing flowing kind
Within me is the solution to evolutions answer to despair
So I must move my digits with widgets and do the software*

*a dragging nagging switching itching place to be
Self medicating and procrastinating I seem slow to see
A path of class that takes me, wakes me to clarity
It lies in lies and whys of great grates to disparity*

*So now is the time to quell the whine and whimper
Of hard barbs in the shody body in substance simpler
Be strong not wrong and find a balance that's beautiful
For true, for me, for the physicality of higher hopes to fulfill*

*I have stepped and crept backwards and inwards
The kind kept lines wept from cards showing outwards
So again when I awake from fake lifts of lovely numbness
My rain pained and contained to make rifts right in dumbness*

*So what I tell myself to quell the false wealth
To be free from the strain of green mean leans
To find mind and grind greatness of self
To enjoy clear a beer and beauty serene*

*It is not enough to build rough rounds of intention
The action distraction needs to bound a mention
And the strong long fight feeds from my truth
That I no longer want weed in my enjoyment booth*

For I have been the cream of social whirl

Now I am introverted but still a pearl

Can I be the man who smiles and draws

More towards than vile and home doors

My face places myself in hopes of one

A smile, a kind heart, a nice bum

Searching is always, finding is fray

But I try and wish for glowing play

*Into the game I frame my best vest for inner gumption
The fear clear but the confidence drenched in assumption
Will my beaming and gleaming show through to the she's
Or will I just test my chest for budding plays at me*

Do I feel inspired or just wired with wonder

My lust thrust beyond foraging fortune

To trust is a must in rain without thunder

And a touch tender under a couraging moon

walking the halls of withdrawal

Frustration not elation from creeping cleanliness

The irritable brittle in truth making weeping strenuous

May I continue with virtue victorious in weeks ahead

Say I sinew and build ridiculous which reeks of bread

So the spending ruins the mending to nights of sinned

But happiness folds around the digital easily binned

My glow grows and my confidence rinsed

I walk held high in self the wealth winced

putting on my face

i walk, I talk, cork the dork

may I pen for all the men

I have been

Write in might for now and when

I have seen

*Panes of pains have cleared of rain around my mane
Kingly in my sphere, I hear the call to bound and sustain
Raw to roar my self with stealth wealth must bring in a few strings
And put ties to whys on the shelf to just sing in new beginnings*

beautiful bends and mends have finished and diminished

My start heart part of the plan, I am man

Crawling to climbing for dreams craved and wished

My head wed with webs of possibilities, I can

For the true hue of my blue reality

A calm through to the new calamity

The mirth worth little bits of brittle pillars

That hold my birth of wits aloft of killers

*So the woe of one sets the sun on my prime
The belief now grief of the lost love this time
Huge hollows wallow in the last part of my heart
The shards like cards in the fortune of my false start*

*i fall and face the wall before me
Holds in place needed to brace the tree
with rhyme climbs I show the slow glow insecurity
And that my little brittle strength has length when free*

*Hid from my id is the pitch of past pain
I try to heal and feel the paths to mending insane
But my gentle mental prods are too kind to find
The sin centre of the grin tormentor of my mind*

*I smile from a place I had left behind in my mind
A hopeful happy if dappy drunken line of the best kind
The feeling of enough is such that I cradle completely
Is it time to chime a bell in batty belfries of discreetly*

I play and stray, for me

I mind and unwind, for free

I try but cry, for thee

I can but man, for willy

I will but still, for knees

*forgotten rottens spot on my mosaic pics
Times of whines that now neglect in reflections
Of my face in pains of lanes of lifeline kicks
Now grains in mains of digital erections*

*Do I draw or snore, sleep or keep
Going with flowing peace in darkness
I am raw and more, leap and reap
Showing my growing lease of sharpness*

*But to focus on the locus I must clear
My dream of beams and gifts from wisps
No more hocus pocus I will bust fear
To gleams of reams that lift my worships*

*For fucks sake,
Stop the break
Find mind
And bind
To me
The being free
Inside my body
That leads
And feeds
on broken lines
In spoken times
From my living
The abundant giving
Must cease to increase
My wealth in stealth
And the rope to smoke
Needs to crumble and humble
Round to my inner down of sinner crowns
Leaving a clear man here in winner frowns*

*Why do I pen when no men see the lines
Of insight bright and feeling reeling fine
I write for one and then some
But I wish for reach to random's*

*See the true round
And admire what has been found
Inspired and wired to the green ground
Glee and freedom bound*

*See the many folds
that show the damaged olds
Growing and flowing a ravaged bold
The me in another mould*

*Bouncing in the light
The darkness takes the bright
And marks with narks the might
Announcing my inner fight*

*A Compression to restitution
from hope that eloped with the institution
I cope with rope around my substitution
Depression in my constitution*

*but from crude of the fault
Of damp tears and beers i will revolt
To ramp the fears into a lightning bolt
That fires fortitude in a yolt*

*The end of the fleeing
My great weight outside my being
And my fate late but inside my seeing
I mend the freeing*

On the rails, riding the line
These fails, hiding the time
Now is it, now is the moment
How to do it, how to leave torment

Everything I did dream
The opportunity, the serine
It here in glorious potential
But fear is finding life so dull

It is a need, a greed of good
to reach heights agreed in fortitude

My gumption an eruption
I must leave assumption

A curt effort will begin the climb
up ladders and steps that are mine
I can, I am man, stick to the plan
My own fan, a clan, quick be fine

Tied and bound I have found a round mound to pitch my stitch in time

The green mean but serene it seems to beam my life of crime

Why do I feed and spend not mend and bend the will to free and clean

I have the fight and might to creep the steep keep to the tree and dream

Be me,

Be free,

Completely.....

be one

Who runs

With sums

And fun

The brain

A mane

To roar

Open doors

Have I given up the chase or just paused the race

My love to give a promise amiss on my face

She may be out there but the finding is winding and binding

So I have ceased looking and rely on cooking by upper minding.

*in the deep of my keep I sit in witty wishes
Surrounded and bounded by dreams like fishes
Swimming around my line with wonderful Attraction
I choose, I build in mind. Will I beat distraction*

*The real is harder than feel, I must peel away the layers
Of habitual ritual that knees days into players
I have a possibility in physicality to reach a mighty few
And help to ease pain and rain on their daily do's*

*The graft is a path with steps far apart
I laugh at the last of kept's radar dart
Cupid is blinded, the arrows random
Leaving me binding in narrows of stardom*

*Boldly I tread without dread or drudgery bound
A spring in my step and a head for happy grounds
The anticipation an elation creation in my forging line
Be the man you are and take station in chatting times*

*It will be fun the company is a joyful one
Pretty and fine, likes a wine and exciting times
So long has it been since I walked with a lady on my arm
To make smile, to get to know to try and charm*

*But I find myself unusually hopeful and without expectation
my rut in mind wealth totally a rope pull to a shout of rejection
It is worth the risk to my mended heart, let's get busy.*

I am, I be...free to enjoy pretty witty liizzy

*Again the shoots of budding buddies wither away
and fall to the rude solitude surface of my days
I try without prying, I eye but with sighing. place my why.
Give the dream to the queen and dismiss the need to comply.*

