

Poetry Series

bri mar

- 112 poems -

Publication Date:

October 2012

Publisher:

PoemHunter.Com - The World's Poetry Archive

Poems are the property of their respective owners. This e-book was created by bri mar on www.poemhunter.com. For the procedures of publishing, duplicating, distributing and listing of the poems published on PoemHunter.Com in any other media, US copyright laws, international copyright agreements and other relevant legislation are applicable. Such procedures may require the permission of the individuals holding the legal publishing rights of the poems.

" A Pre Nup Is Vital "

Paul's now married Nancy Shevell,
He knows she won't put him through Hell
It's great that he can now be sure,
She'll take him on a, " Magical Mystery Tour "

Paul has had a nasty fright,
He was having, " A Hard Days Night ",
His ex behaved like a bloody whelp,
That's why he deserved some, " Help ".

All she wanted was " A Taste Of Honey ",
Then she said, " I Want Money ",
Poor Pauls mind was in a whirl,
He wishes he'd met "Another Girl ".

If he had there would be no frown,
All he asked was "Don't Let Me Down ",
He told his Stella in a letter,
You warned me " I Should Have Known Better ".

Next time if there are signs of strife,
Take my advice and "Run For Your Life ",
No need to listen to any more yammer,
Just use old " Maxwells Silver Hammer ".

His lawyers advised him don't say a word,
We'll soon have you as " Free As A Bird ",
Don't get angry or even, " Shout ",
Leave it to us " We Can Work It Out ".

Take a holiday perhaps to Rome,
You can celebrate now " She's Leaving Home ",
Now you've finally given her shove,
Your money will make her a " Soldier Of Love ".

Some of the claims were really wild,
They should be thinking of their, " Little Child ".
She kept saying it wasn't me,
He really wished she'd " Let It Be "".

Paul stayed silent despite the flak,
He only wished she would " Get Back ",
Perhaps to Russia that's quite far,
Then she'd be " Back In The U.S.S.R. ".

Throughout it all felt like Digby,
He wishes he'd married " Eleanor Rigby ",
The lurid claims kept the trouble brewing,
Paul asked her do you know, " What You're Doing ".

She says money that will do,
It's worth what came " From Me To You ",

Paul stays quiet and keeps in line,
When asked he just says " I Feel Fine ".

He's worried about Bea and what she will say,
When she recalls, " Things We Said Today ",
Paul had nothing to hide he had no need to lie,
All he asked was please " Tell Me Why ".

Some of the claims were really crass,
But Paul just says " All Things Must Pass ",
Now she's finally gone away,
She has now become " Yesterday ".

That's when his pride he will restore,
He'll never look back on, " The Night Before ",
He's behaved with dignity he's kept his pride,
Now he can buy a " Ticket To Ride ".

Now just as Paul's life transcends,
He'll say I'll get by, " With A Little Help From My Friends ",
As he starts his new life his problems unload,
He is now on, " The Long And Winding Road ".

Now she's long gone Paul lets out a sigh,
While his ex is still ranting Paul says, " No Reply ",
She's raging at Paul she says it's not funny,
Her claim was " You Never Give Me Your Money ".

Paul said stop it you're making me cry,
Please go and get yourself " Some Other Guy ",
I was doing okay " Till There Was You ",
Now I can live, " Like Dreamers Do ".

Now this is finished I will guarantee,
Until I die " You Won't See Me ",
Paul's a romantic he's not a fighter,
Maybe now he'll become " A Paperback Writer ".

He can tell us all now he's rid of his fetter,
How his new life is " Getting Better ",
He can write a new book or create some new numbers,
Now he has time for some " Golden Slumbers ".

Paul's divorce means they're finally apart,
He knows she had " A Devil In Her Heart ",
She has finally gone there is no more pain,
Paul says " Christmas Time Is Here Again ".

He has now seen " The Inner Light ",
Now that his ex is way out of sight,
His marriage to her was a bitter pill,
Which left him feeling like " The Fool On The Hill ".

But now he's back where he belongs,
Writing and singing his memorable songs,
At last he can say " Here Comes The Sun ",
He now thinks " Happiness Is A Warm Gun ".

His new soul-mate Nancy is a gift from above,
He'll now find the meaning of " Real Love ",
We all know his ex was making him cry,
Now she's asking her friends " Don't Pass Me By ".

So go on Paul you know what to do,
Tell Bea " I'm Happy Just To Dance With You ",
" If You've Got Trouble " you can take the flak,
Like you always say " I'LL BE BACK ".

Third time lucky with Nancy Shevell,
She'd stand by me, " If I Fell "
I know she'll never leave me reeling,
You ask how I know, " I've Got A Feeling ".

Pauls behaviour we can only commend,
We all knew he'd win through in, " The End "
Now he's remarried he can pen a new title,
perhaps he will call it,

"A PRE NUP IS VITAL".

bri mar

" A Rainbow Coloured God "

God gave us colours in our daily routine,
A clear blue sky the grass so green,
The colours of the mammals, all the life in the seas,
Our rainforest habitat they're all there to please.

Our colour's a gift which we can use and enjoy,
Yet it's also an issue we can use to destroy,
This subject is unique to the human race,
That we can judge another by the colour on their face.

Racism is prevalent wherever you travel,
It's a problem the scientists have failed to unravel,
We claim to love colour but that's strictly not true,
If you're the wrong shade there could be trouble for you.

We claim to be intelligent yet nuance is still used,
As a reason for hatred an excuse to be abused,
If only we could accept that we are what we are,
Racism would die we'd be on an equal par.

We must fight back or our cultures they'll smother,
There's no colour on earth is superior to another,
Under all our skins we're exactly the same,
We're all trying to survive in life's great game.

There are evil people who'll use our colour to fight,
They don't give a damn if they're wrong or right,
The only message they are trying to convey,
Is you'll do what you're told you do not have a say.

They claim their saviour inspires hostile intent,
That's a message that's certainly not heaven sent,
The good Lord above wants us all to believe,
These people are evil they are trying to deceive.

Religion and colour are attributes to cherish,
Treat them with contempt and we'll all surely perish,
Our creators teachings are of peace not war,
Killing and maiming we all know he'd abhor.

When the racists are judged they'll be held to account,
Those crimes they committed they will never surmount,
The God who presides over them what colour will he be,
What will he look like very soon they will see.

There's none of them know but they're in for a shock,
As they all stand silent to be judged in his dock,
From out of the shadows the good Lord did appear,
He said let me make it abundantly clear.

I created you in my image in different shades,
Your abuse of my colours now that's what really degrades,

The racists from every culture stood rooted and overawed,
for standing there in judgement was,

" A Rainbow Coloured God "

bri mar

" A Young Life Being Destroyed "

There is a scandal in this sick world,
That makes the majority of us feel so reviled,
If there's a crime as heinous as murder,
It's the sexual abuse of a child.

It's been around for thousands of years,
But some have looked the other way,
The men in dark suits have hidden the truth,
While the victims do not have a say.

They've been beaten, abused and tortured,
By people who are nothing but beasts,
But these scum do not wear labels,
They can even be nuns and priests.

If they took time to read their scriptures,
These predators would know full well,
There will be no entry to Heaven for them,
For an eternity it's confinement in Hell.

There are some who work in nurseries,
They're even in our schools,
These predators are all around us,
But they don't live by our rules.

The type of work they're engaged in,
From suspicion they are exempt,
They gain the confidence of children,
Then treat them with total contempt.

They're the very people we turn to,
When we're in our hour of need,
But beware there is evil among them,
On your childhood innocence they'll feed.

They're the ones we are taught to believe in,
What reason would we have not to trust,
Something you would never contemplate is,
Their thoughts towards you could turn to lust.

When it's found out what they've been doing,
Rather than have them exposed,
They sweep it under the carpet,
It's better this subject's kept closed.

Those we trusted to look after us,
They were meant to show us affection,
While we've been sentenced for the rest of our lives,
They'll be given a lifetimes protection.

The abusers are rarely brought to book,
Their hierarchy cover their tracks,

They'll assure you it's being dealt with,
But it's the truth this statement lacks.

Who makes this momentous decision,
When they know of the harm that's been done,
It's not just mental it's physical as well,
There are times we wish we had a gun.

Before you say you can't seek revenge,
That is not the Lords way,
We'd use that gun to kill ourselves,
When abused we did not have a say.

The abusers are quietly moved away,
While the victims are left on their own,
These scumbags think we will just forget,
Our contempt can and will be outgrown.

The problem with this stupid notion,
Is to whom is it actually directed,
It's certainly not to the victims,
For their lifetime they will be affected.

Anyone found guilty of this barbaric crime,
Should immediately forfeit their life,
To know these Devils are still on this Earth,
Only causes the victims more strife.

The do good brigade need to be told,
You are playing a dangerous game,
By supporting this evil stalking our streets,
You must shoulder just as much blame.

While we are forced to get on with our lives,
With a feeling of total despair,
Your false ideals just increase our pain,
They show us just how much you care.

You've been telling lies for years now,
By saying we can all rest assured,
When will you fantasists realise,
Child abusers don't want to be cured.

What would you do if it happened to you,
If it was your child would you still be so keen,
The fact is none of you have got any clue,
By your actions it's their casualties you demean.

So let me tell you a real home truth,
You leave the victims feeling devoid,
For there's nothing on Earth can compensate for,

" A Young Life Being Destroyed "

bri mar

" All In Your Mind "

Who am I, what am I, why am I here,
As you accumulate knowledge all will become clear,
You ask, " Who Am I " be it daughter or son,
Remember you're unique the only one.

Throughout your existence all life you must treasure,
When you think, I am me, it will give you pleasure,
Only you can decide who you will be,
Take a look in the mirror who is it you see.

You can be what you want regardless of others,
Respect your ideals bad influence smothers,
By listening and digesting much more will be learned,
Discard all evil and respect you'll have earned.

Whatever you're told do not always believe,
The truth will lie more in what you perceive,
Choices you make now and throughout your life,
Will determine if living is with joy or strife.

Family are precious as are good friends,
Ensure their relationship never ends,
True allies are scarce so please be aware,
If you keep them close for you they'll be there.

You will come across others whose aim is to change,
How you are swayed is for you to arrange,
Evil will follow your life from afar,
If you stay true to yourself you'll find out,

Who You Are

You ask, "What Am I" you're a human being,
Don't ever believe that you are all seeing,
You're here for a reason and like it or not,
What you will be can never be bought.

Learn all you can and to yourself stay true,
If you ignore this lesson chaos will ensue,
There will be those who will try to deceive,
If you allow them their corruption they'll weave.

Our views are for sharing but if you remain wise,
You'll recognise truth and dispel any lies,
You have your own mind and you have a choice,
Think before speaking there's trouble in voice.

Actions have consequences they have a knock on effect,
Think of all others show them respect,
Go through your options with careful precision,
Be aware of the outcomes before making that decision.

When the time comes to make them be fully aware,
Those choices you make will show if you care,
Always admit it when mistakes are made,
That is how sound foundations are laid.

By showing compassion giving others a chance,
You will feel fulfilment your life you'll enhance,
Try to judge yourself from afar,
If you like what you see you will know,

What You Are.

It's now time to ask, " Why Am I Here ",
This is a question you need never fear,
You're here because of two loving people,
Whose love climbed higher than the tallest steeple.

By sharing this passion with you they were gifted,
Their life was complete their spirits were lifted,
You gave them a reason to love forever,
Their bond for you nothing can sever.

Their love is a gift which is not one way,
Your respect for them will forever stay,
Their aim in life now is for you to succeed,
You will if you're honest and never mislead.

We all long for happiness that's why we're living,
It's not all about taking it's also about giving
So never be preoccupied by the lure of vast wealth,
It's far more important to look after your health.

As your knowledge grows you'll learn about love,
One day you'll find out it's a gift from above,
When you meet the right person then true love will flow,
That awesome feeling will bring on a glow.

As you then mature and your life's unfurled,
You will learn yes this can be a wonderful world,
Those answers you've sought I'm sure you'll now find,
Are no longer a mystery they are,

" All In Your Mind "

bri mar

" All's Fair In Love and War "

Who said war is civilized,
What idiot made these rules,
It was probably politicians,
That bunch of sad old fools.

Our enemies wear no uniforms,
We are dressed and on display,
While we advertise who we are,
They just go on their merry way.

We train them in the art of war,
Treat them as our friends,
Then they turn round and murder us,
Their evil then transcends.

They blow us up without a thought,
We're told, oh that's allowed,
But if we dare retaliate,
The enemy cry out loud.

There needs to be an inquiry,
Killing us is so unjust,
If you're allowed to fire back,
You won't see us for dust.

Terrorists are all around us,
They could even be you or me,
It's time our so called leaders,
Were brought out here to see,

Our enemies send in children,
We are not allowed to shoot,
We know they're going to kill us,
But our enemies are so astute.

When we kill our aggressors,
The world is in a fury,
We're then charged with murder,
Then put in front of a jury.

If they murder our brave forces,
It's just another dead,
Then when we defend ourselves,
The world goes off its head.

They can murder us for fun,
Yet no one says a word,
No courts or cries for justice,
It really is quite absurd.

If we could fight the same as them,
These conflicts would never last,

The enemy would cry foul,
Then get the hell out fast.

But we must fight a "civilized war",
We must ask before we kill,
We must follow Geneva convention rules,
While our enemies do what they will.

We must be given equality,
To fight this brutal foe,
If we can fight the same as them,
Then very soon they'll know.

We are not an easy target,
Now we can fight the same as you,
There are no rules of war now,
We can kill just as you do.

You'll no longer know your enemy,
So you'd better watch your back,
For when you least expect it,
That's when we'll attack.

Then soon you'll hear them crying,
This war's no longer fair,
We don't know who our enemies are,
Because of what they wear.

When they see there are no rules,
No restrictions on how we can fight,
They won't know what hit them,
That's when they'll see the light.

They'll then shout out that's not allowed,
Your tactics we abhor,
But we'll just say we're copying you,

" All's Fair In Love And War".

bri mar

" An Honest Politician "

We've all heard of Myths and Legends,
I've searched for them all my life,
The Loch Ness monster and the Holy Grail,
I even have Jim Bowies knife.

I've travelled all around the world,
Taking risks and drastic measures,
To ensure I learn all the facts,
About these fantastic treasures.

Yes Atlantis really does exist,
It is deep beneath the sea,
Exactly where I can't divulge,
That secret must stay with me.

The Chupacabra in the wild,
I can tell you, yes it's there,
The location I will not proclaim,
Only I know exactly where.

I've located the elusive Bigfoot,
They are all alive and well,
Thriving in the forests,
Exactly where I refuse to tell.

I found the Ark of the Covenant,
It's beauty is unsurpassed,
Where, I'm afraid that's a secret,
Like all the other treasures I've amassed.

They're there if you look closely,
The world is littered with signs,
I've even found the entrance to,
The great King Solomon's Mines.

Aliens really do exist,
I've met them in the flesh,
If you blink they will be missed,
Then you'll need to start afresh.

I've dedicated my entire existence,
To tracing if these myths are there,
Now due to my persistence,
It's my duty to make you aware.

They're elusive yet they're in our face,
They torment us every day,
They're like creatures from a distant race,
All they do is cause us affray.

They're tribal in their dealings,
They love to send others to war,

In reality they don't have feelings,
Our input they abhor.

When they meet up as a group,
They don't live by our rules,
You'd not believe how low they'll stoop,
They treat us all as bloody fools.

While they make our lives tougher,
They live a life of bliss,
As things for us gets rougher,
For them nothing goes amiss.

They are selfish and they're so obtuse,
Their arrogance abounds,
As for their ignorance there's no excuse,
Their incompetence astounds.

They steal from under our noses,
If you complain you'll be attacked
The question this then poses,
Is why don't they all get sacked,

They wreck the lives of billions,
To real life they have no ties,
Living life in a fantasy world,
Their exploits we all despise.

Who is this mythical creature,
That nobody's ever found,
As a scholar and an academic,
My research is totally sound.

In our history both past and present,
I must tell you this forthwith,
They're as elusive as a ten ton Pheasant,
Now that's fact it's not a myth.

