

THE PSYCHOPAUSE

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The Psychopause is a collection of texts – song lyrics – removed from their original musical settings on the three albums below and presented simply as verse.

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Now Moses kept the flock of Jethro his father-in-law, the priest of Midian: and he led the flock to the backside of the desert, and came to the mountain of God, even to Horeb.

And the angel of the Lord appeared unto him in a flame of fire out of the midst of a bush: and he looked, and, behold, the bush burned with fire, and the bush was not consumed.

And Moses said, I will now turn aside, and see this great sight, why the bush is not burnt.

And when the Lord saw that he turned aside to see, God called unto him out of the midst of the bush, and said, Moses, Moses. And he said, here am I.

And he said, Draw not nigh hither: put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground.

Moreover he said, I am the God of thy father, the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob. And Moses hid his face; for he was afraid to look upon God.

THE REAL WORLD

ALL IN THE MIND

The universe, its laughter stilled, is a shroud draped
over space-time.

It's the wind, the sun, the grass, the sky.

But what is that?

And who am I?

Where is all I believed that I would find?

It's all in the mind . . .

The universe has been transformed

Into plastic and crepe paper,

Forcing me too to change inside.

And I feel so scared,

I feel so tired.

These brittle words convince me I'm alive.

But it's all in the mind . . .

I only have to touch the sky,

And I will surely feel you.

I know I only have to throw me aside,

Then I will surely be you.

I have no feelings, I have no need of thought.

I have my nightmares,

I have the scars from when I fought.

And, somewhere, still

I have my dreams and passions.

And, sometimes, still I glimpse what they imply.

It's all in the mind . . .

What is it in my head
That's burning through my eyes?
Is it everything I've said,
Or something yet unspoken,
Something that I have not even dreamed?

The universe, its paths so old,
Its oceans ageless, endless,
Its forests choke the traveller's hopes
That the dark will break, that he'll see the sky,
That he will briefly live before he dies.
It's all in the mind . . .

ONLY FOR US

All the stars we see tonight shine only for us.
They move and dive and turn to shapes,
We can only trust.
And I feel this is somehow our whole destiny.
The universe extends its very being to me,
And pulls me deep into itself, inexorably.

OF DREAMS AND DESTINY

I dreamed that I was darkness.
I dreamed that I was all.
There was no direction in which I could fall.
I dreamed I then created energy and time.
And dreamed that there was something more than I.

And so nothing turned to matter,
Yet the loneliness remained.
I tried to see beyond me, I tried so hard to change.
I stretched my hand out in the dark,
I slowly turned to light,
And saw that there was something more than night.

I dreamed I was a grain of dust floating in the void.
I dreamed we moved together,
I dreamed our being joined.
And there was silence everywhere a
As a billion, billion galaxies began to form around me,
And I began to be.

I dreamed I was a wave in the ocean,
As a billion years of rain
Washed away the darkness
To which I had been chained.
I couldn't feel the sun beyond the clouds,
I only felt the sea and rain.
I hadn't started knowing love,
Or understanding pain.

When England was a sea bed,
Shapes began to form.
Molecules born of lightning
Were created in the foam.
Until, one day, one made a copy of itself.
The sun seemed to grow brighter
As life began on Earth.

And I dreamed that there were cities,
Though I didn't know why they were there.
I dreamed that there were people,
Though I didn't know what people were.
I only knew that time would bring
Some form of release.
And I dreamed that there was something more
Than blindness and the sea.

Land rose from the oceans.
Poison had now turned to air.
I filled the ground, the trees, the sky –
I existed everywhere.
Until a time came
When I'd reached the canyon's brink.
And I leaped off, quite unafraid,
And I began to Think.

And now we've started reaching beyond the sky.
Our ships leave all we've known till now,
And sail eternal night.
And sometimes, when the Earth becomes
A faint, unnoticed star,

I feel this is from where we came,
And what we really are.

I CAN SEE FOREVER

If you look outside, there's something there;
It's deep inside and everywhere,
It's painted all the trees and fields so red.
It's found its way in through my eyes,
It's found its way into my mind,
It's started painting murals in my head.

We're pictured here in devastating colour.
We're pictured here in frames pinned to the sky.
The pictures of this world are shown so clearly.
And everything I see transcends mere sight.