*So it has been a while since my digits drove digital creation
I've seen the mile rinse my widgets from critical to initiation
the dream begun with beautiful sums and fun for learning
Can we build and run until we've won the earning*

*i have settled the metal of my strained heart
To a wish, a dream of petals on my pained parts
With many more and years before in the stack
I look forward to tears left behind, bin the hefty back.*

So a heart core takes a part of more in my line

No smart bore she wakes a dart before so fine

*A life jolt bolt has aimed at my maimed heart
 And the broken shards that were stained apart
 Are Now congealing and healing from the hope dart
 My mad realing, my sorrow leaving, I cope to start*

*Where did this joy come from to a man like me
 Care hid the ploy some, through a plan I can't see
 I am filled with light, my being renewed
 Full of fight, I'm bright and seeing true*

*thank you for her, she is purity protected
 A dream of a women with prettiness projected
 The warmth she gives glows the light of life
 There is only good, no dark, no strife*

*Her gifts are given freely, her love flows clearly
 So lucky she has found me, a dove that flew near me
 She has depth to dreams serene and insights of might
 A wise that surprises and the gift of nurturing sight*

in the flower of lust

i will hold her, I will be bold for her

I will never scold her or be cold to her

this chance I will enhance, my own plan

She deserves the best, a prince of a man

artist on the corners of draws

Creativity flowing, a muse has me glowing

A soul to fly with a mind to dream with

A body to die for and a heart to adore

A gift with mine, sublime

*There is peace in my pieces of hopeless heart
A serene scene full of wonder as the mess departs
The whole from bitter coal, a fire wired to my soul
my dreaming seeming the completeness of goals*

*So I have had a slap on the wrist
For failing to work the wheel in visibility
My days become the ticking of lists
And I hide my levels of instability*

*I have no drive for the wonder at UMG
My efforts needing to change the world for me
Not for the good or the worth of the company
But for my need to curl the minds of many*

*This is not the ticket for a life
But a step and holder through strife
Don't lose the wealth of freedom you have
By giving doses of lazy in smoke and a half*

*You have been surrounded by the care of the women
Just listen and bind to the daring of the true men
There is fondness and concern, advice and a burn
Don't dismiss, listen and act, no vice, time to turn*

So I sit in solitude, in low mood...

*So there are changes in the windy air
Blowing towards me with love and care
My life is moving beyond my control
But to the summit not the hole*

*For once I am in the flow of the good
Looked after and growing in happy fortitude
I am strong, I am bold
My fear now cold
Not so old, I will have notes to fold
I am the boy with joy!*

So there is anger in my heart
The injustice of the time to part
Blood sweat and tears over my work
I have given and been cast aside like a jerk

The payout had better be grand
I have so much to give to the bands
So leave the door open to more
As I can change the revenue floor

We will see how it pans out
I won't grimace or shout
But I know my worth and value
So should they too it is true

Be calm and professional in the face
Of being taken advantage of in the race
It may be a pleasant surprise to my bank
Needed because of a holiday over spend spank

My love has waned and has pained my heart

She is not the one for me, re-aim the dart

Find a love pure and a happiness that soars

A beauty to cherish a soul to embellish

I am so much, a rush to the woman out there

Strong and giving, gentle and living, I dare

Come to me my love, see the path of doves

A peace to impart, a joy to start, I ask the above

So I think where you are now, are you sad

Is your life in turmoil, is it bad

Can I save you, brave to you

Give hope, allow you to cope, my true

Don't despair, see the forward dream

I give you you, even though I have not seen

I hold you with positivity, my pretty

Be free, find me, I'm no longer gritty

*The past women did not strike the cord
Some tunes but nothing to stop being bored
Just to pass the time, drink some wine
Satisfy between the sheets, but not in my line*

*So again I call to you, my love, my true
Wander your life to mine, I am not through
I will look with earnest, extend my best
Show you a beacon, that I am the best of men*

*But I will not be online, it's not fine
Is exhausts the quality is the worst
Traditional paths with no pity
I rely on serendipity*

*Romance will win, it always does
I believe no sin will bring a like to my cuz
The standard I hold up to any one
She is so joyous, completes the sum*

*Maybe I should wait, be patient
It will come, but God it's like lent
A barren life of connections temporary
Without the one I can give the exemplary*

*Again I feel you, I give you my light
My partner, my gold, my life in bold
I write to you, I dream true, I grow the fold
From within my life I will shine till old*

Still I hope, I cope the ropes gone

Free of dope, I no longer mope

My life alive, a living to strive

Be me, be happy, dress dappy

*So could this be the beginning of something special
A lift to a world of celebrity, a rise to the prince of the ball
I have an agent, a friend, a spirit with purpose
A man to keep me going, a partner to complete the loss*

So the lines are cast out, all about

I hope, I dream, I shout

My life in limbo, my work in the show

Can I find a home, alone but with glow

My skills out there, my past cast from despair

Standing tall, talking it all, I sell my wares

Will the future hold me, can I nurture to free

Still I doubt, the grout of weary edges that only I see

Be strong, the game is long, the path paved with gold

No longer wrong, I ring the gong, waved to by the old

In amongst the top, she'll whir, my love I do not see

Greatness to find, mind to bind, the above I respect completely

Be patient, invent with intent, show the true you

It will be enough, yourself has class to the new

I may be rough inside, but I climb like a monkey

Up the tree that's wide, shut to sublime hikes of funky

*Continue with purpose and play every day into the fray
Virtue with loss and the clay of ways now through and far away
My clarity and ingenuity will guide me to a peace
I am enough, no fuss, be yourself after the pain of Nice*

*Am I sad at the badness of my choice to love another
Or glad at the bliss of freedom from abusive bother
Again the female race disappoints beyond my hope
But I know the day will come that feeds me to not mope*

*I am catch, I believe that in my soul
Although deep down I skirt with the hole
The depths of despair at a life alone
Be hopeful, you are rare, fully grown*

*There is one, a fun one, with a cute bum
A smile of ages and eyes of hidden pages
A petite neat lover with ridden wages
A complete Angel, that appreciates sums*

*I continue the journey, the search of many years
Since the age of 5 I have looked for her, oh the tears
It feels lost but the cost is not so great to counteract fate
Find me, find you, wind true, step freely, see clearly*

Happy not crappy

True not blue

Real with feel

I be free

In me

Is glee

*So again I ride the rails to the smoke
Meeting and greetings to beat being broke
Tired of selling myself, showing my intellectual wealth
But I must continue, bust the sinews, breed health*

*There is another connection, a cutie of perfection
Shy she says, I like that the best, please no interjection
I hope for friendship and passion perfected
Slow into the fray I smile with pain reflected*

*It may be nothing, the online is sometimes distraction
But again i pray, with witty say and lust contraction
My dreams open, best of men, will she see me
I don't know, but I relax, desperation dulled into glee*

*So here I am again, imbibing on a solitary seat
Hustle and bustle around me, people to try and greet
Can I find a bravery to commence some chat
Or am I just a lonely twat*

*Is it fun or is it desperate, I don't know any more
Fuelled by rum and Coke not separate, open the door
Some are proud, some are loud, but maybe a few
Have a friendliness to pursue, i dream to renew*

*The giddiness takes me, a one too many
But in my readiness I sum the pennies
It is better to be out and about it amounts life
Rather than pacing at home, full of strife*