They're in every corner of the globe,
They never show any contrition,
Who is this legend of my probe,

“ An Honest Politician ”

bri mar

" As Intervention Is What God's Seem To Hate "

Life can be cruel and hard to bear,
You're dead a long time that's a fact,
Why do our Gods not make us aware?
Heavens gifts are not myth but a fact.

Faith is what we are taught to believe,
Will guide us to our Heavenly domain,
If we knew it existed we'd have no need to grieve,
For eternity our lives would remain.

We live in the hope Gods paradise is real,
All our loved ones are on the other side,
It's cruel the way you make us feel,
Taking them from us is so hard to bide.

Then you have those who are left behind,
Their lives are left in tatters,
What kind of person could be so unkind?
To take from them everything that matters.

Those people who have never done any wrong,
You've let die in some terrible ways,
Why their agony do you prolong,
Where was your mercy when you ended their days.

Countless wars have passed you by,
Why did you not intervene?
Genocide and starvation force millions to die,
How could a God be so mean?

Your commandments you passed on to Moses,
States all of them must be obeyed,
This is autocracy and the question it poses,
Is why isn't our loyalty repaid.

Is it possible you are just a Dictator?
As criticism of you is classed as a crime,
You then brand us with the title of traitor,
Then say Hell is where you'll do your time.

Please put a stop to the killing.
End the fighting all over your planet,
Show us your people you are willing,
By engaging we know you could ban it.

We have so many Gods yet we're falling apart,
Pray tell us what is it you do,
Watching us die is not very smart,
I bet you'd change things if it happened to you.

Then again you looked on as your own son died,
You forsook him in his hour of need,

You watched as his Mother Mary cried,
That was truly a terrible misdeed.

For a person so holy you are very obtuse,
When it comes to looking after your own,
You sit back and do nothing about all the abuse,
You've watched as our misery has grown.

Of any conscience you must be devoid,
How else do you explain your behaviour?
The Bible does say you can get annoyed,
Is that worthy of the one called the saviour?

For someone so powerful you can be very cruel,
It's time you were taken to task,
Is there a way your decisions we can overrule,
That's a legitimate question to ask.

I'd be willing to meet you one on one,
To let you explain your side of this story,
Watching your creations destroying for fun,
Doesn't exactly cover you with glory.

I'd love you the Gods to prove me wrong,
But my offer I know you'll decline
In the realms of fantasy is where you belong,
As in your actions there is nothing divine.

I predict you'll do what you've always done,
Leave your world and all life to its fate
The fight against evil will never be won.

'' As Intervention Is What Gods Seem To Hate ''

bri mar

" As Our Planet Dies "

This planet Earth is quite unique,
I live, I breathe, I'm alive,
If you take out all my goodness,
I will no longer thrive

This planet like you is dependant,
On everything that's here,
By plundering my resources,
The end is now drawing near.

You are living on a knife-edge,
Yet still you choose to ignore,
Our planet is slowly dying,
I just can't take any more.

My ice caps they are melting fast,
As temperatures have increased,
Yet still you Humans ignore the facts,
You have awoken a raging beast.

You are draining out my lubricants,
You're destroying my inner soul,
What is left within me now,
Is a massive empty hole.

You are tearing down my forests,
Which cleanse this planets blood,
Now when it rains on my open plains,
There is nothing left but mud.

The Oceans are now rising fast,
My insides are on fire,
Unless you heed my warning signs,
The outcome will be dire.

Earthquakes happening all over the world,
While the hurricanes get stronger,
Unless you try to stem the flow,
This can't go on much longer.

Instead of throwing money away,
Here's a very simple deduction.
Invest it in saving the planet,
Not on weapons of mass destruction.

If you'd listen to my pleas for help,
We might just turn this round,
But we need to work together,
If a solution's to be found.

Continue on your present course,
Then I will guarantee,

There will be no more life on Earth,
If only the blind could see.

Unless you change the way you live,
Very soon you'll hear my cries,
Human Beings are responsible,
Now watch,

" As Our Planet Dies "

bri mar

" As Their Final Breath Is Exhaled "

Would you want to know how and when you'll die?
I mean in terms of hereditary disease,
Scientists are currently trying to explain why,
Their propaganda is being used to appease.

It's all for the future good of our health,
Well that's what they'd have you believe,
If truth be told its deceit by stealth,
It's your pockets they're trying to relieve.

Genetically speaking miracle cures will appear,
Purely because of this experimentation,
They continually emphasise we have nothing to fear,
We should all be filled with elation.

They'll test your history, how your parents died,
Then guess when you'll do the same,
Their results and practises will not be denied,
To the winners they'll get fortune and fame.

Insurance companies will be dancing through hoops,
Saying I'm sorry but you can't be insured,
Your grandparents were part of one of those groups,
Who had illnesses, which could not be cured?

Before you know it you'll be out on a limb,
They'll put signs around your head,
Saying for this poor soul well his future is grim,
It won't be long before he is dead.

That's just the start, soon before you are born,
They'll say he won't have a good life,
Abort the baby is what they will warn,
Saying he will suffer nothing but strife.

They are doing it now without proper proof,
It's a fact it's both evil and cruel,
Decisions by those who think they're aloof,
If you believe them you must be a fool.

What comes next will come in a different guise,
They'll start using the ill for reseach,
As mutations develop new strains will arise,
Lif as we know it will fall from it's perch.

In this doomsday scenario we need to take care,
Interference in nature should be banned,
There'll be consequences, of which we are not yet aware,
The outcomes will be totally unplanned.

The disastrous aftermath they'll refuse to face,
Academics never admit they have failed,

They'll deny the demise of the Human Race,
" As Their Final Breath Is Exhaled "
bri mar

" As They Lay Me In The Ground "

Every day brings me more pain,
I just pray there's no tomorrow,
My life is truly inhumane,
It's filled with grief and sorrow.

I used to be a normal guy,
Quite happy with my lot,
Family, friends no need to lie,
My life just couldn't be bought.

Then I thought, this can't be right,
There's more to life than this,
What I was missing was out of sight,
So I tried some cannabis.

It made me feel relaxed and cool,
Then I mixed it with some drink,
I never knew I could be so cruel,
But I refused to see the link.

I progressed on to stronger drugs,
They made me feel immune,
The warning signs are just for mugs,
I won't stop anytime soon.

I then lost my family and my friends,
How dare they interfere?
As into farce my life descends,
To me it's still unclear.

My legs are full of holes and sore,
I've no veins left to inject,
My body's rotten to the core,
Yet my fix I must collect.

I have no money to buy my kit,
No family from which I can steal,
I'd give my life for another hit,
I need cash for one more deal.

Addiction is an abject curse,
You imagine it gives you joy.
When you think things can't get worse,
Your spirit it will then destroy.

Your mind and body then give in,
You can no longer cope,
You're in a battle you can never win,
It's then you give up hope.

I've caused those close to me untold grief,
A fact I refused to see,

My leaving will bring them scant relief,
But I need to set myself free.

My will to live has disappeared,
At last my peace I've found,
The chaos in my life has cleared,

“ As They Lay Me In The Ground ”

bri mar

" Ashes To Ashes "

When you finally pass away,
Remember that's when not if,
Regardless of how you've got to say,
It'll be strange just lying there stiff.

Will you be able to hear what's going on?
As your relatives look down on you,
By what they're saying will you feel put upon,
Will there be many or perhaps just a few.

The comments you'll have heard before,
On many a sombre occasion,
To some just being there will be such a chore,
As inside they'll be filled with elation.

Some will be saying, " Thank God he's dead "
As they give your wife a wry smile,
" I always said he was off his head "
Your reputation they'll try to defile.

Then there'll be those who genuinely care,
Mainly family members and friends,
They'll all be crying, this just isn't fair,
A broken heart never mends.

There will be the usual funeral crowd,
Just out for a meal and a bevy,
After a few drinks they'll start to get loud,
The conversation will then turn heavy.

It wouldn't be a funeral without a good fight,
After a session the battle begins,
It doesn't matter who's wrong or right,
It's the price you pay for your sins.

Did he leave me any money or perhaps his house?
Who is getting his big fancy car?
Though I always thought of him as a low down louse,
Taking his cash I would never debar.

In this cruel world there are hypocrites galore,
Funerals seem to bring out the best,
Seeing their crocodile tears is hurtful it's sore,
I'm not ready to be laid to rest.

Though I've never been near a Church in years,
For some reason that's where I'm interred,
The very thought of it has me in tears,
My demise I now wish they'd deferred.

I was promised I'd be buried and felt elated,
All my wishes would finally come true,

But the deadbeats are having me cremated,
If I could I'd knock them all black and blue.

They're saying I'm off to a better place,
How in Gods name would they know?
I'd be happier if my previous life they'd replace,
I'll be glad to let one of them go.

This dying is not what it's cracked up to be,
The wife's saying it's the quietest I've been,
What in the world does she expect of me,
I'm deceased that's why I look so serene.

I've accepted I'm dead now it's my time to go,
I won't stay in a place I'm not wanted,
For your treatment of me I must let you know,
I'll ensure forever more you'll be haunted.

I may end up Heaven or it could be Hell,
Though Gods rules I don't believe I've abused,
Depending on the judge, who can tell,
All these religions have got me confused.

Well it's finally time I'm now on my way,
All I can see are bright flashes,
Will I live to fight another day?
Or will it be Just,

" Ashes To Ashes "

bri mar

" At Last My Life Begins "

As you matured and fell in love,
This was going to be for life,
You knew that when you met him,
One day you'd be his wife.

You both had really good times,
Three kids and a beautiful house,
Your life was really rosy,
You never realised he was a louse.

When you met and fell in love,
The charm he had mastered,
Little did you realise,
He was a dirty cheating dastard.

Now he's gone and left you,
You think to yourself, why me,
Banish those thoughts and look ahead,
Then very soon you'll see.

It's not just you it's his family,
All his friends as well,
He's showed he never gave a damn,
Now let him rot in Hell.

Throughout all this you're innocent,
Remember you stayed true,
This will give you comfort,
Whenever you feel blue.

Never ever blame yourself,
You always did your best,
When you learn to accept that,
You'll give your mind a rest.

Now that you're away from him,
You can start your life anew,
You'll soon gain your self- respect,
He'll be the one to stew.

We humans have a conscience,
It can give us serious strife,
His will make him suffer,
For the remainder of his life.

Never ever seek revenge,
That gives some sick pleasure,
Time will show and he'll soon know,
He's lost his greatest treasure.

Discard the hatred you feel inside,
Then you'll start to feel elation,

That's when you'll find your inner self,
It's a wonderful sensation.

Banish his memory from your mind,
Although it lasted long,
You can live with conscience clear,
You did nothing wrong,

One thing you must never forget,
He's a filthy lying cheat,
So get out there, enjoy yourself,
Show the world you can't be beat.

You must stay strong and resolute,
Stay true to what you've done,
When you see your life improve,
You'll know you've finally won.

When your kids have grown up,
You can shout out loud,
I kept my values through all this,
For that I'm really proud,

Life is short so make the most,
While you're still here,
Be proud of your achievements,
Your future is now clear.

Then as your life moves on apace,
A message you can send,
Is life goes on regardless,
Your broken heart will mend.

Soon you will be back in life,
You'll show him with a force,
That you'll be even stronger,
When you get that divorce,

You can walk with head held high,
You'll be the one who wins,
New love will come and you will shout,

" At Last My Life Begins"

bri mar

" Beauty Is In The Eyes Of The Beholder "

You can see it and hear it, it's a sensual taste,
Yes It is truly a gift to behold,
You can touch it or smell it on our senses it's based,
Aesthetically it begins to unfold.

So what is beauty how is it defined?
Is there a right or a wrong?
What is beautiful to someone who's blind?
To who or what does it really belong?

It can be hearing a song or a voice you love,
Which proves it doesn't need to be seen,
Thinking of the joys of Heaven above,
What you love someone else will demean.

Meeting your partner for the very first time,
Seeing your first child come alive,
Touching the peaks of those mountains you climb,
Feeling pride as your offspring thrive.

I can smell beauty in flowers and trees,
Others see it glisten in the skies,
A joy to behold is the taste of the seas,
To all of our senses it applies.

There is so much diversity in that very word,
Yet it's individual to one and all,
That's why this subject is going to be blurred,
What you love to some will appal.

Beauty is something we all seek in life,
Look, it stares us all in the face
It's a word that can cause such terrible strife,
Yet it's something we all love to embrace.

You don't need to search for it's all around,
We encounter it day in and day out,
By respecting all life it can be found,
It's a gift we are never without.

What you think is beautiful others may hate,
So don't force your opinion on another,
Some things will lift you while others deflate,
What you love to some may well smother.

Don't be self-righteous step down from your perch,
It's much deeper than the depth of our skin,
What you can't see is where you must search,
True beauty always comes from within.

It can't be taught nor can it be bought,
You'll not find it in a book or a folder,

The meaning of that word that you have sought,

" Beauty Is In The Eyes Of The Beholder "

bri mar

" Cameron The Great Space Ranger, Sorry Cadet "

Billions of pounds worth of spy planes destroyed,
While we're still fighting a war,
Of intelligence our government must be devoid,
It's time we asked them what for.

We have aircraft carriers without any planes,
It just doesn't make any sense,
Do our ministers in office have an ounce of brains?
Can they possibly be so dense?

Paying off our forces on whom we depend,
Is utterly and totally mad,
If we were attacked we could no longer defend,
What happened to, "we need you comrade"

But wait for it they've called in the M.I.5,
They've came up with a dastardly plan,
To keep our enemies at bay and all of us alive,
They've hired the invisible man.

Our enemies won't know where our forces are,
From now on they can no longer be seen,
They can travel wide and venture far,
Even our enemies can't tell where they've been.

We can't pay them wages as they've all disappeared,
That'll save our treasury a bomb,
It's to saving money our coalition's endeared,
They can herald this with so much aplomb.

If any of them are killed they will never be missed,
As we won't know where or how,
As far as governments concerned they do not exist,
Not really that different from now.

The planes on our carriers have a cloaking device,
Nobody can see if they're there,
To our foes they'll make it clear and concise,
We're still dangerous so you'd better beware.

We've got photon torpedoes to blow you apart,
Phasers, which vaporise all life,
Trilithium resin to tear out your heart,
Disruptors which cause all sorts of strife.

Before you all say this can't possibly be true,
Our duties we will never shirk,
We can proudly announce, let the battle ensue,
Our new commander is James T. Kirk.

Our enemies run scared, new technology rules,
You've put the "GREAT" back into Great Britain,

No more need to suffer the fools,
In our history is where this will be written.

We're sorry for doubting you Cameron and Clegg,
Our defence is up there with the best,
For surrender or mercy we'll not need to beg,
If attacked we will now pass the test.

With Kirk at the helm you have shown your resolve,
Our country's no longer in danger, you bet,
From Prime Minister to hero you will evolve, you are,

" Cameron, the great Space Ranger "Sorry Cadet "

bri mar

" Cut Price Bloody Flights "

I fancied going on holiday,
So I searched the Internet,
I tried out various airlines,
Just to see what I could get.

As I'm on a real tight budget,
The price had to be the best,
Nothing fancy, there and back,
Costing less than all the rest.

I then came across a company,
Their seats were really cheap,
A no frills airline that would do,
My debts wouldn't go too deep.

When I searched their website,
I was amazed at what I found,
A flight to where I want to go,
For just a single pound.

I then went on to pay the bill,
So I used my credit card,
What they charged me for using it,
Has left me feeling scarred.

Then before the bill was finalised,
When I thought I could relax,
They told me I then had to pay,
Something called airport tax.

But now on to the airport,
As I checked my baggage in,
They said it should be done on-line,
Otherwise you cannot win.

I paid another surcharge,
By this time I was running late,
Another charge for that said she,
I thought this is bloody great.

As you didn't print your tickets off,
I'm afraid that's even more,
This is sheer and utter madness,
But our terms you can't ignore.

She said your bags are far too heavy,
that will cost you more again,
I was running out of money,
This was driving me insane.

Eventually when I boarded,
They left me so surprised,

They made me pay for an extra seat,
Saying I was oversized.

I thought that I had seen it all,
Then I asked them for a meal,
Thirty pounds for micro chips,
Is not the greatest deal.

