



Cover Photo: Gina Johnson

Lyrical-Eyes

by

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Lyrical-Eyes is a stash of observational odes;
dedicated to anyone I've shared a meaningful experience with:
Thank you for being there.

* = Song.

***1.4. Sorrow**

Our youth belongs to those
Who bring upon a smile,
They play with ones sense of worth.
I humour them all but never lose sight,
We are different, a known fact of birth.

Some people live alone crying by themselves.

No match to light a fire,
Their blood-bath's running cold
And submerged inside a memory
They think but don't believe,
All people love to drain
Every drop of life you breath.

So in answer to that question!
Will it bring some peace of mind?
Have knowledge of a reason
That shouldn't be hard to find.

Do you know yourself? Can you share a fall?

The obvious lies in wait for us all.

So don't you know?

People need us too.

Each guide the lonely,

Some wait to see us through.

Never say goodbye,

When you care that's hard to do.

Remember those who dwell forever:

Inside.

A THEORY IN CREATION

by Virginia Somerset & C.Kin

Nothing ever is but is becoming.
Everything revolving in its turn.
Universal nature always changing,
Producing from the lessons that it learns.

All was silent then a fireball exploded!
Mass forced the birth of many burning suns,
Banished on a timeless quest
To reunite us; all in one!

Everything evolving in an order,
Obeying laws of old and laws of new.
A circle has no end and no beginning.
Them and us are in that circle too.
Chromosomes all kiss and cuddle gladly,
Colliding round the far flung cosmic poles.
Spinning in a spiral cell

Busy building blocks of living souls.

Rainbow tears relieve our hemispheres.

Emotional strains cause everyday to change;

We depend on how this feels.

Loose waves in a shell

Bring stories to sell,

New myths to spell;

Another heaven: hell!

Some weather; this eternal plane.

Be merry! Wheel send us round again.

***AN ARTISTS' IMPRESSION**

Waiting to be realised

Doesn't have to take that long!

If a body's willing with a mind that's weak

And only money to turn them on!

Pretend if it feels good;

When shame is the frame of their aim.

Scrape through that wild wood,

They'll swear we knew you could

But alas, they'll never want to feel your pain!

Surviving without integrity

Seems to mean the game is played to lose.

When relating to anything would you ask a machine?

Then once enlightened as to how it may feel

You could ask: *so what does this mean?*

A logical cell will then curse out its spell

But can't profess to know this for real!

Where's the sense in a device?

Will you take its advice?

A beaten heart; pumped fuel of steel.

In each mood there is magic, many colours display.

From those loved to the tragic

Need release in special ways.

In music this is possible

But it doesn't seem to pay!

So here we stay!

Beat'n down by the tools of today!

Beat-on! Beat-on!

Until the people are souled out enough to stray...

***BE NEAR ME**

Anytime I need you

I just say the word

And you're there.

Be near me.

Amaze me now!

I've lost control

Help me tame this fear.

Rekindle a passion,

Bring some leaves to this tree.

Yes miracles can happen

If in me you believe!

Never have I needed you

As much as I need you now!

I'm lost here

Waiting to be found.

If only I could cry out this pain!
A wasted emotion stays hidden in vain.

Thank you my friend.
I welcome you to stay.

That is if,
We ever meet;
Someday?!

***Bill the Berg**

I see you coming,
As greediness unveils
A revealing, cautious tale.
Your secret's merging
Into the light of day
Where your mind-games
Love to play.

Do you believe
Money convinced us all?
So what will you perceive
When our interests'
At your door?

Do you believe
That we can't have our say?
So what will you perceive
When you find us
In your way?

Absorbed by a power
Hurling shots from your tower;
What will this all achieve?
You've had the chance to empower
Now the world's churning sour

Is your true-love prone to deceive?
Don't think you're immune to
The heart of liberty.

I feel you haunting
Our chance of living free,
Where your grip holds helplessly.
Your reason implies treason;
A minority of fools
Unaware of how despair controls:
The public rules.

Adhere to General Public.