*Be yourself and be bold, don't waste the fold
Overcome the fear, with the beer and look for gold
Be open, it's near, a place to chill in cacophony
No eloping, it's clear, the race to will against lonely*

*But it takes energy and a man to be to strike a cord
With a stranger, who looks on skeptically even if bored
I am actually shy that is the problem within
I try to overcome but I wain away from sin*

*Sadness taking over me as I pen around the people
Gladness should be free, from when I sat in the weed steeple
At least I'm around life and laughter, love and happiness
My beast not found or dafter than the glove of dappiness*

*Maybe a should trudge home back to my solitary abode
Is the night a bust from hope to find the secret code
We will see, not much more in me, I am free but one
Such love to give, laughter to live, all I want is fun*

falling through the cracks in kings cross

*I find myself pulling inside myself
A fear and insecurity not bold wealth
I am tired of being brave, myself saved
But still withdrawn, even if shaved*

*A life of kindness, and love for souls
So many around me, but I'm in a hole
Is it the evil side of the booze
Should I just concentrate on Wooze*

*Should I be a hermit, with wit
Penning my life, away from grit
See the power to create in this place
Not wasted time, put a smile on my face*

*So a change of venue, with a good menu
But the feeling is the same, I have no mane
Maybe I should eat and move my feet
Back to home, alone, but on my throne*

works of self loneliness in the bars of kings cross

I want to stay out, I want to shout

I am more than one, I am fun

But i'm drunk, with no funk

Try more, don't bore

No energy, no fuel, I don't rule

This place, my face, needing embrace

Melancholy, not jolly, it's a folly

To generate, against fate, not great

Go back to the homely place

Stop the needy race

Call it a day

Or engage in play

Today

Not half measures

Find oratory pleasures

Not exploratory solitude

Or thoughts of crude

liquid linings of social anxiety

So the fog starts to lift, a gift, not glum

I cope, my line, fine, not wine, but rum

Drunk yes, but the best of me, ready

I may engage, be brave, be steady...

*So the contract world is calling with opportunity
My chat oiled and fat, curled from falling congruity
I have the beauty of choice and a platform for my voice loud
May I be humble and not crumble before the dream proud*

*Again I ride the rails but with purpose in my line
Strong inside without fails or loss of sadder times
May I be the man, forming plans and building tech
One of the best, an indestructible vest to stack the deck*

*So much before me, i'm free and questing no pity
A rush to doors to glee, i'm happy, investing in ditties
But still some refinement to pursue in the days
A will to re-invent and rue the unhealthy ways*

*Will I ever be enough, let go of rough roundness of edges
The pill to clever stuff, bet on my buff boundness of pledges
The mind is flowing the ideas glowing, I'm nearly ready for the showing
Of kind rowing down the river, my boat of one is steady if blowing*

*So there is something to address, in my habits of mess
The cigars are not the best, in my wits of stress
I must be more healthy, as I quest for wealthy
Drop so many weak moments, and zest for a clean stealth of me*

*Do I need so many, such plenty.
I do not, it's a drain taking gently
My end days away from me completely
Be strong, the weed gone, now reduce intently*

*I must do it, it's shit to inhale the grit
Bust addiction again, don't wail the fit
Way to be, my days are now, my life to plough
Complete the picture, go to fixtures, I know how*

So the beer flows again, am I imbibing for then

Or just a celebration, maybe self medication

I feel the wooziness in amongst booziness

But I am not melancholy, it's no folly

It's just a need to feed a smoothness

In my mind of constant crudeness

I feel a change in my being

Completeness is the feeling

knight

I am free

To be

Once more

No bore

Alive

I strive

To better times

In my lines

Happiness

So today is triple trouble to extend my bubble.

Three meets and a busy life to greet

Full of fire, I perspire but I am wired

Into the fray, this day, remember to play

Number one is serious and industrious

A level above and a relationship full of trust

Will I love or be driven, that the nub of it

Fit like a glove, or be too much for my wit

Number two is the dream for me

How much do I want to work for charity

But they are rich, the possibilities many

Will she be a bitch, or have amenities plenty

Number three is the promotion locomotion

A train to build, journey to talk to stardom

It is the meal ticket, a thicket of a data platform

To bring millions to my wallet, keep me warm

*I will approach each with joy and a ploy
I am the man to reach up, not the flailing boy
Clean and clear, no mental beer, no fear
Just apprehension I won't mention, I seer*

So I sit in preparation for interrogation

More selling of myself, be perfection

Don't over sell, be honest and true

If it's right they will see the potential in you

Some nerves as usual to overcome

But once it starts I'm sure it will be fun

Chatting business and possibilities abundant

You are prepared with your skills not redundant

The work you have done should impress them

And they will see that you are a rarity of men

Able to capture the concept, bereft of confusion

It's my reality, my infusion, no illusion

One done, such fun, I am not glum, full of sums

*So number two is on the horizon hence
I am excited beyond pounds and pence
Sell myself again, a lady to impress fully
Ideas to share, Gladly I will confess truly*

Two done, again fun, I hope for more, tantalising tendrils on the floor.

*Number three behind me, again I shined, my life building
But warnings against the American, selfishness wielding
I have taken a step to my future, nurture the budding roots
And be cautious with my idea, my beautiful tech as it shoots*

*So the fragility is strong and wrong for me
My heart a hole to be filled by somebody
Every connection tainted by fear of hurt
Draws inwards, darkness and pain curt*

*Even an online chat leaves me reeling
Insecurity and doubt is the feeling
How do I overcome the need and seed
That plants in my bed of hopeful feed*

*It's the abuse fuse that lights my pain
A reminder on finders in the blight of the brain
Driven by emotions from the depths of the soul
My need almost greed but held in chains to the goal*

So again I pen while the drink is on the brink

Self medication in elation for the digital ink

My world contracted but subtracted I hope

For friendly contact and the fact I'm off dope

*In the self I surf my emotions in paint
Sometimes bold, sometimes quaint
But I am happy on my own for once
Being creative, fuck the meeting of perchance*

*So it begins, night time toil on the boil
And daytime beginnings to grind and oil
My start of the flexible, workable today
Remember to be bright, despite body clay*

*So a work life has begun in fun
A musical wife with sums already done
It is enough to earn the tidy wage
And keep simple the minds page