I also bought a drink of juice,
My micro chips to soak,
The price they charged me for it,
Would have made an elephant choke.

Then I visited the toilet,
This caused even more ado,
They even charge an entry fee,
To use the bloody loo.

Eventually when we landed,
I asked where we were at,
She said in Spain I don't know where,
But at least the ground is flat.

I eventually got a taxi,
The driver was full of smiles,
I found out why when I got the bill,
We had travelled two hundred miles.

If you want to travel cheap,
Make sure you read their rules,
Or the consequences you will reap,
They use complicated tools.

Now as I sit here bankrupt,
I wish had studied my rights,
I'm living proof there's no such thing as,

" Cut Price Bloody Flights "

bri mar

" Death Is Not Goodbye, It Is Just Farewell "

I've reached that point where I now know,
My life here is over it's my time to go,
By the principles of honesty I've tried to adhere,
Perhaps that's why I do not feel fear.

When I leave this life my journey will start,
So I don't feel down now it's time to depart,
I'll be heading for the joys of eternal life,
No more pain or the feelings of strife.

I'll feel sadness for those I will leave behind,
But we'll never be far from each others mind,
I'll be watching over them from up above,
that way I can shower them all with my love.

I'll leave them with memories they'll never forget,
By focusing on them there will be no regret,
Life will go on but they will be aware,
They will feel my presence they'll know I am there.

I'll be back again with my Mum and Dad,
With that in mind how could I feel sad,
From those earthly pressures I'll forever be free,
There is so much I'm looking forward to see,

Thousands of relatives and friends from the past,
Together forever this new life will last,
Scientists say it's a dream but dreams do come true,
My undying faith will carry me through.

They'll all be waiting for me to arrive,
With that welcome to come I know I will thrive,
I'll be safe in the knowledge this new life is forever,
Where all life is equal now that's really clever.

There'll be animals and plants and beautiful seas,
No fighting or hatred nor any disease,
A kingdom where we are all treated the same,
Equality for all no recognition of fame.

No religious conflict or issues of race,
Infinite happiness is what I now face,
A wonderful world with a happy accord,
If you trust in your God this will be your reward.

No more sadness just feelings of joy,
Where nothing can upset or ever annoy,
That life I once had I will no longer miss,
For the one I have now is perpetual bliss.

By teaching your loved ones you will meet again,
From grieving too much it will help them refrain,

By knowing you're around them their fears will dispel,

" Death Is Not Goodbye It Is Just Farewell "

bri mar

" Death Is The Beginning It's Not The End "

From the day we are born we are dicing with death,
We have limited control over our final breath,
You may live for seconds or for many years,
Our demise is something everyone fears.

When will it happen do you wish you knew how?
Or perhaps you wouldn't if it was happening now,
When you're young and carefree you don't really care,
You tend not to think of when or where.

If an elderly relation in your family dies,
You ask yourself why everyone cries,
Why did they leave could it possibly be planned?
As a child it's so hard to understand.

As you grow older the thought crosses your mind,
It's then you realise death can be so unkind,
If there's a God is it he who chooses,
What's the criteria, who wins who loses.

Who is it that decides how you'll meet your fate,
Will it be early in life or will it be late,
Could it be through disease or perhaps old age?
To know this would take the mind of a sage.

You needn't fear death if you believe God is true,
Have faith in the Lord and he'll see you through,
The kingdom of Heaven is open to all races,
He has no interest in the colour of our faces.

A land of paradise where we're all as one,
Living in harmony, as for conflict there's none,
It may sound like a dream but God does not deceive,
There's life after death but you've got to believe.

The main lessons in life that need to be learned,
Are entry to His kingdom can only be earned,
If you wish to do otherwise your soul you can sell,
The rewards will be an eternity in Hell.

So you see there's no need to be in fear of dying,
The Good Lord has never been one for lying
By obeying Gods will to Heaven you'll ascend,

" Death Is The Beginning It's Not The End "

bri mar

" Disaster Will Be Beckoning Soon "

December 21st Two Thousand and Twelve,
We will see the Earths demise,
Into Mayan history we must now delve,
As it's to us their prediction applies.

Astrology and myth were prevalent then,
Very much the same as now,
For power and greed they had a yen,
My God they paid for it and how.

Lavish buildings and luxuries for some,
Built and paid for by the lower class,
The privileged ate steak and the worker the crumb,
This system was nothing but crass.

Fellow Human Beings being treated like dirt,
By the rich who were but a few,
Discarded when ill like a worn out shirt,
Like today it's nothing that's new.

On class distinction their culture was based,
This concept was doomed to fail,
Greed and corruption had to be faced,
Eventually it had to derail.

Their prediction's a warning not an ominous sign,
Our planet will come to and end,
If we heed the comparisons we'll all be fine,
Life's not about how much we can spend.

Already the publishers are out in force,
Telling us we're all going to die,
To them it's a money-making resource,
Truth is the whole thing is a lie.

When it doesn't happen what will they say,
Will they admit they got it all wrong,
Give refunds to those who gave up their pay,
No your naivety they'll try to prolong.

Worlds end predictions come and they go,
To date everyone of them's failed,
When it finally happens I doubt if we'll know,
At least the doom merchants will finally be curtailed.

Like the Mayan hierarchy they are morally corrupt,
They are up to their eyeballs in debt,
The capitalist volcano is about to erupt,
These parasites are our biggest threat.

Like the Mayan rulers they've no self- control,
Life to them is spend, spend, spend,

What we're left with is a bottomless hole,
This year it must come to an end.

Unless we heed what the Mayans said,
Our world will be torn apart,
Civilisation will surely lie dead,
The corrupt will have torn it apart.

All cultures on Earth will feel the pain,
Not one of us will be immune,
If from greed and corruption the rich don't refrain,

" Disaster Will Be Beckoning Soon "

bri mar

" Do Gods Really Exist "

It's said God's compassionate he's merciful as well,
Which begs the question why would he create Hell,
It's a terrible torture for Our Lord to create,
To make people suffer is a form of hate.

That's against his teachings or so we are taught,
Could a God really hurt now there is a thought,
Some suffer from illness from birth to old age,
Yet he doesn't help them why won't he engage.

Illnesses have been with us since time began,
Which ruins the debate they're the fault of man,
He lets people starve still they die of thirst,
This form of cruelty is truly the worst.

Genocide and wars leave us all crying,
Yet God looks from above as millions are dying,
Murderers and rapists, paedophiles too,
He allows them to live without any ado.

If his teachings are true why not intervene,
They would never be born to grow to be mean,
If he lets evil thrive then we must ask,
Why does he allow it we must take him to task.

If we're made to suffer it's really quite odd,
When we recover we give thanks to God,
If our illness kills us we'll claim it's Gods will,
He walks away blameless that's a bitter pill.

Why do we do this it's always the same,
God gets the credit but never the blame,
He created all life so it must be his fault,
Yet he still wants our praise he wants us to exalt.

Why the Hell should we our argument's strong,
The good still die young he must know that is wrong,
Death should be kept for the chosen few,
Strike them with illnesses for the evil they do.

God's universe is endless so why should we die,
For all righteous people death should not apply,
No compassionate person would allow us such pain,
Yet he allows it to happen again and again.

So many religions and cultures all have different Gods,
Yet we all suffer the same so what are the odds,
That God's are but a figment of our imagination,
A fictional characer a delusional creation.

If there is a God then please make us aware,
Give us a sign by showing us you care,

Which now begs the question therein lies the twist,
it's one we must ask,

" Do Gods Really Exist "

bri mar

" Does Anyone Know The Colour Of God "

God made us different so we could give,
Different perceptions on how we should live,
If he knew it would've caused so much trouble,
He'd have left our planet as a pile of rubble.

He gave us all colours as a lasting gift,
I doubt that he dreamed it would cause such a rift,
But don't blame God for this shady assault,
He gave us all minds, it's entirely our fault.

We really need to focus attention,
As our world enters a dangerous dimension,
That togetherness is what will set the pace,
Not the colour of a persons face.

If the Human Race would just unite,
Then maybe for once we'd all see the light,
That to battle through our stormy weather,
The only way forward is to work together.

Take Lewis Hamilton from formula one,
A world champion second to none,
His Father was black, his mother white,
That never stopped him getting it right.

Another example is the man called Barack,
His mother was white his father black,
This proves beyond doubt what we can achieve,
If we get rid of prejudice and start to believe.

Obama's now president of the United States,
Proud that he walked through those White House gates,
The peoples selection has shown us all,
That regardless of colour we can all stand tall.

If everything we seen was drab and grey,
Would our world look as nice that way,
The flowers and animals on our beautiful planet,
The eagles and ospreys, the sea loving gannet.

Just look at the rainbow way up high,
Those united colours grace a wonderful sky,
The insects the trees all differing shades,
From the Sahara desert to the Everglades.

Regardless of colour you're a Human Being,
None have the right to think We're all seeing,
That one race is strong whilst the other is weak,
The meaning of life proves we're all unique.

If we'd only use our God given skill,
We could unite as one if we had the will,

It's part of our heritage the colour of our skin,
Be proud but united and our battle we'll win.

In essence all Humans are much the same,
As we try to survive in life's great game,
If we could set our differences aside,
The racists and bigots would have nowhere to hide.

Black and White would be no more,
We'd all be welcome at each others door,
The Human Race must now realise,
If we don't work as one our planet dies.

If only the world would follow Gods lead,
The preachers of hate would be forced to concede,
Your colour is beautiful it should not be confined,
It will take every shade to save humankind.

You may be black, brown or red even yellow or white,
Regardless of colour we we all know wrong from right.
If we stopped preaching hatred against one another,
We could actually live as sister and brother.

When you pray to your saviour do you honestly care,
What shade they might be as long as they're there,
This whole concept of colour by humans is flawed,

" Does Anyone Know The Color Of God "

bri mar

" Don't Ever Drink And Drive "

I never thought about accidents,
When I drove my souped up car,
I thought I was invincible,
Admired from afar.

There was no one else could touch me,
Those others could only dream.
When I had that drink in me,
My God was I was supreme,

I always took a drink or two,
Before getting behind the wheel,
Alcohol gives you confidence,
It enhances the way you feel.

I didn't need to drink too much,
Just enough to get me by,
Laws were made to be broken,
To me they don't apply.

Nobody would accompany me,
Which always made me think,
Are they scared because I drive so fast,
Or because I drive with drink.

I thought my friends admired me,
They'd say I was over zealous,
Their comments only made me think,
That they were all just jealous.

Little did I realise then,
My actions made them frown,
Instead of being their hero,
I was looked on as a clown.

Driving with a drink in me,
Had never held any fears,
I never gave it a second thought,
That it would all end in tears.

I drove down to the bar one night,
Then I sat and had a few,
I came out and jumped behind the wheel,
I'd show them what I could do.

As I sped along the highway,
Here was I the king,
I thought I was immortal,
What more could my life bring.

Just then there was a mighty crash,
What in Gods name had I done,

There was blood and gore everywhere,
This was no longer fun.

As I left my car I froze with fear,
There were bodies all around,
They were all lying lifeless,
Not one of them made a sound.

I knew I had to run away,
What a low down skunk, ,
I knew that I'd be sent to jail,
For driving whilst drunk.

Just then the police approached me,
I didn't know what to say,
They told me I'd caused total carnage,
For that there'd be a price to pay.

Tonight there'll be families grieving,
What you've done they won't forgive,
Because of your selfish actions,
Their kin no longer live.

Those parents have lost their children,
Yes it's solely down to me,
A thoughtless drunken lowlife,
So I beg you all to see.

Our actions have a consequence,
Some good while others bad,
To drive with just one drink in you,
Is totally and utterly mad.

Families are left distraught with grief,
Because I just didn't care,
I chose to drive while I was drunk,
Now they're left in despair.

Millions do it every day,
They don't give it a second thought,
It really only hits you,
" WHEN ", not if you're caught.

I'm lucky, I'm in prison now,
Alive and in my bed,
My victims weren't so fortunate,
Five of them are dead.

It's too late to say I'm sorry now,
But while I'm still alive,
Please listen to my plea to you,

" Don't Ever Drink And Drive".

bri mar

" Entry To Heaven Will Be Declined "

We outnumber the rich by billions to won,
Yet we the majority lose out on the fun,
The reason why we are being undone,
That answer we will now try to find.

While they live in splendour we live in hope,
They don't give a damn that we can't cope,
As we slide further down life's slippery slope,
They enjoy being wined and dined.

As they rake it in we're put on a freeze,
Spiralling prices everyone agrees,
While we struggle to get by they thrive on sleaze,
We must be out of our mind.

We are responsible for making them rich,
While their lives go by without a hitch,
Our lives are blighted by a tax filled ditch,
In corruption the prosperous are enshrined.

They expect the poor to stick each other in,
To emulate their fiddles we could never win,
As their tax affairs are embroiled in spin,
That's the way their system's designed.

All we can say is it isn't fair,
Humility among them like contrition is rare,
If truth be told there's none of them care,
That it's to poverty we are confined.

As their paymasters we must accept some blame,
Without us they wouldn't have any acclaim,
In fact it's to our eternal shame,
To this inequality we seem to be blind.

No human being is superior to another,
Yet this injustice we don't try to smother,
If it's true we're all sister and brother,
Then all wealth must be realigned.

Equality for everyone's not a lot to ask,
But first the corrupt must discard that mask,
That to them is too much of a task,
To sacrifice they are not inclined.

It is up to us to show them the way,
Unless we do it's ourselves we betray,
Their propaganda's made to lead us astray,

We contribute more than their income combined.
Unless we wake up and let them know,
Satan has got them all in tow,

You're a long time dead when it's down below,

" Entry To Heaven Will Be Declined "

bri mar

" Every Attribute You Have Has Been Bought "

When I met you in that darkened room,
I just didn't realise,
That all I'd feel was heartbreak and gloom,
For peering into those eyes.

You looked just like a beauty queen,
Standing seductively over the bar,
The most gorgeous woman I'd ever seen,
A glistening beautiful star.

I may have had too much to drink,
But that didn't spoil my view,
In fact it inspired me to think,
My desire was to be with you.

How could a guy be so lucky in love,
It must be my ability to disarm,
What I'm seeing is a gift from above,
Full of good looks and charm.

At that point I seen my future laid out,
We would never again be apart,
I knew it was love so I let out a shout,
You have taken over my heart.

How could a guy be so lucky in life,
Meeting someone as beautiful as you,
Instantly I knew that she'd be my wife,
That would be done without further ado.

She would make me a perfect partner,
The drink must have given me that thought,
In the darkness I told her, you're perfect,
A body like yours can't be bought

I asked her if she'd share some time with me,
She didn't even put up a fight,
When she came over and said, yes I'm free.
I knew then I'd done something right.

We both laughed and danced the night away,
I knew we were made for each other,
Very soon I knew I would say,
I'd love you to meet my Mother.

At the end of the night I asked her home,
Surprisingly my beauty said yes,
I went to the mens room for a wash and a comb,
What came next was anyone's guess.

We went back to her flat instead of mine,
At the time I just didn't ask why,

The way she looked had me on cloud nine,
Just the thought of it all made me cry.

She wouldn't allow me to turn on the light,
Of her reasons I just wasn't aware,
If I had I'd probably have died of fright,
But at the time I just didn't care.

We then made out in every room,
Exhausted we both fell asleep,
We knew next day our passion would resume,
That was a promise we'd keep.

You were to be my future partner in crime,
My beauty I'd finally caught,
The angels were ensuring I had a good time,
A body like yours can't be bought.

Next day off came the wig and eyelashes,
Her make up and then her false teeth,
The daylight exposed all her rashes,
All this while I'm lying underneath.

She told me she was going to powder her nose,
Doing my make up just never fails,
I thought what else can this lady expose,
As I sat on her pack of false nails.

The botox was wearing off at this point,
Her wrinkles were there to be seen,
I said to myself, I'm out of this joint,
In truth I'm no longer so keen.

At this point the implants fell out of her chest,
They were splattered all over the floor,
I thought my God that's what I caressed,
At that point I made for the door.

She asked me for one more lingering kiss,
Like the one I had given her last night,
I said sorry darling but I'll give that a miss,
In sobriety you've given me a fright.