Everything's so clear and sharp,
Fashioned in cut coloured glass;
So still, so beautiful, so real.
Above my head, the firebird,
Stilling time, defeating words.
I realise there's so much more to feel.

I can see for ever.
I can see the sea.
And I can see so far I can see me.

BETWEEN GALAXIES

And then, as your last seconds come to a close,
Fever will grip you, your head will explode.
And as hours fall by, and night turns to day,
You see that this fire will not go away.

The colours and sounds will well up from the holes
The fire your head's in has burned in the walls.
And then you can see deep down into your soul.
And then you can see that you're really that small.
And then you can see that you're nothing at all.

Your sleep will be dreamless, an unfeeling void.
Your spirituality will be destroyed.
And for weeks it will hurt just to look at the sky.
But you can't help but look,
For you can't close your eyes.

Simon and Keith can stay guard on the stairs.
Iain and Dave will be watching elsewhere.
While I try to breathe in this clinging, still air.
I won't even leave; I will just disappear.
I won't even wave, for it hurts to be here.

BURNING

They took my mind through caves
So dark I couldn't see the fires that consumed me.
They took my soul through magma lakes,
They left me drowning deep inside me.
And now I must carry my chains,
And come to terms with the change,
And hold on when it becomes strange

Until the Earth stands still,
Until the sky is silent,
Until the seas dry up,
Until the mountains fall down,
Until there is no life,
Until there is no memory.

Until the stars implode,
Until the cosmos shatters,
Until Creation's lost,
Until the last words are spoken,
Until I live again,
Or until living kills me.

AN EVENING IN TIME

Up is just the grey, blank sky,
Down is just cold earth,
And all else is twilight and the rain.
Alone beneath the wall of cloud, upon a sea of lawn,
Silent, but with fire in my mind, I wait for dawn.

If there is a meaning, then it's lost among the stars.
If there is a lifetime, it's not mine.
There's nothing more to find in time, but a reason.
Or even rhyme . . .

THE PROMISE

The bell for play-time rings.
In my mind, a thousand things,
And the warmth that summer brings,
Retell the endless story once again.
And I think of when all this will belong to me,
All this will be just for me;
The promise seems to be completely real.
And I think I feel all there is to feel,
And the teacher knows all we need to know.
If I could have died then,
Then that, indeed, would have really been
All I've ever known.

Cries of laughter, screams of joy,
Begin to fill the playground.
I need your help to pull the sky down here,
But alone I'll make it stay down.
The sand-pit and the crayons
And the pictures on the wall,
The plasticine, the climbing frames,
The coats hung in the hall.
And though they still hang there,
It seems that there were things
I couldn't even start to know.

EMILY

Tonight your eyes seem distant and afraid,
The wine has made you only speak of death.
Emily, you're living,
You cannot give in.
You're here until your final breath.

At least if we feel pain then that is beautiful.
And if we're faced with death we'll value life.
If there were no shadow, we'd not be here at all,
For without it there could be no light.

Being's neither form nor tangibility.
Knowing is not joy, nor is it hope.
Our lives are scattered;
We are but matter, lost amid the words we wrote.

DON'T LOOK INSIDE

Count the hours, count them all.
Count your thoughts, then let them fall.
But stay away; why should you risk speaking to me?

Don't look inside or you'll see all my memory.
Don't look inside or you'll live all my life.
Don't look inside or you'll fall where I'm falling,
Into an empty sky.

Don't look inside or you'll feel what I'm feeling.
Don't look inside, you'll be lost without light.
Don't look inside or you'll be what I'm being.
Don't look inside my mind.

Don't look inside or you'll go where I'm going.
Don't look inside or you'll dream all my dreams.
Don't look inside or you'll know what I'm knowing,
Though not knowing what it means.

Don't look inside for you've no need to see it.
Don't look inside, you'll lose count of the hours.
Don't look inside for you may never leave it.
I don't think you'll have the power.

The vision's over, melted down,
Only the dark remains.
Time has almost ended now,
And I think it's going to rain.

TOUCH

How can they find their way in his darkness?
How can they begin to understand?
He feels they want to hear a million promises.
He gives them, just to silence their demands.
How can he live?
How can he touch?
How can he give when they want so much?