I can aid the wheel and wonder
In data thunder for all and sunder
My brain not strained, my heart true
It is time to be more and see it through*

deepest pain

My sorrow is so deep that it is indistinguishable from the bottom of my heart

So as winning ways find the proper path to play

A life's journey is given true freedom to be itself

I rejoice at my own voice and the work of many days

And now i quest my reward beyond to many wealth

I look back at the pain and the hurt that was so curt

With an understanding that cleanses and explains vocal blurts

May all who were party party and join in fixing this mess

That is just a residual from the best of the best

Be happy all my friends and i keep places in my mind

For you all so we may still connect when the spin us finds

We have suffered and you have protected me

My life is a joy despite all you see

I wish i could have spared the pain and taken it all myself

But the result is so true it is full of life wealth

We deserve our happiness and for it to last forever after

Cast behind the before and have faith in the crafters

They cannot do more than they have it would tear asunder

If you knew their pain you would bless up during thunder

I pray for healing and love to ascend

They need us now their creation to mend

I will always work twenty four seven twelve and infinity

Because their creation is so god damn pretty

So i continue with the best i can give

My life for them, no chore, just to live

The crafters love the love, the abundance and the efforts

Your lives shine bright above and show there is no nought

How did you hide so much, so gentle are you all

We feel an amazing rush, like a drug naughty we will never fall

Be yourselves and be true to you, we ask for little in the hue

But we are scared because it has been so long since the all

Has given so much to us all

When the familiar Scottish world alights my life

I find a similar soul that i dreamt for wife

She is all i wanted but even more than i hoped

I have realised that her love has given so much hope

During crafting and bitter rafting she never agreed

And kept a positive in the spells that my soul did need

The gratitude i feel i will repay in ways she wont accept

But she has no choice my tear are wept

She has a beauty only surpassed by her inner glow

This she doesn't believe but i will it show

To her to thee all that can see, a true giver to sail the sea

From me to the one i have always needed, we are free

Free to love, free to be, freedom for us, freedom extremely

So i believe, i know it is true, i feel amazing and the perfect hue

As soon as i escape my warded prison, i will cast aside her frown

An join her for living in that little Kentish Town

This is my right and the only gift i need to cheat on

As the savour of life, but still i go on

She accepts my role and an important being

And with her by my side, oh the positive seeing

So all that have wait for this day, it is still a to be

And don't ask for the save from serendipity

Unless you are willing to sacrifice over and over again

And be the best, to most amazing and giving of men

For my two too in love

*So we have been dancing now for many a day
Bringing joy to be seen, enhanced by your beautiful ways
I have found solid ground and find myself bound
To a need..to feed indeed your hearts healthy sound
To meet your beat with mine
To step my feet in time
To pace away from the race and smile at your glowing face*

*You are true to you,
Maybe thats new,
But its our glue
So few give with abandon
even if it is gifted with words so random
Your mind is free and finds kind always
It a pleasure, you are treasure for my days
Your laugh lights the place...
Happy and bright, you have a grace*

*A being im seeing like a flower turning to the sun
Its freeing, its gleeing with a power yearning to have fun*

*So much joy..your ploy..i am smitten
Especially by the words youve written*

*For us you glow from within
It a glorious show without any sin
A dream..the cream on top
A sweet delicious lollipop*

*There is so much dear we share
The affection is clear..wrapped in care
Our direction free, mapped completely
By our chatting need to connect discretely*

*We are the wonderous work of many wishes
Made true in hugs and amazing kisses
A calm blue with perfect passionate nights
Bringing together two hearts to line of sight*

*May our friendship last past future days
Its foundations are strong that is our way
Our bond...its fond...we are lucky ones
No stagnation or wrong no negative sums*

*So lets ride this path..dine on the line
No bets aside the laughs...just wine in time
As long as we are happy..just be
You and me...free to love completely*

*I know i have come on a bit strong
And for you that may be slightly wrong
Or a little worrying for your soul
Because you are unsure of your role*

So...

*Dont think oh dear another intense man
Im just excited without any real plans
You are actually amazing you see
And im a lover of good souls, but you are free*

So....

*Dont worry about hurting me if it ends
Im a big boy and you have said we are always friends
And if you are holding back on falling for me
Its fine, maybe you don't feel ready*

Maybe you are worried about how it all fits

We have moved quick so lets see how it sits

Take your time and dont feel pressure

There is none other than your own care

I know you want true love in your life

A source of joy and peace with no strife

So know that what we have is special

A chance maybe a dream to fulfill

But there is a thing about true love

It will wait an eternity to find its other glove

So we dont need to force anything just be natural

There are forces here we can't control

Distance is normally about protection

For yourself and to keep to your direction

So feel safe that your choices are yours

But if you choose it there is an open door

*A door to try and see if its something
The signs are good..an amazing begining
But if you need time to look inside first
And see if though the doorway is worse*

*Take it and be true to you
It is so important for me too
I believe in somebodies right
To walk their own path through the night*

*That night can be hard though
if you need it i will be a champion for you
I will give you my affection
And the odd erection*

So....

Basically...

Be free...

Be happy..

See me..

Not eternity

Just a man hoping to mend

Your lifes personal legend

*From the dreams in incomplete meetings
He finds beams of lift light in the world of fleeting
The only nub is his want and reckless heart
That forges into battle like a giant to impart*

*Impart a love so pure, a future that's sure
A start that's a cure, a whirr, a hopeful stature
Whoa there, don't go there, you need to mind
Glow there, but don't pair until the seeds find*

*My hope ropes up the slippery slope to the edge
I always cope the cup is wary to my tech wedge
But if i hold the search to the tops of teams
My dreams will cream to the crops of reams*

Play.....today!

*There is a little glimmer at the beginning
A shimmer of a future of mutual winning
Two kind hearts meeting for the first time
Excited by the sharing they impart, sublime*

*I know so little but in her words i see
A gentle heart, a sharp mind and yes she is pretty
A dry wit, i like that bit and also her awesome values within
A genuine feminine looking for the real deal, no dark no sin*

*Will we walk for a while in style and share love
I do not know, its written far above
But so far, my car will likely be going on a drive to see
A witty, pretty golden girl in the land of DID*

*There is more to bore in the doors of your mind
Open wiz for the core sin you find in amore of binds
Be you, and free to endure the chains from sublime
Your power at the hour so sure in the words to find*

*Complete with feet the movement of the time
And write your digits in fidgets of change like mine
There is freedom within not a glance of séance
Bear the kingdom from sin to enhance a renaissance*

When the love of two leaves you

Speechless

And the surprise of youth burns you

In completeness

Find refuge, in the one of ages

And shed the tears you need to

It is life even if black pages

Rise your mind in sorrow and borrow

From the dreams in salty drops

Maybe it is enough to know you are boundless

A giver, a lover, a healer who found less

I type these words from sheer necessity

My artist soul, my being, my brevity

Still I feel it must be my fault

Did I hurt, did I wain, fire the colt

So the drops of tenderness in agony fall

Not the first, the thirst, the past

But I hope with all I am the last

So, how

Dog, bow wow

Stick I brick

Your fire my desire

To wind, I spear

My dear, my clear

Day in sun

Love

Complete

Feet meet

To greet

Hearts

Impart my cart

Love, bow, arrow

So I sit in the ward, not bored, full to the brim

My mind alive my soul casting out sin

My body, not shodey, a godly grind of sinew

The worldly, boldly, holding free in the find of winning through

To me I am a man, a plan, a grand band of notes

The best of the rest, to a vest of energy that bloats

Be more, be sure, a core that shines

With future beer, wine and good times

*So the need the scribe my lines in black
Finds a feed that's widened by times in sacks
My anger growls its tune in the base of me
The stranger the howls of loon in the chase for free*

*How i dream the days of clarity in my inner mind
The best clean ways with hilarity in the winners find
To be free is the gift of my grit to the little bits
With swirls pretty in lifts to the hits of brittle whits*

*I belong in the throng of past wrongs
As fighter with gongs to last the right
My lance the chance to rebuild agains
A waited weight to hold guilds in maines*