This story is told straight from the heart,
Be happy with what God's given you,
Or very soon you'll be falling apart,
It's your surgeon you'll be wanting to sue.

I knew then I'd made a major gaffe,
It made me feel really distraught,
She said lets make out, I said you're having a laugh,

" Every Attribute You Have Has Been Bought"

bri mar

" God Help You If You Drive "

I've burgled, raped and pillaged,
But I find it really funny,
The police don't tend bother me,
It would cost them too much money.

I've committed countless other crimes,
But I know I won't be sought,
It means that they would have to work,
That's why I won't get caught.

The reason they won't come after me,
Is all to do with logistics,
Drivers are an easy touch,
We boost their crime statistics.

Leave your vehicle without road tax,
The police will be in a rush,
You'll be fined, they'll steal your car,
Saying sorry but we have to crush.

Overstay the parking lot,
You'll soon feel put upon,
When you come back to drive away,
You'll find your car has gone.

At first you'll think it's stolen,
It's nowhere to be found,
Then when you phone the police for help,
They'll say, "it's in the pound".

You will not be shown sympathy,
Of common sense there'll be a lack,
You'll have to pay big money,
If you want to get it back.

The fines can be worth more than the car,
They'll cost you a bloody mint,
If and when you claim it back,
Either way you'll end up "skint"

It's akin to highway robbery,
But they think it's really deft,
In effect they steal your car,
But don't get charged with theft.

If I get caught committing murder,
My lawyer will be misleading,
But woe betide the drivers,
Whenever they're caught speeding.

They tell you you're on camera,
We've got you banged to rights,

If you try to argue back,
They'll say you went through red lights.

If you argue you are innocent,
You're well and truly sunk,
They'll say you smell of alcohol,
Therefore you must be drunk.

They'll treat you like a piece of dirt,
Their attitude will be abrupt,
Is it really any wonder,
We think they're all corrupt.

To the police you're an easy target,
Why look for the robbers stash,
It's easier to pick on drivers,
To them we're worth more cash.

Every single driving offence,
Carries a hefty fine,
You'll get less for armed robbery,
If you step out of line.

There is an easy answer,
Take it easy, don't make a fuss,
Get rid of the wretched car,
Then go jump on a bloody bus.

It's a really sad indictment,
But sadly it's a fact,
Commit any crime you want to,
But don't breach the road traffic act.

The weight of the law will come down on you,
You'll have a licence full of points,
In addition you'll get banned from driving,
You'd get less for selling joints.

Ask a policeman what his job is,
He'll say preventing and solving crime,
But you drivers are the easiest prey,
For real criminals we have no time.

As crime levels soar throughout the world,
Police targets must be met,
Motorists are the easy option,
It's you they'll be out to get.

They'll bully and intimidate you,
Their harassment will go far,
That heinous crime you're responsible for,
Driving your beloved car.

So the moral of this story is,
That's why real criminals thrive,
Murder and rob just who you like,
but,

" God Help You If You Drive".

bri mar

" Ground Zero Has Risen From The Ashes "

September eleventh two thousand and one,
The day our Twin Towers became hell,
Decent people throughout the world,
Watched as our families fell.

All decent people came together as one,
That gesture did help ease our pain,
We swear as we watch the rising sun,
This will never happen again.

Your killing is futile you will never win,
Our democracies will never be defeated,
What you are committing is a mortal sin,
Which is both evil and totally conceited.

United we must all stand together,
Against these poisonous rashes,
There will be no end to our tether,
Ground Zero will Rise From The Ashes.

As you murder our women and children at will,
Being a warrior is what you crave,
Truth is you're all just cowards who kill,
The innocents you murder are the brave.

Very soon there will come the day,
The murdering scum will be no more,
Those terrorists now in hell who caused the affray,
Your heinous deeds the world will deplore.

You are recreant poodles who are being used,
Ask your commanders why they don't die,
You are the ones who are being abused,
To these bastards suicide doesn't apply.

Your terrorist leaders will run with heads bowed,
While around them their empire crashes,
They will hear our cries as we shout out loud,
Ground Zero Will Rise From The Ashes.

Democracy is alien to people of hate,
They only believe in one voice,
That's why their countries are in such a state,
Their despots do not allow choice.

While they're living in luxury you are dying,
They all survive to a ripe old age,
You've left your spouse and children crying,
Because your brain you refused to engage.

Go ask your leaders why they choose to hide,
While you're out dying for their cause,

Their answer to you will be totally snide,
To question them is against their laws.

Your God sees the pain all you maniacs inflict,
So as your life in front of you flashes,
You will see like the Phoenix we did predict,

'' Ground Zero Has Risen From The Ashes ''

bri mar

" Hatred Is A Heavy Load "

My hatred for life knows no bounds,
Anything to me is fair game,
Why I am like this really confounds,
I even abhor my own name.

I detest being fat I hate being thin,
Why can't I be shapely but lean,
Regardless of size I can never win,
For me there is no in between.

I loathe my work with a passion,
I'd just walk away if I could,
But as hatred is part of my fashion,
I don't really see why I should.

When I look around me it springs to mind,
I hate the whole concept of living,
To people and animals I can be so unkind,
At times I am so unforgiving.

I try to find faults wherever I go,
It's my aim in life to be cruel,
If I find one in you believe me you'll know,
I'll leave you feeling the fool.

I detest people telling me what to do,
Why don't they just see the light,
Regardless I'll tell them you haven't a clue,
For even when wrong I am right.

I may not know you but I don't even care,
There'll be something in you I can hate,
I'll search till I find it so please be aware,
Your character I will cremate.

I loathe religion with it's thousands of Gods,
How many Heavens can there be,
It preaches love and peace yet we're all at odds,
All trying to set our souls free.

I detest myself I hear you ask why,
To be honest I'm not really sure,
I hate the thought that one day I'll die,
Yet to me it has a certain allure.

Why am I like this I hear you all ask,
There's no answer or any excuse,
If truth be told it's really a mask,
It's my form of self abuse.

I had loving parents a wonderful life,
They never caused me any affray,

So why do I cause others such terrible strife,
There's no reason for me being this way.

I have never suffered rejection,
Tolerance is the lesson I've been taught,
Though I was given affection,
All that's done is leave me distraught.

I'm perceived as having a heart of stone,
I've been told that is all down to me,
If the price for my hatred is being alone,
Then I need to set myself free.

Hate is a strong and emotive term,
It has the power to kill and destroy,
In reality it's really an obnoxious germ,
Which ruins your ability to enjoy.

I'll be left forlorn and without any hope,
If I continue on this dangerous road,
With my loathing of life I can no longer cope,

'' Hatred Is A Heavy Load ''

bri mar

" Heaven Is The Final Frontier "

I look up at a sky that's covered in clouds,
Yet I know the stars are still there,
Through the dense fog I can't see the crowds,
Yet of their presence I'm fully aware.

The animals are hidden by nature's disguise,
Just like leaves hide the branches on trees,
Although we can't see them with our own eyes,
They are there like the cold winter breeze.

You do not need to see what you search for in life,
As long as you believe that it's true,
Lies and deceit will just give you strife,
Faith and courage are what will see you through.

God is like that though he cannot be seen,
His presence is just like a mist,
You believe or you don't there is no in between,
He either does or he doesn't exist.

The creation of life is a miracle to behold,
Diversity is what makes us all thrive,
Scientists are baffled as God's secrets unfold,
Only he can keep our planet alive.

Only you can say what you want to believe,
That's why he gave us the ability to choose,
To have faith in God or live to deceive,
It's an issue that need not confuse.

The reward for believing is an eternity of bliss,
God's Kingdom is the prize that awaits,
Or are you one of those who'll give it a miss,
Would you forfeit entry through the Lord's heavenly gates.

The next time you can't see the moon for the sun,
Remember it will soon reappear,
The miracles of God cannot be undone,

" Heaven Is The Final Frontier "

bri mar

" Her Majesty's Prison Low Moss "

Welcome to our brand new home,
It's everything and more,
En-suite bathrooms covered in chrome,
Nothing in here is a chore.

No mortgage, council tax or rent,
All-inclusive is our pad,
In our quest for more we'll not relent,
Society has gone bloody mad.

Drugs and drink all on hand,
While the recession's making you gaunt,
Nothing we want in here is banned,
Our criminality we love to flaunt.

Flat screen TVs with satellite,
A licence we don't need,
Fed like a Lord both day and night,
They supply our every need.

Life is bliss in our luxury gaffe,
But somehow we'll get by,
We know you think we're having a laugh,
But in here sadness doesn't apply.

We'd love to thank you for being so kind,
But in truth we couldn't care less,
It's our aim in life to be confined,
That's why we all transgress.

Do you really believe a luxury cell,
Will help our souls to mend,
Being crime free is like living in hell,
That's why we re-offend.

You compensate us for committing crime,
It just doesn't make any sense,
It's part of the reason we love doing time,
Your powerbrokers must be dense.

We will always end up back in here,
It's like a holiday without the sun,
To the law of the land we will never adhere,
Being in prison is so much fun.

So we thank you for our new hotel,
It's the ultimate place to doss,
While you're struggling we'll all sleep well,
In,

" Her Majesty's Prison, Low Moss "

bri mar

" How I Wish I Was A Child "

I took my children out one night,
They shouted out, what's that,
I said that thing that just flew by,
Well that is called a Bat.

A Bat they said's for baseball,
They think I'm telling lies,
They said it's used to hit a ball,
It's not a thing that flies.

I tried to say it's similar,
To an Aeroplane or a Bird,
They love to soar across the sky,
But they're saying that's absurd.

I then tried to explain myself,
To make them understand,
That I would never lie to them,
There was nothing underhand.

I said it came out late at night,
To hunt for tiny Bugs,
It didn't need to use its eyes,
They said, do you think we're Mugs.

I told them Bats used sonar,
Like Dolphins in the sea,
They send a sound when it bounces back,
That's where their food will be.

They said Dad you're talking nonsense,
Bats are made of wood,
We don't believe a word you say,
But we truly wish we could.

You tell us tall tales all the time,
With the truth you're very sparse,
We know they're made up in your head,
Your stories are all a farce.

I then tried to convince them,
That what I was saying was true,
But I'm fighting a losing battle,
What more can I do.

There really is no hope for me,
I've tried everything I know,
But my children just won't listen,
I think I'd better go.

If only I were young again,
Then I wouldn't feel so riled,

I would know what they were thinking,

" How I Wish I Was A Child"

bri mar

" Human Beings Are Deranged "

What would our reaction be,
If an Alien race came here,
Would we bid them welcome,
Assure them there's nothing to fear.

Or would we be our usual selves,
By showing them we can fight,
To prove to them we are the best,
Convince them we're always right.

Or would we come together,
Like we've never done before,
Welcome them on peaceful terms,
Show them violence we abhor.

Could we show our Human side,
To let our visitors see,
We can live in world peace,
If only we could all agree.

If they were superior,
Beyond our wildest dreams,
Would we try to learn from them,
Or split in to regimes.

One group would say, we'll con them,
let's steal everything we can,
We'll then destroy the lot of them,
A reaction typical of man.

The others would say, let's work with them,
They can teach us all that's new,
We could defeat disease and hunger,
They could show us what to do.

Think of the opportunities,
The information we could gather,
Yet we know they would divide us,
We'd soon be in a lather.

What would they think of our ideals,
As millions of Humans starve,
While the others live in luxury,
As their side of beef they carve.

Would they think we're civilized,
As we watch our neighbours die,
For want of bread and water,
I'm sure they'd ask us why.

They'd ask why we value money,
More than life on Earth,

Letting gold and oil rule our lives,
Of intelligence there is a dearth.

Now we take away our food,
To make our transport greener,
Choosing fuel over eating isn't good,
The starving will just get leaner.

They would watch us spending trillions,
On arms to fight a war,
As we kill each other every day,
They'd surely ask, what for.

Our weapons of mass destruction,
The Aliens would surely know,
If we ever tried to use them,
Everything would go.

Cease traveling to other planets,
They'd tell us here and now,
You will not destroy our universe,
That we will never allow.

All they'd see is injustice,
Between the different races,
They'd wonder why we judge ourselves,
By the color of our faces.

They wouldn't understand our need,
For a multitude of Gods,
They would ask which one is genuine,
Do we know which ones are frauds.

They'd want to know why Human Beings,
Cannot live as one,
If we shared our world responsibly,
Then much more could be done.

The Aliens would ask why Humans,
Are hellbent on self destruction,
If we truly are supreme on Earth,
Why do we cause such disruption.

If they made an evaluation,
Their decision would surely be,
Your time is up, you've ruined your chance,
Even Humans must now see.

Every living thing on Earth,
Your species are slowly killing,
Despite the fact most have no say,
It's their blood you are spilling.

Despite all this you refuse to see,
The damage that you cause,
Do you know that soon the Earth will flood,
As the ice around you thaws.

Their views when leaving planet Earth,
Will certainly have changed,
Their thoughts on us would surely be,

"Human Beings Are Deranged"

bri mar

" I Became A Politician "

My aim in life when growing up was to learn a trade,
A bricklayer or a plumber that would have me made,
I wanted all the trappings my earnings would then bring,
A lovely wife and children a home where I'd be king.

Now I've served my time I find it really strange,
As a tradesman I don't earn enough I think it's time for change,
That home I've always dreamed of is too far out of sight,
The wife has not materialised I've really had a fright.

I then went on a training course to become a civil engineer,
I thought my god I'll make it big then I'll look back and leer,
Little did I realise this was not enough,
With the cost of living rising my life got really tough.

I then trained once again to make designer pottery,
Ii have to say I've failed once more I'll have to win the lottery,
If I don't make some money soon my landlord who's a louse,
Has said to me get on your bike I don't want you in my house.

I then thought I've got it I'll become an electrician,
This was it I'd soon be rich I was on a mission,
Five years on I'm still alone in a tower block,
The money like the electrics has been a dreadful shock.

I need to get a job now that will pay me loads of money,
I want it to be easy going I want it to be funny,
I've slaved for over twenty years and now I've got the itch,
To try a life in politics for they're all filthy rich.

Then I seen the local news there was to be a bye election,
As I knew the chairman I'd ask him for selection,
He knew me really well for reasons he'd rather not,
But the info that I had on him left him rather fraught.

His attitude towards me really was abrupt,
He said you'll make a good M.P. you're dishonest and corrupt,
I won the right to fight the seat at last I'd been selected,
When the votes were counted at last I'd been elected.

When I entered politics and finally took my seat,
My earnings were enormous my life became so sweet,
Now I have my penthouse my wife and children too,
My mistress and my fancy jags I'm among the chosen few.

I pay my wife to work for me my children and my dog,
No need to keep receipts or any financial log,
You even give me money for the maintenance on my boat,
Then you go and pay for a duck house for my moat.

I thank you for the shaving cream and my fancy combs,
You even give me cash for flipping second homes,

That means the house you bought me you won't make money off it,
For I can sell it make a mint and keep the massive profit.

I can claim for anything as I travel from coast to coast,
Claiming back what I say I've spent including tea and toast,
Travelling all around the world languishing in the sun,
Champagne and caviar each day this life is so much fun.

Anything I want I put it on my expenses,
Regardless of what I buy the taxpayer recompenses,
One thing I don't agree with is travelling with the lower class,
So kindly drop that notion on that one I will pass

When they caught me fiddling I heard the speaker say,
Although you'll be suspended we'll let you keep your pay,
Whenever I'm caught stealing I need not fear the sack,
I just keep my head down and within a week I'm back.

Telling you what we fiddle that we will not abide,
We'll tell you what is legal the rest of it we'll hide,
If I ever lose my seat that won't cause me tension,
I will then just walk away with my massive pension.

Now I'll in live in comfort all my problems now have ceased,
I'll live my life of grandeur with all the cash I've fleeced,
Just when I think I'm finished with all the crossing swords,
I'm suddenly promoted to the illustrious House of Lords.

I just show up here every day and the money that I reap,
Is paid for doing nothing as all I do is sleep,
The taxpayers must be off their heads as they don't seem to mind,
From the House of Lords to parliament we rob them bloody blind.