THE STREETS OF ST ALBANS

Perhaps that night was all a dream,
A spurious memory.
Perhaps I didn't gaze up at the sky
And stretch my hand out
Toward the overpowering blueness.
Perhaps I didn't see it change to lilac and amber,
And, finally, to the magic, starry darkness.

Down cobbled streets, along scented footpaths,
We found our way from inn to tavern.
I remember the ale
And thinking that it might flow for eternity,
Golden and mysterious.
We drowned gladly,
Until the faint whisper
Of what we once knew as reality
Had faded for ever.

Perhaps a small part of me died that night,
Overwhelmed by the presence
Of something I perceived only through awe.
There was now no memory to hurt me
But for faraway, still shadows,
Their shapes unable to be made out
Through the distance and years.
Finally, I lost even these,
And, with them,
All sense of what it means to be happy.
Perhaps we can dream again.

HAVE YOU SEEN THE SKY?

We were thrown in this world so long ago,
Cast adrift, and I still don't know
What were we then?
What are we now?
What will we be?
And at times I am touched by a memory;
I raise my eyes to the clouds
And see there's something there,
I don't know how, I don't know where.
And then that night the storm exploded.
In its wake our land was still.
The valleys filled and became oceans,
Morning came and drained our will.
And from the forest I thought I heard cries

Of laughter, of peace, of truth and of lies.
Can you feel something is happening to time?
And have you seen the sky?

Our cities rose into sky, into space, into time.
Our dreams were those
Of a race breaking out of their minds.
The bichromatic shadows
That the suns above us cast
Turned to gold at night time
As a thousand burning stars
Swept the heavens there before my eyes.
If I'm not God, then who am I?
And, to our minds,
The land and the sky were the same.
All through our lives
We felt that the sun was the rain,
For the rain was shining as it fell onto our land,
And the sun was melting as we held it in our hands,
And we never lived in frozen time.
If I'm not God, then who am I?

We were thrown in this world far back in time.
We had stared at the light till our eyes were blind.
But occasionally there are times
I see beyond the sky,
And it feels so good to be alive . . .

THE OTHER SIDE

The Crouch here is no more than a stream,
Flowing to the open sea.
I slowly walk along its side,
Underneath the open sky.
The package carried in my hand
Can't help me breathe or help me stand.
I feel there's nothing else to do
But lose it in the heart of you.
Your banks will heal the wounds I bear,
Your depths devour all despair.
I'll cross you when I find the time,
Then lead me right to the other side of my life.

I needed something I could use
To weigh down the bag I'd used.
On a nearby building site,
I found a piece of concrete pipe.
The package fitted perfectly,
As if the pipe was meant for me.
Then, standing on the river bank, I threw it in.
And as it sank the air seemed very still,
I felt that I still had free will.
And now, perhaps, you will see why
I leave tonight for the other side of my life.

AWAY FROM HERE

Maybe everything is real,
Except the pain we think we feel.
Maybe if we laugh at fear
The walls and roof will disappear.
I'm going to find out, I'm going to get away from here.

What if I blend with the trees?
What if I become the breeze?
I could live for ever more, I would know what I am for.
All I have to do is try to find the door.

And if the clouds should kill the sun,
I'd wipe away the dark.
I've a trillion stars to choose from,
And each one is another door
To which this darkness leads me.

Nothing matters to me now.
It will all make sense somehow.
Pain, confusion, hope and fear
Are all part of being here.
I'm going to get out, I'm going to get away from here.

And if confusion fills my brain,
Then I'll just have to wait.
I won't mind, I'm used to that.
For waiting is all my life's been
And, it seems, will ever be.

GOD LOVES YOU

We dreamed of a night
When stars were shining so intensely bright.
And as people came outside to look up,
All the world was light.
I felt I simply could not look away,
For God had come amongst us all that day. .

So I followed one star that seemed to lead me
Across the fields and hills.
For at last there was hope,
At last we had something;
Our empty lives were filled.
Filled with all the evil in the world,
But now with something else as well.

God loves you.

We dreamed of a land where we were happy,
And we could all be free.
And we looked at our lives
And realised how worthless they must be
Compared to that which made us and the Earth,
And cares for every mind in the Universe.

