

A Moment

Still they sat, their minds adrift
Until one caught the other's eye
A smile was offered as a gift
One given in reply

And in the little time that went
A single moment passed them by
Then swiftly, and without lament
The moment simply died

Things

The line that defines the edge of a thing
Is often more than a little thin
Drawn around the bits and pieces
That make it up, the folds and creases
All once parts of other things
With rearranged particles and strings
Segments, sections, bumps and gaps
Branches, fluids, overlaps
It's hard to tell, if you look at the parts
Where one thing ends and another starts

The Alchemists

All the words are old
Even if the page is new
The stories all retold
Each letter's been reused

Just symbols in a row
Punctuation is just glue
A circle makes an O
A U should follow Q

So let us all extol
The Alchemists, the few
Who turn shit into gold
And scribbles into jewels

Siegfried B

If the rain should last forever
No breaking clouds or sunny weather
Or if the world should simply stop
And he could simply be forgot
That would, as far as he could see
Be all the same, for Siegfried B

And as he sat there, all alone
His heavy heart hung like a stone
He took his blanket made of wool
And birthday Schnapps, the bottle full
And with resolve, he did proceed
To don his suit, did Siegfried B

So what, he'll miss his fifty-first?
These last few years had been the worst
So to his wife, he turned around
And said "bye dear, just popping out"
And with that terrible deceit
Snuck up the stars, old Siegfried B

And there he settled in the loft
Wrapped in his blanket, thick and soft
He drank his Schnapps then bedded down
And slowly let go of his frown
And that was it; he fell asleep
And there he stayed, our Siegfried B

The hours began to pass him by
And soon the rain would near subside
But there, alone, for endless days
Still and quiet, was where he stayed
The blanket jumped with bugs and flees
But nothing stirred in Siegfried B

And twenty two years later on
When all the rain had long since gone
And the sun would shine for days and days
Still in the rafters, there he lay
A blanket, bottle, suit of tweed
A pile of bones; old Siegfried B

Return

One, two, three, four
Our ship departs and leaves the shore
Five, six, seven, eight
It bobs and tacks along the way
Eight, seven, six, five
It won't be long 'till we arrive
Four, three, two, one
Back home again, our journey done

On Trying To Get From Here To There

On trying to get from here to there
Your first concern should be quite where
You are to start with and thus then
Where there is too, but also when

If here is where you are right now
And there is where you're aimed, then how
Will have to be addressed as well
It's very often hard to tell

Then comes the hardest of them all
A quite perplexing obstacle
That tricky little question, why
So difficult to justify

And by the time you've worked it out
And planned your route beyond all doubt
Just before you go, you'll find
You'll probably have changed your mind

Oh, To Be Young

Oh, to be young
And to know you are young
And to know what I now know

Nil

He, who with no choice or will
She does so adore
When all she gets from him is nil
Still she gives him more

He takes his fill then shoves away
Her kind and caring hands
But filled with joy, and every day
Her heart ever expands

And though she loves him boundlessly
He takes without a thought
A thousand times as rich is she
And he is left with naught

Mr Barkley's Garden

One morning Mr Barkley found a peculiar insect on the ground
Keenly lurching on a seed fallen from an old plane tree
And so he picked it up to look closer, checked in his book
To classify this thing he saw; then baffled, took himself indoors

He checked his many cabinets where too, he noted with regret
That nothing like it was displayed, at which he really was dismayed
He called his colleagues all around; in Prague they'd seen one too, they'd found
One in their gardens just the same but couldn't offer it a name

And so they theorised a while until, said Barkley with a smile
"Then I rightly do declare this troubling insect isn't there"
"Hurrah for Barkley's acumen" cried the scholars, "that's it then,
Our work is done, it's plain to see; I think on that we all agree"

So off they went their separate ways, and in the coming weeks and days
The little bug would soon become, of insects, the most common one
On Mr Barkley's manor where he takes tea, his garden chair
Surrounded by a droning mist of bugs that simply don't exist

If, at first...

At first he tried, did not succeed
And so he tried again
'Cause people told him this would be
The thing to do, so then
When he failed, and failed once more
He did his very best
To pick himself up from the floor
And try again, no less

Time and time again he fell
Then up again he got
And not once did he manage well
But give up he did not
He just kept leaping like a goon
And still he's there today
Jumping up to catch the moon
Again, again, again

I Walked With Achilles

I walked with Achilles along a grand old hall
Decorated to the ceiling with columns on each wall
Each arch was plain and square and simply painted white
And, for what we were aware, of equal width and height

And at the furthest end, there was a painting we could see
“Let’s go and have a look at it” Achilles said to me
So off we set, and covered half the distance pretty soon
But quickly we discovered, half again took all afternoon

We walked half the remainder on a good night’s sleep
Then half of what was left again took us almost a week
Half again took us a month; the next half took a year
No matter if we walk or run, somehow we are still here

Ever closer we become, but only half as near
By now we must be almost done and so we persevere
On and on we go together, half and half again
It seems to take forever here, to reach the other end

At The Very Centre of The Universe

At the very centre of the universe
There is a map of how everything works
A detailed record, in pictures and words
Of space and time, and how it's dispersed
A map whose edges define the lines
Beyond which there's nothing more to find
On that map, if magnified
At the point where all lines coincide
On that map, if magnified
Beyond which there's nothing more to find
A map whose edges define the lines
Of space and time, and how it's dispersed
A detailed record, in pictures and words
There is a map of how everything works
At the very centre of the universe