As I'm rolling in the money now it's time to write my book,
Telling how I sold my soul and the morals I forsook,
I don't care a damn about the fact the system stinks,
As I am now his lordship who cares what you lot thinks.

There is no hint of conscience for now I can be sure,
I'll never need to work again I never will be poor,
All the previous jobs I've had just gave me endless strife,
That is why I chose to be to be in politics for life.

The most I made from other work was as a civil engineer,
Even then I struggled to buy myself a beer,
I've been a bricklayer and a plumber a potter and electrician,
But I didn't hit the big time till,

" I Became A Politician "

bri mar

" I Got Caught "

I "borrowed" some money from my bank,
Around a million bucks,
Now I'm languishing in the pen,
The financial system sucks.

I only did what others do,
That was to speculate,
I would have paid it back to them,
But the judge said that didn't equate.

I told her I was innocent,
It was just a bit of fun,
She asked me if that was the case,
Why did I need a gun.

I said I'd never have used it,
It was purely used for fright,
For when they seen my weapon,
They'd maybe see the light.

While I only stole a million,
The bosses steal more than me,
Yet none of them are by my side,
They're all out there bloody free.

If only they had not refused,
When I asked them for a loan,
They told me I had no chance,
It's like getting blood from a stone.

Just like them I helped myself,
Yet mine is classed as crime,
While the bankers rob us blind,
I'm in here doing time.

So the moral of this story is,
If you're going to rob a bank,
Make sure you get the managers job,
Then the police you can outflank.

While they're allowed to help themselves,
With no need to feel distraught,
The banker and me are so alike,
The difference is,

"I Got Caught"

bri mar

" I Really Mish My Teesh "

I always looked after them whilst growing up,
Until I was about twelve years old,
Now at night they are stored in a cup,
The very thought of that leaves me so cold.

I started adulthood with 32 teeth,
All perfect in every way,
White on top, the same underneath,
Not one of them showed signs of decay.

I brushed them on occasion if I felt the need,
But mostly I left them alone,
Mainly after a bevy or perhaps a feed,
Main thing is they were all my own.

Dental hygiene was there but it wasn't great,
But so what, they weren't that bad,
Despite all the warnings I have to now state,
My attitude was totally mad.

I kept being told I had really bad breath,
But I never took heed of the link,
When they said in truth it smells of death,
I blamed it on the fags and the drink.

I ignored the warnings they were under attack,
A decision I would live to regret,
Before I knew it they were covered in plaque,
With oral problems I was now beset.

I kept getting toothache time and again,
It's an affliction that is truly ill gotten,
How did I manage to stand that pain,
Knowing it was my teeth, which were rotten.

The sweet things the booze and the cigarettes,
Had left my teeth in tatters,
It's entirely my fault as nobody forgets,
Looking after them should be all that matters.

I could no longer smile, as I felt so ashamed,
My teeth were worn out and black,
My gums were sore and terribly inflamed,
Too far gone to find a way back.

I couldn't enjoy my food any more,
Cold drinks were a thing of the past,
Eating anything had become such a chore,
I now wish I had made my teeth last.

Ailments are many when you choose not to brush,
Yet they can all be avoided with ease,

By cleaning every day you will keep them plush
You'll avoid the risk of disease.

Visit the dentist; it's never too late,
They will help you to keep your teeth pure,
Don't listen to those who say, its just fate,
When they're gone there's no miracle cure.

Your adult teeth are the last ones you'll get,
Make sure they stay healthy and clean,
If you treat them well you can safely bet,
You will keep them totally pristine.

It's easy to avoid future dental strife,
All you need do is take care,
You must accept that your teeth are for life,
Look after them and they'll always be there.

I watch them lying in a glass every night,
While I lie hear and suck on my quiche,
Being unable to chew will never feel right,

'' I Really Mish My Teesh ''

bri mar

" I Told You I Was Ill "

I'm lying on a cold wet slab,
I seem unable to breathe,
Is it because I smoked too much?
That thought just makes me seethe.

The pathologist said as he went in,
The cause of death I think,
Is the fact this guy smoked far too much?
He also enjoyed his drink.

I'm trying my best to answer back,
I want to make it clear,
That what he's saying is rubbish,
I should not be lying here.

I've never felt like this before,
Could someone tell me why?
Is it something that I've said?
I didn't ask to die.

The last thing I remember was,
Sipping whisky and having a smoke,
As I inhaled my cigarette,
I started to bloody choke.

As I stood up to clear my throat,
My chest felt really sore,
I careered at speed across the room,
Then landed on the floor

I then looked down upon myself,
As I lay flat on my back,
The people all around me said,
Of breath there is a lack.

As my relatives stand over me,
They're saying I look quite void,
What do they expect of me,
To be looking overjoyed.

One of them said he's now at peace,
He's looking really well,
I'm dead you stupid imbecile,
I hope you rot in hell.

I cannot move my arms or legs,
I'm feeling pretty rigid,
My wife is telling all out loud,
I told you he was frigid.

One thing I'll always remember,
Since I first learned to speak,

I warned them all I wasn't well,
How I always felt quite weak.

But they just used to say to me,
Stop walking with that limp,
There's nothing really wrong with you,
You're just a bloody wimp.

I overheard the doc one day,
He made a sick wisecrack,
He told my parents I wasn't ill,
I was a hypochondriac.

Now what they are trying to imply,
Has put me in a rage,
It wasn't just the smoke and drink,
They're saying it was my age.

If that really was the truth,
I'd be the first to say that's fine,
But they're all talking nonsense,
I was only ninety-nine.

The undertakers are walking in,
With what I've to be carried off in,
How dare my relatives say to them?
Oh it 's such a lovely coffin.

If it's such a beautiful piece,
Then in it they can hop,
If they give me back my life on earth,
Then I will gladly swap.

I've always said I was unwell,
But that's now a bitter pill,
If I could talk I'd shout out loud,

"I Told You I Was Ill".

bri mar

" I Wish I'd Said No "

By playing a round he was a billionaire,
His adoring public would stop and stare,
Now he's cheated he can hear them all say,
For what you've done there'll be a large price to pay.

You'll be driven to insanity when you realise,
To your wife and family you've brought tears to their eyes,
The man they all loved who just couldn't be beat,
Is not who they thought he's turned into a cheat.

Because of your lust, your life is in tatters,
You took the risk now you've lost all that matters.
To anyone out there who thinks cheating's a game,
Adultery will bring you nothing but shame.

If tempted be aware of the consequences,
There'll be nowhere to hide or sitting on fences,
It's when not if you finally get caught,
You'll be wishing there were other pleasures you'd sought.

It will affect your performance in more ways than one,
For a life without loved ones is not much fun,
The problem with cheats is they don't ever learn,
A bad reputation is the reward that you earn.

Your life as you know it will then disappear,
You'll be left with nothing but a feeling of fear,
You will ask yourself questions, was it worth it and why,
The answers will make you want to curl up and die.

For the rest of your life the pain will be there,
You'll be left on your own feeling total despair,
The memories will haunt you wherever you go,
That's when you'll think,

" I Wish I'd Said No "

bri mar

" If God Is Real "

What religion is God does anyone know,
We worship so many as they all come and go,
New ones will appear every other day,
Are they right or wrong who is to say.

We have Christians and Muslims, Jehovah's and Jews,
Buddhists and Mormons there's Sikhs and Hindus,
There are thousands of others too numerous to mention,
What is it Gods have that attracts our attention.

Every religion will try to lay claim,
Their God is supreme, while the others are lame,
When they war with each other for each person they kill,
Be it sister or brother they'll claim it's Gods will.

How can they say this are these Gods raving mad,
To create mayhem and murder is really quite sad,
Genocide is something no God would allow,
Peace and forgiveness is what the Lord would endow.

The fact of the matter is are any of us right,
We really don't know as our God's out of sight,
Do they have a gender are they female or male,
Will we ever discover that Holy Grail.

What colour are these Gods who have us under their spell,
We all claim he / she's ours yet none of us can tell,
As God's never been seen how can we be sure,
Ours is the right one which one is pure.

We won't get to meet until the day we die,
Only then will we know if God's truth or a lie,
Faith from within is what will keep us strong,
If we stay honest and true we won't go far wrong.

Religion to some is their reason for living,
To abuse that trust is so unforgiving,
Gods don't need money so where does it go,
Funding lavish lifestyles for those in the know.

To some Gods an industry, money comes easy,
Using this to make cash is really quite queasy,
But the day will come when they'll meet their maker,
Their God will distinguish the real from the faker.

The problem with humans is where there's money to be made,
They'll use any avenue they don't care who's betrayed.
If you've abused Gods trust there will be no appeal,
When you expire you'll find out,

" If God Is Real "

bri mar

" If Only The Blind Could See "

Wars are murder but still they go on,
For the victims we don't really care,
You no longer grieve when that person has gone,
Of their feelings you become unaware.

Killing comes easy after the first,
It becomes just another death,
For murder and mayhem you develop a thirst,
To see someone take their last breath.

Did they have children, parents as well,
You don't give that a second thought,
Where do they go to Heaven or hell,
You leave loved ones totally fraught.

From barbaric deeds you become immune,
Your only aim is to kill,
Your mind becomes wrapped in a tight cocoon,
You would stop but you don't have the will.

What you're fighting for you don't really know,
You do it because you are told,
The advocates of war never ever go,
Their cowardice would leave you cold.

We must go to war on their behalf,
They claim we are under threat,
Will they go and fight; you're having a laugh,
Their decisions we'll all live to regret.

When it's all over we're cast to the side,
While our leaders live life to the full,
From harsh reality they've no need to hide,
We're used as a political tool.

The injured and dying just disappear,
It's as if they no longer exist,
The survivors are left to live in fear,
Truth is they will never be missed.

Our world leaders love to start a fight,
Yet they're cowards everyone,
Expecting others to die just isn't right,
Why won't they take up the gun?

All wars are futile we must face the facts,
Politicians don't want us to be free,
While others die their lives are intact,

" If Only The Blind Could See "

bri mar

" I'll Spend Christmas Alone "

As Christmas approaches I am filled with dread,
Though it's that time of cheer and goodwill,
I won't wait up I will just go to bed,
The very thought of it gives me a chill.

I'll get up in the morning do my usual routine,
With no presents or company to enjoy,
No friends or family no special cuisine,
Nor traditions that I need to employ.

If I died today nobody would know,
In fact there's no one would care,
We live in a world where material goods flow,
Looking after others is looked on as rare.

I've tried my best to make some friends,
But their lives are busy and fast,
Before you know it the relationship ends,
They've become another part of my past.

How I'd love someone to talk to today,
But I know that's a wish too far,
If they'd only say Hi my sadness they'd allay,
It's a feeling that is utterly bizarre.

We all need company it's a human trait,
We thrive on communication,
But the old and the lonely society tends to negate,
This in the main is a modern creation.

As I watch the children play on the street,
It brings memories of days gone by,
Where everyone spoke and my life felt complete,
The very thought of it still makes me cry.

If you know someone who could do with a talk,
Offer them the pleasure of your charms,
By offering assistance their mind you'll unlock,
They'll welcome you with wide opened arms.

Though my loneliness is prevalent throughout the year,
On this day it is more profound,
Cherished memories always bring on a tear,
My isolation I know it will compound.

I've always believed that dreams can come true,
But resentment for the lonely has grown,
My feelings of despair I will try to subdue,
As Once Again,

" I'll Spend Christmas Alone "

bri mar

" I'm A Very Old Tree "

Some of us can live for millions of years,
We've watched as the world's rolled by,
Witnessed all of its hopes and fears,
Now we weep as we watch our Earth die.

Living this way can be so hard to bear,
As none of us can intervene,
Which is really tough when you're fully aware,
Things are worse now than we've ever seen.

We watched the Dinosaurs come and go,
Mammoths and Sabre Tooth's too,
We're warning you now to let you all know,
The same fate is what awaits you,

Contrary to what you Humans think,
Your intelligence is really quite small,
As you take our planet to the very brink,
You are heading for an almighty fall.

You forget this planet belongs to all life,
Yet Mankind is hell bent on destruction,
Because of your acts we all suffer strife,
That's a pure and simple deduction.

Nuclear power cannot be controlled,
It is insane to even think that you can,
A major disaster now waits to unfold,
Devastation created by man.

The scenes we have witnessed are really sad
More so since you lot arrived,
Trying to control atoms is just utterly mad,
Destruction is what you have contrived.

Plundering Earth's resources is really insane,
Soon you'll have ripped out her heart.
You are treating our planet with total disdain,
Very soon it will all come apart.

Killing each other you seem to enjoy,
Life to you really comes cheap,
Your aim in life is just to destroy,
For this your extinction you'll reap.

There is no precedent to the human race,
You destroy more than the rest of us combined,
You make no provision for the future you face,
You are truly one of a kind,

We've witnessed destruction on a massive scale
As for yours there is no equal,

Unless your madness you now curtail,
Believe me there will not be a sequel.

You may well think I'm self righteous and cruel,
But unless you take action now,
Our planet will become a stagnant pool,
You will get your comeuppance and how.

Your future is what you need to review,
How would you know, I hear you all ask,
Well I've been around much longer than you,
I've accrued the knowledge to take you to task.

Ignore the warnings and you'll pay the price,
Destroying our planet doesn't come free,
Mother nature is one powerful device,
How would I know?

" I'm A Very Old Tree "

bri mar

" I'm Only Ninety Years Of Age "

I applied to run the marathon,
Only to be told,
We're sorry Mr. Marquis,
But I'm afraid you're far too old.

I asked the lady in question,
Exactly what she meant,
If I couldn't get my entry card,
Their criteria must be bent.

She claimed I wouldn't manage,
Past the first mile station,
I said to her how dare you,
That is age discrimination.

She then said it's not your age,
It's the stamina that you lack,
If you ran a hundred yards,
You'd risk a heart attack.

I've fought in wars the world over,
Whilst in the royal navy,
Running a bloody marathon,
Is like eating pie and gravy.

I fought the Germans and the Japs,
We won that race with ease,
Now you're saying I'm past it,
That smacks of bloody sleaze.

Though I feel a trifle older,
Maybe plumper round the middle,
I really think that you should know,
I'm still as fit as a fiddle.

What gives you the right to say,
That I can't run this race,
I will prove you've got me wrong,
I'll show you I can last the pace.

I've paddled down mountain rivers,
Climbed all of Scotlands Munro's,
Sailed the seven seas alone,
Yet still my energy grows.

That should now convince you,
If just a little bit,
That I really am invincible,
I'm one of the super fit.

So get my entry processed,
I now think I've made it clear,

I will run this marathon,
I've earned the right to be here.

She said you talk a good race sir,
The patter you have mastered,
But looking at the state you're in,
You're just a right auld bastard.

When she told me I was past my best,
That put me in a rage,
Why would she even think that,

" I'm Only Ninety Years Of Age "

bri mar

" I'm Playing Solo "

I play a foursome every week with Harold, Brian and Rolf
I'm not convinced that they believe I play such brilliant golf,
They question every shot I play which makes me feel so blue,
Why would they ever doubt me why cause me such ado.

Where my ball lands to them is a riddle,
As conveniently it's always straight down the middle,
They'll say they're sure it landed in the trees,
I say it blew out because of the breeze.

They said one day we are not being crass,
But we seen your ball go into deep grass,
Then when we finally arrive at the scene,
Your ball has conveniently appeared on the green.

When we asked you how your ball got there,
You said my God well I declare,
It must have landed on something tough,
That's why it bounced straight out of the rough.

It then hit the biggest crow you've seen,
Before it then landed in between,
These two great tits making love,
Their passionate actions gave my ball a shove.

As it pushed my ball towards the brush,
Lo and behold out popped a thrush,
It hit the poor thing on the head,
My ball landed safe the birdies dead.

Another hole for you to win,
Because you've landed at the pin,
We don't believe just how you've done it,
But once again we know you've won it.

You really have this golf game mastered,
But we think you're a cheating bastard,
It isn't cheating it's all down to skill,
When I compete in sport I go straight for the kill.

I play the game in the spirit that it's meant,
Because I'm so good you all think my games bent,
One day we played out in the burning sun,
They were really angry when I claimed a hole in one.