God loves you.
And, most of all,
God cares.

AN ISLAND IN SPACE

SKY AND CLAY

I've been walking so long, I've been walking so far,
I've been walking through fields, through deserts,
To find what we are.

And it seems we are sky, and I think we are clay,
And I feel that we are living in some other way.
Somewhere, eternally, living in some other day.

IT COULD BE THIS

Strange shapes float high above where we stand,
Each one wrought by destiny's hand.
And, where land ends, they are slipping away,
Like mountains falling slowly into space.

Some darkened, some as fragile as lace,
Air pulls them into patterns and shapes.
And they sail slowly, in silence, east,
And disappear, eternally at least.

On timeless, yet ephemeral paths
To the far future, to a world long since passed,
To a song fading with the last of the light,
As the day becomes the darkness of the night.

And now we'll turn with night time's wheel
Until the day returns.
And now we'll sleep in winter's air,
So cold that each breath burns.
And when we disappear
We shall leave our shadows here.
And when we are the darkness
We can read what's written here;
Written through time, written in gold,
Carved with fire in stone so old.
It could be this.

IN THE SUMMER SKY

Is this how far we have come along this endless road?
Our steps have brought us to this place
To watch the sun explode.

From above us, airborne lakes
Shower down in golden flakes,
Till the lines of what we see
Are the questions that we be,
And I understand what I mean be Me.

As I catch them in my hand,
They pass through into the land.
But some fall upon my eyes;
I reach up and feel the sky.
Now I understand, now I realise,
It's painted there in the summer sky.

NOVEMBER

You can say that we feel
No more than is barely real,
No more than our senses steal
From the world outside.
Through the trees filters sun,
Low in the sky now the autumn's come,
Now the cold days have begun;
A pale and smoky light.
The woods at this time of the year are alive;
Dark trees stand still
In layers of leaves that have died,
Wild tangled branches obscuring the sky,
In this underworld.
And this silent day, and the cold, still air,
Are a window pane; they're not really there.

I can see sloping fields
Stretching to the distant trees,
Seeming in the mist to be grey and faded shapes.
And the grass where I stand
Is a real part of this land,
Soaked and cold to my hand,
Dark beneath these skies.
November's around us, inside us,
And look at all we could give, if only we took.
The leaves become mud as I walk from the wood,
Across eternal fields.
And the colours fade to black and grey
As the mist descends, as I walk away.

RUINS

The winter came.
It brought the rain,
It took me where these ruins have for so long lain.
And drizzle falls on granite walls,
Unyielding to the elements and time's assault.

I once knew a time
This castle stood in years gone by.
I once gave my life in battle here on this hillside.

And as the mud turned bright with blood,
The dying with their final breaths
Gave thanks to God.
When silence came it brought the rain,
And now I stand upon these fallen walls again.

I once turned my eyes
Toward the darkened evening sky.
I once asked myself
If there wasn't more to life than war.

HOMO NECROS

Through the rainswept valley
Figures made their way,
Guided by what little light
The Earth saw in those days.
In those days there was no air;
We had no need to breathe.
We knew not death - we were unborn.
We only knew this path toward the sea.

Mouthless, silent, hooded, cloaked,
I counted ten or more.
Strange dark eyes saw who knows what?
Minds behind locked doors.
Did they know of something - a distant point in time?
Or maybe they had nothing, maybe they had never
seen the sky.

Through eternal winter, through primeval fumes,
Our journey took us nowhere but toward our tombs.
Past the dark horizon, past the mountains there,
To where we'd see Creation,
Where we would be free of our despair.

THE GREAT KNOWN

Inside outside, beneath the burning sea,
On the edge of endless night,
Amidst the stars we see.
Hanging by our minds suspended
For what we call our lives,
For the moment in which we catch breath,
For the blinking of an eye.

Outside inside, where waves of space-time sweep
Onto a beach of diamond stars,
Washed up from the deep.
And somewhere in eternal darkness
The galaxies revolve,
And further still, beyond them all,
The universe dissolves.

Scattered like seeds, as stone, as ice,
Growing to fire, growing to life.
Being feeling and knowing, becoming mind.
Becoming, with passing time, Becoming itself.