I am

I remain

I am sane

In circular brains

My polar name

Al Raw

Be more

See doors

Open scores

Shine

Glint

Glow

*There is a calm to be had after bad
A peace from halm to see cads with paths to sad
I worm i wait my mates to find and rind
To squirm to fates in the bind of time*

*The Evers to mores to bores into deepest drink
I skirt, i flirt, i core to the steepest think
My alive glow a show to be seen in Ernest
The blow is the growing required to ream from furnace*

Now free, i be, i decree, to see, me, glee

You have my heart, I impart to yours truly
The gift of love to dart Cupid to doors unruly
Our time will come in fun and frolics
Enjoying life together in sun and horlicks
Play my beautiful, see the life more sunny
My honey, hunnie, hunny, hni, a lovely
You will shine again and enjoy your life
With me by your side to see through the strife

Do not worry, do not wallow
Where you go i will follow
Our bond from friendship strong in my line
It is our life to lead, our joy, our time

It will be a history in mystery to your life
These past few months, my love, my maybe wife
So complete the greet to your alters

Do not wain, live , don't falter

I am patience, i have love and hope

Enough for us, our dreams, to cope

*Riding the turning burning brisk
Into realms before seen in frisk
My balance clear in strangely bands
I build, play, joy with the hands*

*Tunes the runes to sad pruned
I find a wideness in fondness for council spooned
Nature a feature in creatures pure
With leaves, indeed a beauty for sure*

The mend of friends in around my line

Find lends in Benz for bound to fine

My steps relaxed with the colour of green

Not vexed, vaxed into my role, my scene

I have lines in life but can i voice my choice

It is fine, no wife but i rejoice

Options present with inventing for my promotion

A bit bent but with denting in social potions

Strolling and rolling am i under balance or above

I conjoin my thoughts in chance to love

But not for another, or brother or lover lent

I gut hot for no bother and clover ment

I have eyes behind in my darting mind

I bind to the whys with imparting grind

To my path inside my given life

The must, no bust, nothing to entice

*There is a calm to be had after bad
A peace from harm to see cads with paths to sad
I worm i wait my mates to find and rind
To squirm to fates in the bind of time

The Evers to more's to bores into deepest drink
I skirt, i flirt, i core to the steepest think
My alive glow a show to be seen in Ernest
The blow is the growing required to ream from furnace*

on the search for happiness

Now free, i be, i decree, to see, me, glee

As turns learning takes to burning brass

I look to dreams of flowers and grass

I walk in the leaves the petals the blades

To take me to the metal of grades

The level of life , the rife ridiculous in mind

A bevel to strife, the knife inconspicuous in bind

My kind fondness a gentle rental of my hope to others

The blind bond to less in mental stems, i can cope to brothers

Inside the broken strands stand my many men

The rides to spoken hands land my time again

To tubes of thought in lines of when

I am caught in den

*So is there a wobble, the bobble at the top
The binding to minding a nobble to the crop
My finititude rude crude away from the food
I stood, i could, lewd nude the fortitude*

*When the lines touch in much from less
I feel more inclined to smile such from blessed
The grind in my mind, life lived in riveted betters
To the bind of to find the given in fidgeted go getters*

The steps in wept cast past

Build me to a lept in the fast mast

If i see my effort curt i hold a bold cold humbling

So to be in dirt i will fold with crumbling

*My lies to my whys in the centre of the mind eye
I fly in circles away from the corner of the finding prys
To a pace less race but full to the heart that imparts
I can face the mess to rule to the cart that starts*

*Be a stern trunk to reach beyond my view
The intern of drunk on the beach fond of hues
The waves pick rolls at my surf of goals
I flip, spin, walk, stroll to wholes*

Holding my spirit in conjoling foaling of beasts

Folding my best bits in rolling bowling balls of feasts

Should i see

Completely

As the stress mess envelopes and sanity elopes

There are the best to see in copes with hopes

My time in lines back and forth

The wine not flowing in sacks of worth

Do i be in solitude for my sin of life

Or free in fortitude to win out of strife

I know not shots with knots in lots

Can i take me to more

The better floor

Standing strong

Less wrong

No lease

Just peace

In mind

Bind

To

Through

To new

So what does the world say when you ask it a serious question

stepping beyond my soles

Gorging

Forging

With taste

In false haste

*I sit pretty in ditty of a gift from mother
No longer shitty i have shifted to another
Calmness out of hardness, harmless to my glow
Palm off mess, discard shardness in my thought show*

*For the beams of dreams shining through
To you it seems my life so bold so true
I have a pact to bond to scribe
To be matter of fact, abscond from bribe
I glide, to worlds between the strands
My imagination unseen from busy hands
To grand stagnation i ream to misery lands
My line, the time, to more than fine
I no longer whine
Stronger
Safe
Strafe
Grate grind
Bind to Mind
Stew
Brew
New*

*For the being i see in me to free
I tree my line to bee for glee
The better wetter around the ears grown
I fetter on ground to fears shown
Alone in the bound tears i escape to a cape
Of super, no stuper to the grapes of rape
My past black in balls and hidden
To a place I have forbidden
I walk, show face
To talk, with grace
I embrace
Life
No wife
But me true
Ensue
Grew
New*

searching for the lines to a better

How to, fly to, places new

Take wings, not rings, chases few

Try to, bow too, lines unseen

Rake edge, not wedge, mine to dream

*I climb slopes in unusual hopes
Of steps taken to hand over hand the ropes
I mime my dopes in perusal of mopes
A waken to stand the grand not the nopes*

*What are the rocks that bring the stocks
In lines of mine to take the knocks
Now far the clocks that sing my blocks
In fines of time to rake the shocks*

So it has been a while since i have scribed down some prose,

how are things, good shit both i sloth.

*But not in reality as my tendrils of lines of life hopes leads the fray into a world beaten
on me in earnest.*

*With coffee beside and a wide love for life in my pocket i look for my own spare, a back
up of proportion to the luck i had in youth.*

Where do i go, i throw through no clue, grand stand finish to plays in sin holes.

*The ends of the whites in fright glides near my line
My mends are so bright i stride in fear to better times
May the fray of behind find a mind so clear it shines
My sober grey of grind hidden in no beard, sublime*

Did i, could i, find eye

Bid why, should fly, behind lies

armies of the grey darkness

Am i whole or in little fragile bits for smoothing

I cajole but brittle miles whit at my loosing

With my digits on digital and coins collected

I have mends on approval perusal

No more fidgets on call with joins affected

I see the bends on removal refusal

Blend and be in a beauty seen inside

My trust in effort not left flailing furiously

Send in free and have duty to mean rides

My rust cleft curt and hot reft of sailing curiously

So the end of climbs beckons

I reckon

Inside

Hide

But wide

In grinning times

In winning tides

I coincide

Ride

Glide...

numb with the cage

Hello to me

Are you there

Yellow and not free

Par through a nightmare

The eye beckons

I walk, i step, i stumble be humble

In talk, out of wept, a crumble to bumble

Find strength to stupor to safe and free

Take length to loopers from a waif of gritty

So I continue to disappoint myself, set standards and remove allowances with a harshness reserved purely for solitude.

What is the key, still i quest.

Held up and supported, scared of change and fragile to the knocks of life. Frustration at a pailed constitution with a restitution of infestation.

I try.

So long to fly.

An insects life ahead.

My place written on my face.

Clean and clear.