They asked me how when my ball went right,
I said it hit a magpie which varied it's flight,
It hit a cable then a brick at that it hit a pole,
Before you could say Tiger Woods it had landed in the hole.

I said to them I was that good just try to keep apace,
As I reached the third green I'd hit another ace,

They said it was impossible my ball was in the pond,
I said no it hit a duck they think they're being conned.

I don't think they believe me but I don't give a damn,
How dare they think when playing golf I'd try to work a scam,
My morals are a bit like me they're really strong and sturdy,
Now on to the next hole I'm going to hit a birdie.

I hit my iron shot so hard they asked where did it land,
They were sure I'd sliced it they said it's in the sand,
I told them mine was on the right all theirs had drifted left,
Over this side on my own now that was pretty deft.

Once again my shot was good it hadn't went astray,
It had landed on the perfect spot well that is what I would say,
While they were searching I went on to hit an eagle,
They said another magpie, I said no it hit a seagull.

They said that I was at it my tales they took some beating,
I told them I was far too good to be involved in cheating,
They said to me they'd had enough I'd now play on my own,
The only way they'd let me back was if I would atone.

I don't need to prove myself to them all I say adieu,
What's written on my scorecard is absolutely true,
My so called mates disowned me, now that was over zealous,
I can't help being so good I think they're all just jealous.

I said no way would I admit that I was doing wrong,
I would go on playing golf for that's where I belong,
It really is much easier now what they said was dross,
Every hole I play now I hit an albatross.

They said they would report me to the R.S.P.C.A.,
Saying I hit birdies every time I play,
They can stuff their foursomes and change their game to polo,
For I now go round in fifty five because,

" I'm Playing Solo ".

bri mar

" I'm The Widow Of An Alcoholic "

He was mild mannered and I loved him so much,
When we met I knew he was the one,
If I was ever in trouble he was always my crutch,
But inside he was a smoking gun.

We'd enjoy a beer and a glass of fine wine,
Enjoy burgers at the barbecue,
With friends and family we'd usually dine,
Then the odd drink became more than a few.

The man we loved became snappy,
Saying things we could not understand,
He would suddenly become so unhappy,
Soon his comments would get out of hand.

He'd shout at the children for just breathing,
Leaving them totally fraught,
His behaviour would then have me seething,
Which would leave us all feeling distraught.

The following day when he got out of bed,
I would try to take him to task,
When I asked him about those things he'd said,
His reply was always, " please don't ask "

Was it pressure of work or was it just me,
My excuses became pretty lame,
Because I loved him I refused to see,
It was him who was entirely to blame.

He started to come home smelling of drink,
To say obnoxious is me being mild,
I had to find out just what was the link,
We did not deserve being reviled.

I started to find alcohol all over the house,
In wardrobes and under the stairs,
Half empty bottles hidden by my spouse,
When confronted he'd say, " who cares "

He wouldn't talk he'd refuse to discuss,
His only comment was, " I've nothing to say "
Apart from the fact I was making a fuss,
About nothing as things were okay.

His friends and family then disappeared,
They just couldn't take any more,
His alcohol problems were far worse than feared,
What is happening to the man we adore.

He then lost his license he could no longer drive,
After that he lost his employment,

As time went by his health took a dive,
He was losing his sense of enjoyment.

We all tried our best but it was never enough,
Then came the physical abuse,
It was then I decided, yes it was tough,
I wouldn't listen to another excuse.

We gave up our life we gave up trying,
Though we'd struggled for so many years,
We could no longer watch the man we love dying,
He was confirming all our worst fears.

He gave up his children he deserted his wife,
Before we knew it he'd become overawed,
His addiction took over his entire life,
When alcohol became his one God.

Drink will destroy you if you lose control,
It will fill your whole life with regret,
On all those around you it will take it's toll,
That's something you must never forget.

Yes it's addictive but you can get assistance,
But that decision must come from "YOUR" heart,
If you continue your denial and total resistance,
Your whole world will be torn apart.

The misuse of booze affects far more than you,
There are many others who will end up abused,
You'll end up in the gutter that much is true,
For your addiction you will stand accused.

Alcohol is a killer so don't be misled,
It isn't all about fun and frolic,
How do I know that you'll end up dead,

'' I'm The Widow Of An Alcoholic ''

bri mar

" In Heaven Capitalism Doesn't Exist "

America, the capitalist's prodigy,
Their debts multiplying every day,
It proves that capitalism doesn't work,
Eventually someone has to pay.

Four billion pounds debt every 24 hours,
To reduce it they're not even trying,
Politicians not caring leaves a taste that sours,
Fact is we know they're all lying.

The Eurozone is in crisis now,
Great Britain is in a mess,
While our politicians don't lose out,
We're left with all the stress.

Britain now owes over a Trillion pounds,
Despite all the governments cuts,
The Grim Reaper is now doing his rounds,
We're doomed, no ifs or buts.

What happened to being accountable?
Our politicians just never learn,
They tell us, don't spend what you don't have,
Live only on what you earn.

They then go and do the opposite,
How stupid can these bastards get,
While they're living the life of Riley,
We're left to pay their debt.

The workers are forced to bail them out,
But these scumbags have got it cracked,
While we all lose our jobs and homes,
None of them are sacked.

They ruin their countries whilst in power,
Which proves they haven't got a clue,
They then just up and walk away,
While we're left to see it through.

They then come out with their bullshit books,
The contents would make you wince,
They all claim it wasn't their fault,
But we know they're talking mince.

Why do we reward them for failure,
It's in prison they should be confined,
The ordinary guy would be sacked on the spot,
But these deadbeats are wined and dined.

Capitalism is a fantasy ideal,
Corruption and greed it compounds,

Manipulated by greedy bastards,
Why we tolerate it is what confounds.

The only consolation is,
They're so obsessed with wealth,
They forget all their wining and dining,
Is detrimental to their health.

So when they reached the pearly gates,
There stood a white robed sentry,
Who told them all, sorry mates,
For your sins there'll be no entry.

What do you mean, they all shout out,
We can buy anything we want,
I'm sorry but money means nothing here,
You have nothing left to flaunt.

When you lived in your Earthly home,
You just loved to kiss and tell,
For all your greed and corruption,
You're now heading straight for Hell.

The one who dies rich dies disgraced,
So I'm afraid that's the point you've missed,
You can't buy your way into Paradise,

'' In Heaven, Capitalism Doesn't Exist ''

bri mar

" In This Life You Reap What You Sow "

If you're thinking of having an illicit affair,
You need to stop and ask yourself why,
The fact is you need to be fully aware,
It will haunt you till the day you die.

So before you think it's only a fling,
Please take time out to reflect,
Think of the misery adultery can bring,
It will have a devastating effect.

Does your husband or wife really deserve,
To be treated in this treacherous way,
Or like most will you keep them in reserve,
For when the lover goes on their merry way.

Then there's the children who look up to you,
They will grieve but they won't understand,
Why the parent they loved just said adieu,
They will know you've been so underhand.

Their lives will never be the same,
Your actions will make them want to hide,
They will feel betrayed and ashamed of their name,
All for what, a bit on the side.

Then you have your relatives and friends,
When you meet you will know by their tone,
That this is the time their kinship ends,
It is you they will all now disown.

Do you hate them that much that you would cheat,
With someone you don't really know,
With you partner and children no one can compete,
Stay faithful and your stature will grow.

Loyalty and love just cannot be bought,
Why risk it for the sake of a fling,
You can guarantee that when you get caught,
Total misery is all it will bring.

Your partners not daft or incredibly blind,
They will notice your change in demeanour,
That is when you'll undoubtedly find,
The grass over there isn't greener.

The majority of affairs do break down,
That's when you will find yourself crack,
Everything you do will bring on a frown,
Then you'll find there is no going back.

Everything in life you once held dear,
Will be gone it will all have been taken,

There'll be nothing left but the feeling of fear,
You'll have lost everything you have forsaken.

This is not all you will stand to lose,
You'll have no more self dignity or trust,
That's the price you pay when you abuse,
All to feed what is nothing but lust.

As their lives move on you'll be left in a rut,
With nothing left in reserve,
That feeling will make you sick to your gut,
But you'll acknowledge it's what you deserve.

That fling you had is now in the past,
Your spouse has now found someone new,
Your infidelity has left you feeling harassed,
With cheating it's a fact chaos will ensue.

That's when you will look in the mirror and see,
A person whom you don't want to know,
When reality kicks in you'll be forced to agree,

" In This Life You Reap What You Sow "

bri mar

" Irn Bru "

What gives Superman his powers,
His ability to fly,
He can jump the highest towers,
His feats would make you cry,
At last I've found his secret,
I know it to be true,
It has nothing to do with kryptonite,
He just drinks,
IRN BRU.

I asked the wayward snowman,
Where is your flying boy,
He said I think I dropped him,
Somewhere over Hanoi,
I didn't mean to dropp him,
But my arms were turning blue,
It was him or the can of fizzy stuff,
I chose the,
IRN BRU.

My wee grannies mobile chair,
Would never win a race,
She asked me for advice on this,
To try and get some pace,
Now she is the racing queen,
The traffic police pursue,
She knows they'll never catch her,
For she runs on,
IRN BRU.

I met a lovely man one day,
His dress sense made me wince,
I immediately fell in love though,
When I found out he was a prince,
When he asked me up to his magnificent abode,
Suddenly my lovely prince became a bloody toad,
I asked if this was real he said I'm one among the few,
To get me back to being a prince,
I require some,
IRN BRU.

One day the aliens came to earth
To see how we'd progressed,
The state we had the planet in,
Got them all depressed,
But we lifted their depression,
Soon their feelings for us grew,
When we supplied the aliens,
With crates of,
IRN BRU.

I have a furry pet at home,

A lovely cuddly ferret,
He took a can of ice cool juice,
But then refused to share it,
We always shared our worldly goods,
So that is when I knew,
This was no can of ordinary juice,
It was my ice cool,
IRN BRU.

When I visited loch ness one day,
I got an awful fright,
Suddenly out from the mist,
The monster came into sight,
He said, please don't be frightened,
I didn't mean to cause ado,
If truth be told all I want,
Is a drink of your,
IRN BRU.

Between the different races,
There's a massive great divide,
We must bring them all together,
Where none of them can hide,
Tell them race means nothing,
To what we've got here for you,
The world sat united,
As they drank their,
IRN BRU.

The English won the world cup in 1966,
To this day the Germans say,
The match was just a fix,
When they asked the Russian linesman,
What did the English do,
He replied they kept me supplied,
With cans of,
IRN BRU.

In the twenty ten world cup,
English fans within the crowd,
Went completely mental,
When Lampards goal was disallowed,
How could the Russian referee miss it,
He said you got what you were due,
What goes around comes around,
I also drink,
IRN BRU.

There is just one true national drink,
The flavour is unique,
You can drink it raw or mix it,
You can use your own technique,

One thing you can be certain of,
If alone or in a crew,
There's nothing like the phenomenal taste,
of Scotland's,
" IRN BRU "

bri mar

" It's Called Liquidation "

I went to my work the other day,
The manager said, we have gone away,
Our accounting has gone slightly astray,
You can have some unpaid recreation.

We didn't pay any of our taxes due,
Nor fulfil our obligations to you,
That also applies to our creditors too,
They're not exactly filled with elation.

Some of those we owe have now went bust,
We don't care, they can cry if they must,
You may well say it's so unjust,
That we are now a new creation,

All of the managers are still employed,
Our mountain of debts we've managed to avoid,
To our employees plight we are truly devoid,
We're in a process of restoration.

Though we have torn some lives apart,
To those we owed we have ripped out their heart,
This will allow us a brand new start,
It's now time to set out our station.

We screw the system by not paying our bills,
Total dishonesty is what it instills,
By starting newco we fill up our tills,
No more worries about rampant inflation.

Our infrastructure will remain the same,
There'll be a slight difference in the company name,
For past indiscrepancies we're no longer to blame,
It's a form of degradation.

You may well feel you're about to erupt,
We're using a system that is morally corrupt,
But our answer to you will be very abrupt,
There will be no sequestration.

You may well think it's the system we abuse,
Us still being here to some must confuse,
What we are doing is in effect a ruse,
It's a cleansing of contamination.

It's a miracle akin to the resurrection,
Despite the protests there can be no objection,
The con men look upon it with great affection,
It's the scourge of the business nation.

This capitalist ideal means reneging on debt,
For all those owed you have no regret,

The dishonest in society it does aid and abet,
No more need for an altercation.

It's perfectly legal and all above board,
Although in some quarters it is deplored,
It allows you to reinvest your secret hoard,
For an accountant it's called irrigation.

Anyone can do it it's guaranteed not to fail,
You rob people blind and don't go to jail,
To the con artists it is the Holy Grail,
Come and join our corrupt federation.

What is it that allows us regeneration?
After bankruptcy we're allowed a continuation,
To previous debts we have no obligation,
What's The Term,

“ It's Called Liquidation ”

bri mar

" I've Been A Dirty Low Down Cheat "

Sport is all about taking part,
Forget about the fastest start,
Regardless of how you must depart,
You can take the heat.

Who in God's name says these things?
Do they know the misery losing brings,
If you're last an alarm bell rings,
It makes you feel incomplete.

We aspire to make it our life's mission,
To win the day that's our ambition,
Life is all about competition,
Humans were made to compete.

We are prevalent in every sport,
The dangers we are willing to court,
The truth is something we do distort,
Or punishment they will mete.

Problem is we don't like to lose,
It puts us on a right short fuse,
To win there are things we will abuse,
It's our duty to avoid defeat.

That does include a bit of sinning,
I'd do anything to ensure I'm always winning,
At the finish line I'll be grinning,
How it makes me feel upbeat.

To win I'll even bend the rules,
There are some really useful tools
I'll make the others look like fools,
But I've got to be discreet.

Losing is something I've never faced,
So what I take cannot be traced,
If I'm ever caught I'll be disgraced,
But my ego I must entreat.

My success is all down to my dedication,
Not the taking of illegal medication,
Though it's prevalent in every sporting nation,
Oh how victory tastes so sweet.

Through all the years and battles fought,
I'm now the one left feeling fraught,
For in the end I've now been caught,
I am guilty of deceit.

I was addicted to those winning hugs.
But to get them I was taking drugs,

Despite my saying they were for mugs,
I'm no longer one of the elite.

My former glories have been taken away,
My name no longer holds any sway,
My principles and morals I did betray,
This time they've got me beat.

My fans have all deserted me,
A lying dastard is now what they see,
In hindsight now I must agree,

`` I've Been A Dirty Low Down Cheat ``

bri mar

" I've Been Condemned To Hell ""

Twenty three outings and he's still alive,
What's the secret that makes him thrive?
How the hell does he survive?
Only he can tell.

Bombs and bullets and falls from the sky,
Still they cannot make him die,
Death to him does not apply,
In survival he does excel.

All his enemies throughout the world,
Have ended up with their knickers curled,
Their respective plots he has unfurled,
Doesn't this man do well?

Poisoned drinks and crashes galore,
Laser beams which cut to the core,
His will to live is to the fore,
What's next we can't foretell.

Sharks and subs can't do him in,
Against all odds we know he'll win,
He really does get under our skin,
He has us under his spell.

Space adventures and fearsome foes,
He causes mayhem wherever he goes,
Why he's still alive nobody knows,
But this myth I will dispel.

His female friends his life of leisure,
This man knows how to get his pleasure,
He's looked on as our national treasure,
It's now time to say farewell.

In every outing they've let him live,
Now that is something I won't forgive,
He really is the ultimate spiv,
His invincibility I will now expel.

In every epic at the start,
His captors who are not that smart,
Give him the chance to up and depart,
He then kills the whole cartel.

But now I know the secrets out,
The normal protocols I will flout,
His services you'll now live without,
That will leave a nasty smell.

Throughout the years we've all been conned,
Now the truth has finally dawned,

In the opening scene I killed James Bond,

" On His Fate You Must Now Dwell "

Twenty Fourth adventure it can't be true,
I know I gave him what was due,
My mission to kill him I saw it through,
I watched as 007 fell.

Now I've been informed James Bond is back,
Now it's me who's on the rack,
Very soon I'll be under attack,
I'll find him hard to repel.