GHOSTS

Ghosts of bare trees, frozen, unmoving,
Woven in sky, crystalline, windswept.
Ice on the paths, snow on the fields,
Frost on the stile, cold has descended.
And between blue and this black and white world,
Cold flame is smeared and has run;
Half the horizon is sun.
In future years, if the sky is still here,
If Earth still has eyes to see,
We'll crack the ice, we'll see all that there is,
We'll be free.

HOME

Something fell out of the sky into our open eyes.
In the stillness all around the colours came to life.
And in midsummer fire, a change befell our lives.
We saw we were eternal and boundlessly wise.

What are these dreams we have,
When skies split open?
And by the road the flowers explode,
Lighting up that yet unknown,
As they lead us home.

Something fell out of the sky onto the path we walk,
Something that explored our minds,
That spoke but didn't talk,
Something that revealed to us,
In the mirrors of our eyes,
That all that we are seeing is all that we be.
What are these dreams we see?

I CAN ONLY SHOW YOU

Where do I begin?
Maybe at the end.
Maybe I should sit with you or walk with you again.
There's a darkness deep inside us
We must never go to.
I cannot explain it, I can only show you.

Then, if you will listen, and if I remember,
If we both can bring ourselves
To somehow understand,
Maybe we'll have questions
To the answers that I owe you.
I cannot explain it, I can only show you.

Cold and clear and blue and distant,
Bordered by the trees
Dark and tall and swaying slowly
In the ocean breeze.
How can words describe the world,
The life in which you know me?
You cannot explain it, you can only show me.

THERE WAS A TIME

Is it true there was a time
There was a blueness in the sky?
Was this all in your lifetime?
Do you remember fields?
They say that there were days,
Endless days it didn't rain,
And you could see through water.
What was the moon?
What were stars?
What was this thing we called the future?

What have you left me?
What have you taken from me?
Is this the world that you were guarding
To pass on to me?
What was this thing we called the future?

Read to me once more,
Before the winter darkness falls,
Before the months of death descend.
Were you ever not cold?
Were you ever happy?
Someone told me of a time snow was white
And of a world where grass was green,
Not deathly yellow.
Was it really like that?
And they spoke to me of oceans,
They spoke to me of animals
And how all things were really one.

They lied to me about a fire called the sun.
What was this thing we called the future?

But more than this, much more than all this,
There is one word I still do not know.
Tell me what it means, tell me how it feels
If you remember,

If you want,
If you dare,
If you can,
If you need,
If you live,
If you touch,
If you see,
If you breathe,
If you are,
If you burn,
If you stand,
If you reach,
If you think,
If you dream,
If you feel,
If you speak,
If you hear,
If you pray,
Tell me of hope!

What was this thing we called the future?

ETERNITY'S SUNRISE

BLUE EYES

Dawn breaks, light fills the world,
A world of dew and bird song.
Long dark shadows drape the lawns,
Summer's first perfect morning.
Slowly you and I my friend walk towards the river,
Talking of the coming years,
Happy to have found each other once again.

Don't tell me why it was like it was between us.
Don't talk of how our enmity destroyed our lives.
It could have been so different,
We could have been brothers,
We could have helped each other.

In those dark woods stood a house,
Behind that tall and solid fence,
Windows barred, the front door boarded up,
The path to it a swamp.
A light inside barely glimmered
Through the filthy kitchen window.
Someone was alive inside.
Peering through the broken blinds I saw myself.

Don't tell me how you never dreamed
That we would be here, sat with our beers,
Watching boats at the river's side.
No more threats pass between us,
No more revenge to vow,
It's all over now.

The hatred and despair we lived with
Have been blown away
By winds so warm yet gentle, breathing and alive.
We cannot dream of anything
But spinning stars and wheels,
And the place that lies beyond them all,
Outside the universe.
Further than all we've been able to know,
Further than all we allowed ourselves to hope for,
Greater than anything we have imagined,
Lovelier than your blue eyes.

WHY DO WE ALWAYS WANT MORE?

And at the door there stand our loved ones, waiting,
Welcoming us back home with such joy.
Inside, the firelight glows,
Supper cooks upon the stove.
But in the crystal vase upon the table
The cut flowers fade and die.
Why do we always want more?