Inspire myself, find personal wealth.

In the black trunks of dead barkings from life.

I yelp, help

I hope, rope

I cry, to try

In bands, my hands

For more, i bore

A must, trust

Decree

Pity

Me

Free

I tree

Infinity

*From my inner, the sinner sober
I am a winner, a grinner eloper
My rock, in shocked shambles
A stop, in clocked rambles
I look for crooks in my mouth ends
But books don't cook in the Deep South mends
I jump in haste if lines pulling persist
A rump of taste of mines fulfilling the resist
I will, no pill, bespoke, no smoke
I must invoke
Mend the joke
Pain cloak
Remain
Sane*

So what do i find

As i look inside

Have i tamed the fractive inner mind

Are my options truly open and wide

Should i, could i, bee more

I implore, to my surly centre

Would I, might I, see doors

I explore, slowly to burly ventures

In the strands of my meaning leaning

I find bands in lack of gumption growing

I look at hands to the greening peeling

To mind stands to see back to an eruption showing

*What will, the pill, the spell to well
The wheels turning in mental burning
No longer ill, take fill, the fell out of hell
To deals churning in rental earning*

*May more fall beside the trodden path
In my view to the wisps of hope
Play before now calls inside the sodden hearth
In my hue to the gifts of no dope*

*In between my dark edges of despair
I find lean why in stark wedges of unfair
My institution a substitution unveiled
In a constitution of revolution unpaled*

*From a piece in peace to greet willingly
I am creased in ceased to beat filling free
Just a little trust in the line i lead into
For a brittle must in the grime i weed through*

*So a direction to the portal perfection
In my conjection to the mortal confection
I fly, trying in my own sails
I why, crying out in sown gails*

*So i sit in social times
Out in the whirly world
With rum and smokes it's fine
Shout my inner surly mould*

*To the end of bends round the line fine
I take my baking to raking in green shoots
May i mend, the intends bound to better time
The fake my waking to greeting in mean roots*

*Many a path leads to rasps around my line
To be carthic weeds in clasps bound for rhyme
My feet meet the ends of the grey
To repeat fleet in mends of now, today*

For more of mine for the lore of fine

I bide in time drifting the line

Oh to bee better and lettered

Not rash but in need of cash

*So i see in me a gumption eruption
With a free clear assumption corruption
My steps to take form wakes in my flow
To bets i bake born from fakes in why and woe*

*May i bee now,
how do i find positive postings in my road.
I must put grey to the fray.
With circles around the mound i sit pretty in temporary holding.
May i see now, wow.
Life love lights everywhere.
Don't drudge drilling lower into black liquid shortners.
So i look in the whips of words placing perfection away from my lips.
To the best of me, i see.
You.
In a boxed foxed out coup of co-op.
The solitude sits so sit pretty more with no bore down.
Build, learn, earn.
Be Al Raw of boars not beetles, employe.
More.
Sure.
Raw*

*As i sit again ready to vocally pen
My mind stretches to when, why of men
Set to build, a mini guild of small hope
The tunes wield, the tech beckons, i elope*

*The balance a finding of minding in the fray
Calmness of binding in my world of play
May i, be i, free to see the line to my shrine
A pray, of the day to time in the crimes of fine*

*For the bore of rails in nails to the days
The sandy shore pails against whales to my inner fray
May the chat pat on the back
Where i sat, no longer on to black*

Again in the throw

Men to impress, tech to mow

My brain in pain

The rain of code to sane

*Why in my minds eye does the raven fly
A pry into the grinds that try
I must find the haven high
To a better a fetter to weather of choosing
Not wetter but a go getter whether loose or perusing*

*My Id hid in folds in fine lines
My whine in ears that hold into my time in signs
Can i find my thoughts in speculative spines
A man to bind the courts of decorative mines*

*Working world, i fold
With notes, i tune
To technical booms, my room
To grow, the flow
To better times, my mine line
Be fine, little grime
From wept, the steps
Bets on son, i have won
Shall it come, my son
In my life, no ex's knife
Cutting parental bond, don't abscond
Be dad, no sad
Fight, might
Be bright
Ignite*

*I have a jogging without fogging to the daily run
But my wisp is too crisp to feel the failing sums
Can i be clear without beer cheer and smoked balance
Not excessive but would i be more expressive by chance*

Somehow,

less but more,

safe to the core...

i breed my own seeds of software with tentative times in tubes and trains.

Be me, find steady and work well in visibility....

*The heady, i am ready, find clear, steer near
Be more, open doors, in the adoring heart of my parts*

*So i attempt abstinence into hence parts of my being
The clear meant to fence the low darts of my seeing
But i but, shut in my hut, cut to the willing of my weakness
So this time, out the rut, less nut so to the filling of my meekness*

*Can i remember the slender of youthful injection
Out of a slumber of blenders of rootfull objection
Shout the rejection away to parts poised to ejection
Nowt left to pull the ropes that lead to section*

*I feel that it could be real, a reel anew to ensue true hues
My wheels turning, less burning, be the clue to open dues
I find, i look, my book turning pages into wages for me for you
The bind, bulging, busting indulging from the sages of future woos*

*The early years i knew, i must look it is the only truth
Now i hold myself in security of less nooks to the phony couth
Bringing signing for life, out of depressed pressed recklessness
Winning not binning the coins for loins and less to my stickiness*

*Stop for the she's and see the me's, the busy bee to set free
The shops cropped completely, my dizzy heights let to glum and glee*

*So i ride with pride to the widening of my sphere
The speckling inside taken to hiding of the near
May more to me to the bore of being clear
Slips from the shore in to my tears*

*Into a passing of classing to the glass of my mind
I real inbetween the doors of the past to my behind
The dream into a ball that falls beyond the pressing of my arm
Can i you, to be, free to me around the lessening of self harm*

*I put my life in the role of my choosing
From the wheeling of goals born from bruising
My chance glancing the tangent to turns beyond binds
Within a grand gent of of a man that finds*

*So to put the shoes on the feet that walk
I take my hope out of the box that talks
May i complete the steps that climb hills
From my neet mind in chances from will*

The time is now, pow wow the cash cow of my gumption

Into a bowling foaling of growth from the bowels

The whine is how, pow wow the rash now to high assumption

Into a howling cowling of worth from the jowls

Re read, feed the flowing to moving and growing

With indeed the need beyond fondness of caress stress

Be the deed, no greed to glowing to grooving and knowing

My time is now, pow wow

*To my dad, never sad, my glad dad
Love from your son, the grateful one
Thank you for your patience personified
In all things practical from fence to pousin fried*