Oh my God am I in trouble,
I didn't kill Bond it was his double,
In Skyfall he reduced me to rubble,

" I've Been Condemned To Hell "

bri mar

" Leaves On The Line "

Britain's debt hits a trillion pounds,
What we owe is rising fast,
The response from Cameron really astounds,
Everything's the fault of the past.

Youth unemployment hits a record high,
To the chancellors eternal shame,
His excuses would make a grown man cry
He claims their policies are not to blame.

Billions of pounds of new spyplanes are binned,
Aircraft carriers without one plane,
Our armed forces are being skinned,
Having no defence is utterly insane.

Utility bills are out of control,
As people are dying from the cold,
Culling the weak is this government's goal,
Be worried if you're disabled or old.

Inflation is over four per cent,
Another government pledge is broken,
But still the chancellor won't repent,
That statistic will remain unspoken.

The previous government caused it all,
They're responsible for all this fuss,
If you've got a problem give them a call,
It's got nothing to do with us.

It was all down to the winter snow,
Because it was so severe,
To the shops the nation couldn't go,
The weather had them living in fear.

Unemployment levels hit their highest for years,
Government policies didn't cause this mess,
It was the royal wedding that brought us to tears,
It's that which caused all our stress.

Our economy is now falling apart,
We've now entered another recession,
From their disastrous policies they will not depart,
They're giving us all depression.

Now it's the fault of the Eurozone,
Our austerity was caused by them,
If in doubt give them a phone,
As an excuse it's another gem.

All politicians are so alike,
They love to take but never give,

An honest one's similar to a lightning strike,
You'll never see one as long as you live.

We've heard their excuses every one,
Like their policies they're all in decline,
Our worry is that they have only begun,
What next,

“ Leaves On The Line ”

bri mar

" Lest It Is Taken Away "

Why was the universe made so vast?
Is it true we are really alone?
When it was formed the rules were cast,
We must stay in our God given zone.

If there's life out there it's plain to see,
Why the planets are so far apart,
All life has the God given right to be free,
He won't allow us to tear out its heart.

We need to search for the answers here,
Looking to space is a waste of our time,
The answer to our problems is crystal clear,
Our neglect should be classed as a crime.

When we send out probes in the search for life,
We attach really scant information,
Never a mention of the wars and the strife,
Man's greed while others die of starvation.

We portray ourselves as peaceful and kind,
But in reality the opposite is true,
If they ever come here it's a fact they will find,
Other life forms we aim to subdue.

We can't look after the planet we're on,
That's the reason we're looking elsewhere,
At the rate we're going very soon we'll be gone,
To those others it just isn't fair.

Let's surmise we make contact with an alien race,
Will they be they hostile or totally insane?
They may well use Earth as a stopover base,
While they look upon humans as inane.

Theories abound from the experts and boffins,
While in reality they do not have a clue,
What's true is we'll all end up in coffins,
No I'm not a scientific guru.

Future happenings cannot be foretold,
If we could we'd be millionaires,
What we have now we need to behold,
Out there, there is nothing compares.

The past is littered with theories that died,
Yet the truth can be stranger than fiction,
Who's told the truth and who has lied,
Theories are but a hopeful prediction.

Those worlds we look for are out of our reach,
To say otherwise is total delusion,

Cherish what we have is what we must teach,
Or Armageddon is a foregone conclusion.

We are courting disaster with these stupid notions
While there are hectares of Earth we don't know,
From rainforests through to our planets oceans,
If we explore them our knowledge will grow.

We waste billions on a fruitless search,
While our planet is slowly eroding,
It won't be long till we fall off our perch,
That's said with a sense of foreboding.

So let's waken up now before it's too late,
Our scientists are leading us astray,
It's our future on Earth to which we must relate,

"Lest It Is Taken Away"

bri mar

" Lies, Damned Lies And Statistics "

World politicians adore the stat,
It can hide their lies in any format,
They can say we are now out of recession,
Despite the fact we're still in a depression.

What is this miracle we call the stat,
I hear you all ask what exactly is that,
Politicians will tell you that yes it's a fact,
If it's based on a stat then they will act.

They are the ultimate masters of the stat,
It can hide their deceit during a chat,
They truly are masters of their craft,
They'd have us believe that we're all daft.

Homes repossessed are contained in a stat,
Their figures are lower than we know they're at,
But the truth is different we're out on the street,
The fact is their stats are full of deceit.

Inflation is always contained in a stat,
They're as clear as treacle in a darkwood vat,
The prices we're paying are not as they seem,
Believe that if you like and let out a scream.

To believe what's contained within a stat,
You'd have to be a total prat,
While all of our lives are being enjoyed,
They can tell us nobody's unemployed.

The state of the world is based on a stat,
How many are thin how many are fat,
The information supplied is supposed to relieve,
Truth is none of it you can believe.

The way that they can present a stat,
Is a fish is a bird and a dog is a cat,
They're a strange way of saying all is well,
When truth is we're all heading for hell.

Whoever invented the bloody stat,
Was surely brought up as a spoiled brat,
Nothing better to do with their tedious life,
Than to devise a way of lying about life.

Facts just don't exist within a stat,
Or they could well show our world is flat,
This would have a terrible effect,
As quite frankly it's not politically correct.

Politicians couldn't live without their stat,
They'd be like a cricketer without his bat,

Without the stat their system dies,
Like them they're all based on lies.

But none of them care for they love the stat,
Though everyone else can smell a rat,
Stats tell them what they want to hear,
Like darkened glass they're crystal clear.

The fact is you can never believe a stat,
It's meant to beguile us it can wear any hat,
You'd retrieve more facts from a team of mystics,
Than you'd get from those,

'' Lies, Damned Lies And Statistics ''

bri mar

" Money Is But A False God "

This very word can bring such joy,
It can also cause us such fear,
Lift you up yet it can also destroy,
Make you smile or even shed a tear.

It's something we claim we can't live without,
Yet it causes us all so much stress,
Worshippers of this God are so devout,
Do you love it, they'll always say yes.

Some will have plenty while others do not,
Those without are the most in need,
The ones who have plenty keep all they've got,
They become over obsessed with greed.

This stuff will not make you happy,
Contrary to what they might say,
If you lose it you will feel quite snappy,
It's guaranteed to lead you astray.

It will never bring you love or peace,
That can only come from within,
Without it all world problems would cease,
It's the cause of all major sin.

It's the one true cause of world wars,
Disputes of every kind,
The poor and weak it really abhors,
It can make an honest man blind.

This cannot give you the gift of life,
It won't adhere you to family and friends,
Though it can and will be the cause of strife,
When your life finally ends.

People worship it all over the Earth,
They really need to ask why,
For when it's time for your ship to berth,
It's no use to you when you die.

It can bring down institutions,
Force our world governments to fail,
It causes more problems than solutions,
Yet to some it's the Holy Grail,

It's the root of all evil we know that is true,
Why we worship it is really quite odd,
Health and happiness it will never accrue.
That's why,

" Money Is But A False God "

bri mar

" Music Is Our Special Reserve "

Think of a song without any tune,
It's like a forest without any birds,
Think of our Earth without the Moon,
Or a poem without any words.

We all know a song we love to hate,
Yet when heard it can still make us sing,
That's the power of music we just cannot wait,
To feel the joy those lyrics can bring.

We all have classics which forever remain,
As a memory which we'll never forget,
Is it lyrics or melody, the happiness or pain,
It can be joy or perhaps even regret.

The written word can and will cause you grief,
You will find some can also unnerve,
On the other hand song can bring such relief,
" Music Is Our Special Reserve "

The sign of a song that will forever endure,
Is the way some can bring you to tears,
It can also bring joy with it's special allure,
Within it's music you feel you belong.

Those lyrics remain in our memories store,
The tunes we will never forget,
They'll remain in our hearts forever more,
When they're played our appetites are whet.

There are songs that make the whole world jive,
They're the ones that are special to us all,
They can wake you up make you feel more alive,
That's the magic of the musical stall.

Listen to the messages contained in a song,
They are wonderful things to preserve,
By enjoying your music good times you'll prolong,
" Music Is Our Special Reserve "

Music can and will have a positive effect
It allows feelings to come shining through,
Those lyrics will give you the time to reflect.
Make you aware of what music can do,

We all want to leave a legacy of hope,
So words written that come from the soul,
Can allow us to heal and help us to cope,
They can once again make someone whole.

To the writers and singers whose music we love,
For each message that your song imparts,

Shows us your talents are a gift from above,
We thank you from the bottom of our hearts.

So lets all salute them and give them our praise,
It's a tribute which they truly deserve,
We thank you for your music as our glasses we raise,

'' Music Is Our Special Reserve ''

bri mar

" My Dream Will Come True "

Last night I had a terrible dream,
A nightmare, which made me squirm and scream,
How did this horror make me feel,
Extremely worried the content was real.

I'm an arms dealer I make weapons of woe,
There is death and destruction wherever I go,
Do I care about war, do I hell,
I don't use the arms all I do is sell.

It's in my best interests that you start a fight,
I don't care a damn about who's wrong or right,
In my sick mind it is well instilled,
It's not my fault so many get killed.

My biggest customers are the politicians,
They never fight but they'll send you on missions,
Though it's with your liberty they are empowered,
Every one of them is a bloody coward.

The Human conscience can do terrible things,
We think of the killing and the misery it brings,
But leave that to us and very soon you will see,
You won't need human beings to set others free.

Hand to hand combat can be terribly queasy,
Watching them die is not always that easy,
Eye to eye killing in your mind remains fresh,
You feel their pain as you open their flesh.

As technology advances we build pilotless planes,
Destroying everything over vast terrains,
No need to watch the damage being done,
Like a computer game it's killing for fun.

This is the beginning of a new ideal,
You won't know who's dying you won't think it's real,
Death without conscience now that's really clever,
No guilt to feel, not now not ever.

You won't feel a thing although millions still die,
No need to grieve no need to cry,
Wars were made to be fought this way,
Machines do the killing while I get my pay.

We'll leave structures standing they won't suffer strife,
Weapons that vapourise all types of life,
No more rebuilding when the war finally ends,
It's on people like me our future depends.

It's a wonderful concept the rules are so strict,
But wait somethings happened we didn't predict,

Our research didn't show the consequences,
Against the ability of our arms we had no defences.

For this new technology we just weren't ready,
Our theories on their power were really unsteady,
But regardless of that the war went ahead,
The result of that is all life is now dead.

Those buildings we saved are no longer required,
No future generations will ever be sired,
We only meant to cause a small ruction,
What we're responsible for is mass destruction.

Of their awesome capacity we took no account,
Their intricate problems we just couldn't surmount,
At no time did we ever give that a thought.
Now there's nobody left the worlds left distraught,

Our atomic ideal, which we hold so dear,
Will blow up in our face, that is perfectly clear,
If we don't learn now mass destruction will ensue,
Waken up now or,

" My Dream Will Come True "

bri mar

" My Life Is Bliss "

As I sit here dithering, I think I'm getting old,
My bones are aching my hands are cold,
It's making me bitter why should this be,
I truly feel that I'm no longer me.

You mature with age is what they say,
You start to shrink and your hair turns grey,
Surely this is not what they meant,
If that's what they say then their morals are bent.

When young and carefree I love my bikes,
The speed and the speed and the thrill fulfilled my likes,
Now my mobility scooter does five miles per hour,
which is not much good when caught in a shower.

Now you've retired you'll live a life of leisure,
Joy and happiness in equal measure,
All the time in the world to do what you want,
Who are they kidding, I'm tired and gaunt.

There are things from my past I just can't remember,
Is Christmas in June or is it September,
What's the difference as I no longer care,
Being this ancient just isn't fair.

My children just dump their siblings at mine,
Saying, I'm alright Jack we hope you'll be fine,
They both need to work for what they can't afford,
All the children can say is, " I'm totally bored ".

I love my grandkids but in small doses.
When they're away life's a bed of roses,
Why can't parents look after their own,
Go back out to work when their children have grown.

The toilet now seems a distance too far,
To get there in time I need a fast car,
Something that really drives me mad,
Is soon I'll be needing an incontinence pad.

The ready made meals are really rank rotten,
The ingredients they use are surely ill gotten,
You don't even take them out of their pots,
They're guaranteed to give you the trots.

To get up off my arse is a major task,
To tend my garden is a really big ask,
Why the hell do we need to age,
The very thought puts me in a rage.

My arthritis is killing me, I've a pain in my back,
I'm never away from the bloody quack,

The tablets I swallow make me rattle,
This ageing thing is a major battle.

You may be more knowledgeable that's a fact,
But using that wisdom is an impossible act,
If truth be told this old age is a curse,
My worst fear is it can only get worse.

All the knowledge I've accrued over the years,
Is in there somewhere but my head never clears,
Ask me anything for I know such a lot,
The problem is what I knew I've forgot.

While in the bar with my life long friend,
We looked at two people who were sat near the end,
I said that'll be us in another ten years,
He said that's a mirror, that brought me to tears.

What have I got to look forward to,
Thinking of even more I can't do,
Those issues in life I'll forever miss,
apart from that,

“ My Life Is Bliss ”

bri mar

" No More Than A Coward "

That very word bully can bring on such fear,
They are so unruly their cruelty can sear,
Their sole aim in life is to be the bearer,
Of terrible strife they love to cause terror.

They can be scary to those victims they choose,
But they're always wary about who they abuse,
They pick on the lonely and pounce on the meek,
Their intention is only to terrorise the weak.

It is only fun is their sickening excuse,
They'll use any reason to dish out abuse,
Their personal involvement they always deny,
If truth be told their whole life is a lie.

It's not gender based it's both female and male,
In evil they're encased for they pick on the frail,
Their age is no barrier they're both young and old,
Of disease they're the carrier their actions are cold.

An audience is required that helps bullies thrive,
It gets them all fired it makes them feel alive,
You get bullies at work or with children at play,
All over they lurk every hour every day.

They are all around us bullying adults and kids,
When they're driven to ground their life hits the skids,
There's a sure fire way that they can be beat,
If you cause them affray they'll admit defeat.

Tell your teacher or manager you need disclosure,
Make the bully a feature they detest exposure,
They need to be shown you will never concede,
When your spirit has grown you'll have sown the seed.

When they know you'll fight back they will lower their tone,
They'll no longer attack they will leave you alone,
Show them you're aware that their actions are sad,
Seeing you don't fear them will drive them mad.

A bully has no friends let's make that clear,
Their sole aim in life is to rule others by fear,
They are sad and lonely that's how they exist,
Yet when they are gone they will never be missed.

Yes life can be cruel but that applies to us all,
A bully's but a fool their bravado is small,
When stripped of their presence they're no longer empowered,
A bully in essence is,

" No More Than A Coward "

bri mar

" Not Just A Refugee "

I was forced to leave my homeland,
My children and my wife,
To find a safer place to live,
Ultimately to save my life.

My decision wasn't taken lightly,
So please try to be aware,
We only want security,
For you to show you care.

What you take for granted,
We are not allowed,
While we must say things quietly,
You can shout out loud.

You can walk for miles on end,
Without the need for fear,
What we'd give to do the same,
That's our reason for coming here.

You can choose where you want to go,
We don't have that choice,
All we want is liberty,
To be able to have a voice.

While you have a dream in life,
To be fabulously wealthy,
Where I come from our only aim,
Is trying to stay fit and healthy.

If you were beaten every day,
You'd say that can't be right,
That is why I had to move,
I'd lost the will to fight.

If you were told your life is ours,
You do not have a say,
Would you not do the same as me,
Get up and run away.

I want to work and pay my way,
Just the same as you,
All I ask for in return,
Is respect from just a few,

I don't want your handouts,
I'd much rather be employed,
That way I'll feel valued,
My life can be enjoyed.

So please don't treat me differently,
I do not look for favours,

What I seek is acceptance,
That's what our species savours.

I did what any human would,
In order to survive,
While I'm here there's always hope,
My family will survive.

Until you get to know me,
Please don't make a song and dance,
Just try to learn who I am,
All I ask for is a chance.

Before you make any judgement,
Please try to understand,
I come for your democracy,
Not to steal your land.

You're renowned for fighting injustice,
A cause you're fighting still,
I am doing just the same,
My mission I must fulfill.