In the peaceful village in the valley,
From the church tower sound the ringing bells.
But the devil rests under the bible –
Perhaps we pray to hell.
In this little village of stone houses,
Under such a clear and deep blue sky,
Why do we always want more?

Despite all we think we understand,
Or perhaps because of the unknown,
Like wolves we come to drink from dried up springs,
And so our thirst just grows.
Out of desperation or despair
We remain astonished at the world.
Why do we always want more?

It seems the only way to win is cheat,
Not even knowing what there is to lose.
Not understanding why we play,
Gaining nothing from defeat.
And year after year we grow more restless,
Year after year more bored with life.
Why do we always want more?

ANGELS

Far down below me the world was spread out.
I looked on fields and silver, curved rivers.
From upon mountains of clouds I gazed down,
Trying to make out the streets of my town.
Then as the warm summer air rushed up past me,
Sweet in my lungs with each breath that I drew,
I felt a cool shadow suddenly touch me.
I looked behind.
It was you.

Did we meet long ago on that croquet lawn
When you looked at me and said wasn't it strange
That though we were only two children, no more,
 We had somehow beaten
 All the grown-ups that day.
I saw you so many times as you walked home,
 Yet somehow never spoke to you again.
For what could I say to a beautiful angel?
 What did I know?
 I was ten.

Over our heads shine a million bright stars,
Scattered and burning through infinite space.
The air this night is so still, perfumed and quiet,
 As if Earth itself knows tomorrow we leave
 Into the quantum flux we've created,
 Through the great mirrors
 With which we've paved Earth.
One billion years in one opened blue flower,
 Witnessing the final birth.

THE SCREAM OF THE MACHINES

Hot steel beams and girders glow red,
The only dull light in perpetual darkness.
The scream of the machines
Burns eternity to charcoal.
The cosmos is this underworld,
Our lungs become the smoke and ash we breathe,
Our human bodies tumours on Earth's face.
The only light we have with which to see the horror
Are the fires of hell.

And God hangs abused and murdered,
Broken,
Nailed upon a tree before us.
Heaven lies razed and looted,
Devastated,
A wasteland which now devils have made home.

In chains we crawl, sleep and dream,
Adrift on seas of burning magma.
And through miles of solid granite overhead
We cannot see the stars.

And as the bolts of lightning hit,
And as the far horizon splits,
I see a chasm in the sky
Out of which reaches a hand
And holds a lantern to the land.
The raging hurricane is at its height.
The world is filled with light.

EDEN

I dreamed we walked beside a splashing stream,
I dreamed that spring was here now,
Trees turning green.

We wandered slowly up the grassy hill
And looked back into the sunlight at the old windmill.

Nobody owns this land,
God's land is not property.
We will walk where we will choose
And recognise no boundary.
Your theft means nothing in our eyes,
Your title deeds are only lies.
Do you own the stars and sun?
Is Eden yours?

THE TRAIN

The man across the aisle to me
Reads a folded paper.
The woman in the seat in front in headphones
Stares outside.
There must be someone I can speak to,
Someone who'll explain.
But it seems that no one knows
Anything about this train.

How many years, how many miles
Have we been rolling down these endless tracks
With no memory of boarding?
Did we wish to get somewhere?
Was there a town where we were heading?
Or did I only want to watch
The cows and hedges pass?
Did I ever sit upon some platform
Waiting for this train?
Where is it that I journey from?
I have no destination.

Sunset, dawn, summer, winter,
Blazing sun and foggy hillsides,
Cities, fields, forests, coastroads,
Mountains all around.

And yet in all these years I've travelled,
I have never passed a station
Which appears to be a place
That I should recognise.

The gates are different, the townscape's changed.
We've stopped but I can't leave the train,
I have no bag in the seat beside me,
I'm going nowhere.

I search in my top pocket for the ticket I must have.
I find it in the folds of a photocopied street map.
I look for where and when I bought it,
And if it has been clipped.
The ticket says "Creation"
In smudged and faded print.

I show it to the woman pushing
The refreshments trolley.
She smiles as she reads it,
Hands it back then moves along.
There must be someone I can talk to,
Someone who'll explain.
But it seems that no one knows
Anything about this train.