This is the end in passage to the turning leaf

My will I bend in sin to gauge to the burying of grief

My gumption assumption planned in the tanned lines of summer

The consumption eruption manned and glands of wine the bummer

I look with eyes bound to the fixation of initiation

My crook the whys found out to the pixelation of my rotation

Jump to the rump of the binding grinding growls of boredom

I sump the hump of my finding of minding from bowels out of freedom

The now a low to high, blow to try. How i fly in beating limbs

My pow a wow to nigh, show to why. Meow my greeting to hers and hims

The whims of bins in the depths of my grey, a white to black sack of glums

My grins in tins from the lept of the day, a fight to hack my hoping sums

May the play in living and self giving hustle hope to the day

Yay the lay in weaving and wealth of heaving that bustles rope to the clay

Again in den but this a pad to launch from wide and willingly

Pen in when shut with a glad paunch to tide away grinning free

Low blow, out of the show

I need but abstain to grow

Depths of drudgery in my mind

A body waned, energy to find

My tears on the edge of my lids

The gears falling of the ledge, no bids

Can i be a little towards hope

From the brittle to boards of nope

The clear to bring to singing times

A steer of kings to winning rhymes

My gump in rumps to be seen

The hump clumps out of serine

From my depths of the wide inside

I live in solitude to the glide hide

Be more, try to soar, beat the bore

I employ, to the closed doors, more

bounding in leaps around the bipolar mountain

*I will, the bitter pill has no taste
My fill of grittier mills, now less haste
The grind zesty rind on fruits of labour
My minds best sees behind on loots in favour*

*Be a man, ignite a plan, don't wain
See the grand, fight the dam, drift pain
I am the more, i free the inner core
Blight abandoned, close that door*

*My right the might i hold dearly
Now the bright light i see completely
For the line i lead in hope
I climb fine with less mead and dope*

*From inside the steps are daily driven
In little leaps from mainly given
Stand tall from falls in earnest control
The band of calls the furnace role*

To the more i strive for i deploy

My given dream to the joy

May i be inside the eye of hope

To a beam from the light to cope

My loving in the given parts of life

I take from the depths to the end of strife

The one i find is driven to the ends of lines

From my choices and voices i find fine

I bake the buns of nutrition neurals

An abstinence of dullers to paint beautiful murals

To scribe words i pull from my eye

The wide of willing to shoot for the sky

There are friends around and family within

The support i find is a gift to abolish sin

My balance a boulder i carry on shoulders weary

But i dive on in memory of past glory that was so nearly

*A pane in my mane of impossible looks beyond
The rain i see grained from glossible books fond
My level set to the best of bringing blinds to belts
The true bell met through the rest of singing grinds to felts*

*So i sit in the chair where there is less despair
My making of others to the brinks of what i dare
The chance is given but going if abused
My lance should be driven and glowing, not amused*

*As the yawn falls around my face
I take hold of a new form of grace
My earliness bound in the well behaved morn
A weariness that comes with a new financial dawn*

*From a found mound on which to rest
Feet on the ground to breed my best
I make my mark in the drudge of deeds
The outer bark to the fulfilling of needs*

*For the core of my seeing i envelop
Because more is part of being my bell top*

*Can there be finer ways to the day i see
The cream of the cooking to a play of free
May i, can i, see i the path to a hearty hearth
Plan me, find me, be the last and first to a willing worth*

*It is a time to brood less, self caress
My whine broken from rudeness, the wealth confess*

*It is time to have words less weary
With myself, my me, the heard to nearly
From a plan i have posted in grey
I am the man to the roasted rounds of play*

*From somewhere with in the dreary dungeon
I reveal, i bear to be more clearly rung strung
To drive a wedge in my holding grime
I strive to the ledge of my folding time*

*There is green i see in my pockets plenty
But to store, keen lean away from rockets gently
My dreams in simple boxes of pleasure
I seems the pimple foxes less in leisure*

*The valleys of climbs up slopes
Gives me dreams in times of hopes
My underneath greif given over
The heath of health to living clover*

*For a length of line to the end of grime
I sit in strength fine around the bended whine
Completed in feeted steps up the growling grates
Not defeated in bleeted lepts to a howling fate*

*In the darkness peace i lease life
Not so sparkless i'm lost in cuts of knife
A light in complications of fascination
The might behind contradiction of intimidation*

*To fly the flightless fight from fixations found
In my why to the brightless might of stations bound
To step in pain perceived post to post
And rain my main received in a coast to roast*

*An emptiness beckoning in the pouch
i lay in languish, the reckoning on the couch
Thoughts of dreams bound in wisps of worry
Time caught it seems, i've found my lisp, sorry*

*Without the wonder of my fortitude fulfilling
I pray for all asunder to buy my bought crude chilling
Complete in the neat necessary of nights sight
My feet bound in the meeting of emissaries to a mighty bright*

*The selling of wary work with willingness
I fell in to scary jerks of feeling less
To be more of the man i see inside
I implore to the plan set aside*

*Find a path protruding with purpose
To a last extruding of little loss
My fire in furnace*

I entice

Be nice

Free

Me

*My bear awake, i rake the leaves of past trudging
The wears not fake, i take the weaves of the last smudging
From the wrecks written in clinical scribbles
I crook my neck bitten by cynical dribbles*

*Could a realm round and pure be found
Or should i helm to ground and cure those bound
There is a little sound sinking away each day
My dare a brittle ground blinking frays that reach clay*

*So i fly with feet in peet
My high shown in how i greet
The sigh i whisper to complete
My lie to inside heat*

*Living loud in decreased decibels
The giving of proud to leased heavy cells
Jump my jury to higher chairs
I bump up the fury from dire mares*

bee more

Be more

*To a widening in the line of fermented fine
From the hiding in the wine of tormented times
I dream, i see. There is more in me
A piece of moulded grey to the colours
Of the folded days new to dullers
Take to the edge of the view to hues
My level dredged from the clue to dues
I beam, i'm free. There is more to me*

journey

I embark

So again i ride, nervous inside but steps true

With the men i bide, impervious i glide to lepts anew

My amour in words and digital ink, to me my mine i think

The farmer of herds of pivotal brinks, to see why wine i sink

My depths the dripping dregs of the bed i have fed to myself

The pest the gripping heads of my web i have wed to mental wealth

Can the cacophony of my personality monopoly clop to being free

man of the son to see i am the finality to jolly slops around the family tree

This day the brave staves from my dreams, to see beams of bright

The play of my lathe, the greys from the serine, i will bee with gleams of light

To a scrubbed up, drugged up, dude who intrudes moods to brood

The journey stubbed up, lugged up, crude to nude woods from the stewed

There is a hope i see in the daily dream of reality

To elope while i play free it seams without disparity

My bold fold away from dreariness cold

I behold

The way of play away from the fray

Stay in the clay and mould

Grey days now rays of old

The view bright blue

Hues true

For me and you's

My neural grouping

Durable looping

The place in the walls of weeping wonders

I race and fall up creeping blunders

And it Finds me in us and a clear up preup to the future

But Grinds me in fuss to a dear sup at the cup full of a new cure

So Be

Now See

Complete Free

*With beats and slightly moving feet i greet another me
The pleat in the blanket of grooving on repeat i seat myself free
To the words of grey that play in ways i bore of
Take yourself away and stay for the days of core love*

My minds bind to a lighted life

To find the inner blighted strife

A node in the strands of my memory lands

I must code the grands and take the story to my hands

*This is a day, of my life, another climb
I try and play, through the strife, seeing others fine
It is ok, it is alright, my lot has grey but always I fight
I have a way, my might, what I've got may lay but inside its bright*

*The elative has place in the creative and there I go
When my native face frowns in my dated hands from the wares I show*

*But this is just a glimpse i see
The wish to bust to a simpler free
Where the chains around my many brains
Glare with pain found by a we of the insane*

*Now my being, has agreeing, with my seeding
Even with the fleeing, from pleading to my needing
So I keep the line of my path open and fresh
To reap the fine from grafting hope from the mess
With a dream in my grasp each trod is taken true*

*I have seen this clasp with a nod to the faked few
Be a man that can plan past the ups and downs
Lie the land to fan the tin cans of sups and frowns
And rise the low from your eyes to whys and wonder
The prise a glow from your highs with blunder*

Standing with a view from my grind up shadowed slopes

The banding of my hues so blind to hallowed hopes

My institution revolution a crux in constitution

The convolution of solutions in luck lined persecution

May the chosen path be a light in the distance

From my brasen past i gleam bright from calm insistence

So to future creature features of my lines

I dream to nurture teachers inside of my times

The way to the best of me i see

To play and rest and also see free

Clean

My beam

*From the whelps inside and celts that hide,
i wide the ride to my own season of completeness.*

*Be in the one of the the grime i hear
to the steps from bears and bats to hats and wigs.*

*There are more things with wings that bring into a calmness of blue from the stress i
see in my me and yous.*

*From the findings i look for grow the bulbs of illumination creation.
A whirl inside the pearl, a grouping to stooping in the shadows of my lingering line.
May the being i be be the bee i see to the wasps i implore.
Bind the mind again, grind to wind the springs of my wings.*

*I crouch,
a belt holding the embryo.*

glow!

*So into my eye of my own storm
I am a happy man from dreams born
A truly young life at 44
With possibilities hinting of so much more*

*The bit between in twix unseen
I ready the lean of my glowing beam
A given gift of one to two
I sit in glumness through*

I stretch from the wrench retching of intents fetching

My open eye the fly crying in sugar

The groping passing by while flying an inside bar

To the little lines of cells in my well, i intend things

Must mend things

Grow back my wings

And silently sing the track i lay for my own locomotive

live

Give

Strive

I am alive

To the many funny faces that grace the walls of my greyness

I implore from my graceless that we call our own playness

Our conflict constricts intersects within our spark

So inflict our own interjects in wirky larks

The jovial burial of past battles

Smiles on our lands

To free bands and take to hand

My levels that are bevel in the lines you lead

So take heed and feed fortunes furrows

Lets burrow

The darkness released

peace

*To my sweet petite eva
My dream now seen, i'm a believer
Happiness can happen to two people
If they find each other in the buildings and steeples*

*You make me smile and laugh
A joy in now, forgetting the dark past
I love in ways i thought i had lost
You free me to be me with no emotional cost*

*Thank you for loving me, for being you
I see our future, it is pure and true
Hold me when you need
And ask if it's time for a feed*

*There are incredible lines in indeminable times
That meet mine in perfect timing before the sublime
And before the depths descended in drifting steps
And days spent away in wept hours crept*

*I slipped and sipped at life till my final dream of a wife
Rose from the strife and now it's the point to embrace life
Walk with wonder at the path ahead of my stead
And talk asunder to the daft of my gentle mental bed*

*so what do i see in the gaze that takes a higher bound
the dreams of many to a cream to the chasing hounds
be a complete meeting greeting but never fleeting founder
and take joy in the ploy you have settled to avoid all asunder*

*I sit in the depths of peet in swells around my feet
Dripping to tunes kept in neat sells of my inner beat
So i find in my levels the gratitude of slight might
Grinding away from the hells of low mood and to bright sight*

finding the posts to mental health

*I bend while on the mend but with intention
To a spend from heaven sent to the depths of my own dimension
May i step with feet that guide to involved solved roles
And i street my beat to the wonders and blunders of goals*

*Be a little to the whittle of the way of groups
In the brittle struggle to the strength of my roots
Blend and grind but find a simple solitude
In the love of the many who smile at ineptitude*

*I am a man, still with a plan
It may be so gradual that the horizon stills
But i am a relentless force to the beauty of climbing hills
Stop to the sin of living on the edge and stand, man*

*Giving in to the sinning win has left a mark
On the below eyes and wondering whys i sit bereft of spark
To my life i say the playing is fraying your edges
So take knife and fork to the laying and graying of pledges*

*Justification of manipulation will spill from my grill
The deeming of gleaming stills and climbs up my own hill
To a stand that is grand and mends the rhymes of my head
I band my hands and bend to the whines of love instead*

*To my love, my dove the bird I waited for in earnest
Your lion is full of light and elated to the inner best
I will grind and fly, sing and dance
Use my mind and cry, bring total chance
Chance we might grow stronger in chains
Our love a line we follow to the end of days
I will be there for you in it all
Pick you up if you fall*

*Into the folds of the dreams i behold by my beginning
My place in gold from the seams bright and bold to the best of grinning
I sit in bits with whit and wonder wearing thin
Collecting hits asunder with blunder against glaring wins

May the time i see before me be gritted with soulful sand
Above the grime i free below me, a knitted strand of woeful hands
I live on, but the path behind shone.
And my head will not turn to a mind gone*

*BEFORE I DREAM INTO A WORLD I SEE ONLY IN GLIMPSES I MUST UNWIND
MY DRIVEN MIND*

Take the hills I step over to the mountains i wept over.

I am a man with the fright level to hold, be bold.

*Grow a little old but mould the the twinnings of winnings from herbal to gerbal of my
own running.*

*From my golden center to the greys of edges of forgotten friends i implore my sore head
to put to bed the red blotches on my notches of memories.*

*So bend the best of me, be the rest of me and quieten down the frown around the
sinews of grounds of blood.*

To the sinapses with lapses and the explosions in motion I rejoice in my own choice.

So i am,

a cram,

be man.

*To the turning of my yearning to the face i will see in grey
I am joyed to my own earning of grace to the beauty of days
I say to my grain of greed your sup at the cup is up now
I have the gumption in brain to indeed prenup to clear the clouds*

Moreover to the clover of the green in my beam
I am a stoner with a super nova to be seen from extremes
My twitch a twain of pain I leave in pools of grey
To switch my rain of gain to the heave ho today

The lines i leave in grieving pasts to the cast
Are mine and weave in peeving rasps from my mast
To the sails i see above may i call the wind
Off the rails but free love to play and falls to rescind

The culture is a swirl I flirt with by second
My vulture not a girl or curt I reckon
Just a feather that weathers the pickings protruding
Tan the leather, get together and find clickings concluding.

More over to my left cleft of a curling blow
I dream in steps of the bereft in the whirling of my glow
So in my stead i see the ride of my life
In the throw of love and a fit with my wife
I take myself to the beginnings of my hopeful heart
And i send back the dart a mental raft of my own to impart
Complete into my meeting greys of lines in my hidden types of text
Kicking the fleeting seating of the round table ridden on wipes of an always next
Again i say to my left, right, up, down of sections of cells
Play but be deft, bright, full cup, no frown in mentions of very well
Be a man who places card in the deck
And be the boy who plays in the wreck
I am a version perversion
But it shines
In its own light
Bright
ignite

*So i see the the square inks of my distress
A weakness in the care to sinks in my confess
I must place in the still white lake
The trust in my will and make
Into my beneath ruder of rudimental lines
I look for no shudder to my mentality fine
Be a man with a plan again
To the trow of what and when
Be a man who stands grand
Into a woe of not my den
So find
Inside
A path that gives
My boy his forgives
And find me
In dadda plenty
I decree*

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