EARTH LIBERATED

It took no more than wanting life and freedom.
All we needed was the human will
To create the heaven on Earth we've known
Since the day the final furnace stilled.

Nothing in the air will burn our lungs now,
Nor in the seas and rivers poison us
Since we ceased to choke the skies and waters
And swept the valleys of the killing dust.

Forests grow across abandoned cities.
Rusted factory chimneys start to fall.
Once it seemed to us we wanted so much,
Yet we now see this was really all.

THE SEAGULL

On the sea flecked with light,
A gull lands on the water.
In silhouette against the sunlight
Beats then folds its wings.
Above us both the clear blue sky's
Immensity engulfs us,
And we're but two more transient waves
To touch this shore.
Through eons our dear home has lain here,
Ever changing colours burned
Where heaven's bright kaleidoscope has turned.
Each morning Eden's first dawn,
With each fall of rain we'd grow
Until we changed to what we are now,
A thousand years ago.
And left ourselves behind us, a thousand years ago.

There must be something in the waves,
For the bird taps at the water
And bobs upon the wakes of distant cargo ships.
Looking up into a sky now filled with others circling,
It opens up its black beak and calls to them all.
The seagull tells of magic
And the thrill and joy of life.
Wordless poems echo, fade and die.

I don't think she can see me,
And there's so much I don't know.
We wanted to be seagulls a thousand years ago,
To touch the sky without machines,
A thousand years ago.

I didn't see her taking flight,
I looked away for moments.
And now the only gulls I see are high upon the air.
The only cries that reach me
Are directionless and distant,
Caught between the roaring water
And the beating wind.
The golden sea spills from the sun
In torrential holy flame,
And yet a curious calm and peace remain.
Perhaps we never were here,
And maybe dreamt it all
On a beach watching waves break,
A thousand years ago.
Seagulls gliding over water, a thousand years ago.

GOING HOME

We have fallen so low,
We are our own deep darkness,
Infinite, black, starless, eternal and blind.

We have drifted so far
From the shore we were exploring,
From the white crashing waves,
From the dreams of humankind.

Yet somehow we are here,
Somehow we are living,
Each word we speak a miracle,
Each day an endless dream.
Beyond these walls of lies and vengeance,
Beyond these padlocked bars we hold,
Soon we'll see what we are
And where we came from,
Gardens which we only saw in prayers.
Going home...

We have fallen so deep
In this pit of ice and fire we dug with our hands
As we searched for the core of the world.
We have turned from all light,
And when our hands no longer
Could hold other hands, our fingers gave way
And we faced the night alone.

WITH YOU

I'll never forget our sun
Burning brightly high above us
And when day was done swelling to deep red,
And setting fire to clouds
Against the velvet blue that followed,
Before night finally fell,
Before I closed my eyes and dreamed.

And I feel the same way too about the summer rain
That fell upon my face and bled into the soil,
Feeding all life on this Earth
As the gutters filled the streams,
Which met with the great seas
Which then rose into the skies again.

Flowers grew around, in long meadow grass
And up upon the trees and on dry, crumbling walls
Wherever there was air, wherever there was light,
Wherever rainstorms reached
Colours burned in flames so wild and bright.

And always you'll be home,
Always there in places we once called our dreams,
In those days when we could still tell apart
Dreams and our short lives,
In times we had to sleep to truly be alive.

And I hope so much you'll turn
For another billion years or more.
I know I'll never see the things
Which will come to pass in time,
But in the blackest night,
From beyond the crescent moon,
Beyond the furthest stars,
Our thoughts will be with you.

ETERNITY'S SUNRISE

The happy sound of children's songs,
Laughter rising from the street
From a world just under the window,
Yet a world a lifetime away.
And happy are we who hear these songs,
The songs we too sang in our youth,
Songs which our mothers sang to us –
The timeless music of Earth.

Happiness finally came to rest,
Universal and infinite,
A happiness we had never found
In the years before our hearts were so young.
The joy of unbound freedom,
The ecstasy of each new dawn –
Waiting for the end of childhood,
We became children again.

Children no longer fearing the dark,
Children no longer running away,
But waking golden in the brilliant light
Of eternity's sunrise



THE RING OF STONES
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