That is why I came here,
On freedom you're renowned,
Help me through to be as you,
Then equality we'll have found.

I do not ask for sympathy,
Just a friendly ear,
To listen to my troubles,
You can help bring me some cheer.

I miss my wife and children too,
Most everyone's the same,
As humans we love our families,
They're worth much more than fame.

I pray one day we'll be as one,
Those wrongs will all be righted,
With your help I'll once again,
With my family be reunited.

Close your eyes for just a while,
When you open them you'll see,
I am like you, a Human Being,

" Not Just A Refugee "

bri mar

" Not The Perpetrators Of The Crime "

I caught a burglar in my home,
He was armed with a knife,
When I asked him why he just replied,
You'd better not give me strife

I told him I would call the police,
If he refused to leave,
He looked at me then laughed and said,
What will that achieve.

He said he'd claim it was all my fault,
For trying to get him nabbed,
Because I'd threatened him with arrest,
That would justify me being stabbed.

At that I drew my firearm,
I warned him I would shoot,
He just stood there laughing,
He didn't give a hoot.

He told me he would have me charged,
If I did him any harm,
He also said he'd sue me,
For causing him alarm.

He pointed out that I was cruel,
For locking all my doors,
He said It was inconsiderate,
As breaking in gave him sores.

Because he was classed as vulnerable,
He said he'd make the claim,
That I was the one harassing him,
He said I'd get the blame.

I told him that I'd had enough,
It was time to call the police,
He laughed and said, go for it,
It's me they will release.

I looked at him and said, you're mad,
He replied, that talk incites,
You've not only hurt my feelings now,
You have breached my human rights.

Just at that the police arrived,
He told them he was shattered,
Then claimed that I'd assaulted him,
I had left him bruised and battered.

He told the police he was on drugs,
A method well tried and tested,

For when he said I'd terrorised him,
It was me that they arrested.

As he walked away after being released,
He said he was full of elation,
I'd be hearing from his solicitor soon,
With a claim for compensation.

He claimed not only would he win,
But I'd be paying the fee,
As he'd never worked a day in his life,
His lawyer was entirely free.

Society is in meltdown now,
The victims are forgotten,
The scum can do whatever they like,
To the core our system's rotten.

When will the do-gooders realise,
Criminals are nothing but slime,
It's the victims that should be protected,

" Not The Perpetrators of the crime "

bri mar

" One Day We'll Meet Again "

How is life in heaven Ma,
We trust you're doing well,
Back again with your Mum and Dad,
We hope you're feeling swell.

How are all your family Ma,
We pray they're doing fine,
Back together as a family,
I bet that makes you shine.

Is it really true that life is bliss,
When you find your place with God,
What was it like when you met him,
Did you make him feel overawed?

What's life like in Paradise Ma,
Is it beautiful every day,
Does happiness and peace abound
Is it really what they say.

We hope there is a ballroom Ma,
Where you can sing and dance,
Frank Sinatra with his big band sound,
Your spirit that will enhance.

Your sons and their families are doing well,
No need for you to fret,
We'll meet up again when God decides,
It's time that we all met.

It can be lonely here without you Ma,
We miss you all the time,
Memories of you keep us going though,
They truly are sublime.

We knew you weren't feeling well
It was a secret that you kept,
But that was just the way with you,
When you passed your family wept.

If there is any consolation Ma,
It's that you are now at peace,
We knew that when you left us,
Your Earthly pain would cease.

The fact you are in Heaven now,
Does help to ease our pain,
We also have the knowledge that,

" One Day We'll Meet Again "

bri mar

" Our Lord Is The Ultimate Artist "

There's Da Vinci, Dali and Picasso,
They were truly a breed apart,
Either designing or painting on canvas,
Their creations are real works of art.

We had Eddison, Einstein and John Logie Baird,
Their ideas are still with us today,
Everything they achieved is still with us,
They were artists in their own way.

They say Columbus discovered America,
That's a statement which is quite unfair,
When he finally stepped foot on this great land,
There were people already there.

All life on Earth has been gifted with skills,
From the plants to the fish in the seas,
Everything alive has a reason to live,
From human beings to the rain forest trees.

Just look at the wonderful diversity of life,
This was never created by chance,
We insult the creator of life itself,
By continuing this ludicrous stance.

Every living thing on this Earth
Was put here by God for good reasons,
If we lose sight of the fact that God does exist,
We may not see any future seasons.

Life forms are too numerous to mention,
But one thing we must never forget,
Is the reason we were given the gift of life,
If we do it's a decision we'll regret.

If we look at the talents we've been given,
Our creator must have been shrewd,
He gave us the ability to know right from wrong,
We can judge the bad from the good.

Science tries to tell us otherwise,
Yet their origin of life is unknown,
Their ideas change from day to day,
Until another of their theories is blown.

The creator of our wonderful universe,
Is the one we should all applaud,
All the artists and the inventors,
were given their gifts by God.

To create this wondrous environment,
Would have taken the one who is smartest,

Remember his name lest you forget,

" Our Lord Is The Ultimate Artist "

bri mar

" Our River Clyde "

From it's original source in the Lowther hills,
If you listen closely you'll hear her shrills,
It's the great divide between north and south,
At the Firth of Clyde is the rivers mouth.

The river Clyde could tell many a story,
Sailing and shipbuilding in all of its glory,
From warships to liners like the Q.E.2.
All built by the finest craftsmen too.

Throughout her history she's been well portrayed,
From the mills to the cotton and tobacco trade,
Many a merchant made their fortune from here,
She's a natural beauty we must forever revere.

She has flowed for centuries never taking a rest,
A beautiful river, full of life full of zest,
The paddle steamers used her for many years,
Those memories are still what truly endears.

The Waverley steamer still sails to this day,
From the Clyde to the sea she knows her own way,
On to Dunoon, Saltcoats then Loch Fyne,
There's the beautiful scenery which is truly divine.

We must treat her well she's a valuable resource,
If we choose to ignore her there'll be no recourse,
It's up to the people if the Clyde's to survive,
We must all do our best to keep her alive.

We must all ensure she is put to good use,
No more pollution no more suffering abuse,
We either use her or lose her that is a fact,
Our river could die unless we all act.

Industry will return that we can tell,
A museum of transport new housing as well,
Once again she'll be put to the test,
With flying colours she'll be back to her best.

She has served our fair city with pride and with grace,
Despite all the changes she's kept up with the pace,
She is long and slender at the sea she flows wide,
She's a wonderful waterway is,

" Our River Clyde "

bri mar

" Phenomenal Irn Bru "

Andy's finally gone and done it,
He's proved the sceptics wrong,
A Grand Slam, now at last he's won it,
It will match his Olympic gong.

A battle royal he had to fight,
Against a champion fierce and proud,
But in the end it all came right,
He truly mesmerised the crowd.

The game went one way then the next,
Who'd win was anyone's guess,
The way both played had them perplexed,
It was like a game of chess.

At two sets all Andy took a break,
He had to do a pee,
Feeling like a nervous wreck,
He asked, what's wrong with me?

I'm in a spot of bother here,
If winning is my intention,
I must show Novac I've no fear,
I'll need some divine intervention.

This beguiled his fierce counterpart,
Against Andy he couldn't compete,
It was like a dagger through his heart,
He had to admit defeat.

Novac asked, what was this potion?
That gave you this awesome power,
Was it food or perhaps a lotion?
Whatever it made me cower.

Andy replied in his broad Scots tone,
My tactics I had to review,
After I drank it victory was sown,

" It's Phenomonal Irn Bru "

bri mar

" Politically Correct "

If you sing out Baa Baa Blacksheep,
It will have a terrible effect,
Who tells us that this song is bad,
The Politically Correct.

Enter our country illegally,
Then show us no respect,
Will we send you straight back, no,
It's not,
Politically Correct.

We're told not to smack our children,
As their minds it will affect,
That is why they run amok,
Thanks,
The Politically Correct.

If you have a criminal mind,
Then join a violent sect,
We won't hold this against you,
We're,
Politically Correct.

If you break in to a house or bank,
Your booty to collect,
We'll put you up if you get caught,
That's,
Politically Correct.

If you're addicted to illegal drugs,
We'll rush in to protect,
We'll say you are a poor wee soul, why?
It's,
Politically Correct.

You can take cocaine and smoke your hash,
Illegal drugs you can inject,
We're not allowed to stop you because,
It's not,
Politically Correct.

If you say Shhhh! Black or White,
Then I'm afraid you can expect,
To be told you're out of order by,
The Politically Correct.

How dare you celebrate Christmas,
That's a time we must all reject,
All Christians are now redundant,
Who says?
The Politically Correct.

We must now rewrite our history,
Our past must now be checked,
We cannot say we won the war,
It's not,
Politically Correct.

Politicians the world over,
Have their fiddles go unchecked,
Why? Because they make the rules,
They're,
The Politically Correct.

Terrorists murder ever day,
On our system this does reflect,
Are we allowed to hang them, no,
We must be,
Politically Correct.

If we try to deport these murdering scum,
We're told we must not neglect,
The fact we're placing them in danger,
That's not,
Politically Correct.

If we hurt their feelings and make them cry,
We must forget those lives they wrecked,
Try to be understanding,
It's,
Politically Correct.

We spend millions on interpreters,
But we're not allowed to object,
We can't force them to speak our dialogue,
Say,
The Politically Correct.

The government now want to seek me out,
I know now that I must defect,
For what I've put in writing's not,

" Politically Correct"

bri mar

" Politicians Will Do Their Own Fighting "

I had a vision from God last night,
On how to end all wars,
Those futile senseless killings,
The vast majority abhors.

The answers really simple,
It's been staring us in the face,
The instigators are everywhere,
They're prevalent in every race.

It has nothing to do with religion,
That's just one inane excuse,
All Those who are responsible,
Are both arrogant and obtuse.

Finance plays a part in this,
As do foreign affairs,
Oil and gas are crucial,
As for life they'll say, " who cares"

They claim to believe in democracy,
But we know that's just not true,
These faceless bastards are everywhere,
Dictating what we should do.

They tell us all how we should live,
While they do what they like,
They become millionaires at our expense,
It's time they all took a hike.

They buy all the latest weaponry,
To prove they are the best,
If they don't like your politics,
They'll soon have that addressed.

The problem with their philosophy is,
Not one of them are willing,
To use these weapons personally,
It's someone else who does the killing.

That just sums the hypocrites up,
" We're needed here" you'll hear them cry,
That's their way of telling us,
Is they're too afraid to die.

They love to bask in victory,
With our lives they are empowered,
But will they ever risk their own,
No, every one of them's a coward.

This leads me to the answer
let there be no confusion,

I hope and pray you'll all agree,
That it is the right conclusion.

The vision I had late last night,
Was a truly miraculous sighting,
To end conflict now and forever more,

" Politicians Will Do Their Own Fighting "

bri mar

" Remember This Could Happen To You "

As I sit here homeless do you really care?
What exactly is it you see,
Try looking deeper as you stop and stare,
There's a person inside, yes it's me.

Are you perfect, have you never done wrong,
To judge others what gives you the right,
To get to where I am doesn't take long,
Look in the mirror you may well get a fright.

Get a job you bastard you're a layabout,
That's just one of the comments made,
I am hurt deep inside when people shout,
It reminds me that I m alone and afraid.

Do you know my reasons for being this way?
If you could would you let me explain,
Or would you tell me the message I convey,
Is I'm nothing but a down and out pain.

Are you aware of my history I bet you're not?
To you I'm a waste of space,
A junkie or alkie who makes you feel fraught,
I'm just a total and utter disgrace.

If you'd just take some time to give me a chance,
Maybe just maybe you'd learn,
If into my history you would just take a glance,
I believe you may then show concern.

I could be your daughter or perhaps your son,
Now don't be self-righteous and say no,
We all have parents when all's said and done,
Through my choices I've now nowhere to go.

Do I have children, a husband or wife?
Or have I always been in this state?
Ask and I'll tell you what caused me this strife,
Ignorance is what I really hate.

One thing in life you must never forget,
It's so easy to fall over that line,
Before you know it life is filled with regret,
Then your mind slips into decline.

In life we judge others without knowing the facts,
Who measures failure and what is success,
Circumstances and decisions are the ultimate acts,
They determine if life's good or a mess.

Next time you walk past me don't be all seeing,
The way you judge me may well not be true,

All I ask is you treat me as a Human Being,

" Remember This Could Happen To You "

bri mar

" Some Of Their Laws Are Nothing But Farce "

Humpty Dumpty sat on the wall,
Humpty Dumpty never did fall,
All the kings horses and all the kings men,
Weren't needed to put Humpty together again.

Why was this I hear you all say,
It has always been that is the way,
By saying it's not you are causing affray,
It's the reason Humpty's alive today.

When Humpty Dumpty sat on the wall,
It couldn't be built more than four inches tall,
So if and when he decides to fall,
The kings men and their horses won't need a call.

When Jack and Jill went up the hill,
They didn't fetch a pail of water,
Jack didn't fall down or break his crown,
Nor did Jill come tumbling after.

What is this nonsense I hear you all ask,
Tell us the truth or we'll take you to task,
Well Jack and Jill get their water by stealth,
That way they both remain in good health.

To ask children to work you must be a rotter,
Especially your son and your daughter,
It's like putting lambs to the bloody slaughter,
For that you'll find yourself in very hot water.

When Simple Simon met the pieman,
On his way to the fair,
He said you think that you're a fly man,
So eat my food if you dare.

Simon said I can't because your pie is far too cold,
As it doesn't have a sell by date, I can't say how old,
I've afraid I've got to tell you that your business must now fold,
My gift gift of observation is a power to behold.

Food unheated you must never eat,
If it's went cold you must not reheat,
Especially when it's a type of meat.
Or for sure you'll end up on the toilet seat.

Ring a ring of rosies,
No need to carry posies,
Atishoo atishoo,
Nobody fell down.

This was based on fact you know,
You cannot change all that,

Yes I can I'll tell you so,
You can't blame the poor old rat.

By allowing rats to thrive you see,
Is good for all as they run free,
Killing them all I trust you'll agree,
Is bloody murder we must let them be.

Three blind mice three blind mice,
They no longer run they no longer run,
They got the police to the farmers wife,
Who was arrested for carrying a carving knife.

Now she's in jail for a very long time,
For attempting to commit such a heinous crime,
The mice have a life that is really sublime,
As over the bread and cheese they climb.

Mice are creatures that easily please,
It's wrong to say that they spread disease,
That statement can only be classed as sleaze,
As for cutting their tails off their must be a freeze.

These prime examples I'm sure you will find,
They are not just barbaric they are so unkind,
You all now must get it into your mind,
In Health and Safety they are all now enshrined.

Though it's something the majority really deplore,
You can no longer do what you want anymore,
Big brother is watching your every chore,
It would destroy your soul to the very core.

If we obeyed all the rules Health and Safety impose,
The worlds economies would come to a close,
Their guidelines for working are unclear and sparse,

" Some Of Their Laws Are Nothing But Farce "

bri mar

" Sparky's Inside Your Cat "

My dad bought me a goldfish,
Of him I was really fond,
His jar was really far too small,
So my dad built me a pond.

I called my goldfish Sparky,
In honour of my dad,
Full of life and boisterous,
He really was quite mad.

My neighbour used to say to me,
I don't want you to fret,
But if you don't watch your goldfish,
He'll make a meal for my nice pet.

She said her cat liked real fish,
That really made me worry,
I'd have to buy a safety net,
I needed it in a hurry.

Despite all my precautions,
I felt really put upon,
For when I checked on Sparky,
I found that he had gone.

I really did my best for him,
My God how hard I tried,
Yet despite all my best efforts,
My Sparky had now died.

When My neighbour heard me crying,
She asked me what was wrong,
When I told her what had happened,
She said you must be strong.

It's what nature had intended,
The cat has got its wish,
My feline friend has won the day,
It has ate your little fish.

I said to her well such is life,
One cannot tell a lie,
Everything alive on Earth,
Including cats must die.

It was then I knew the answer,
For my pain to be relieved,
If I dug a grave for Sparky,
I'd feel that I had grieved.

When I prepared his resting place,
I put in all his toys,

My neighbor then peered over and said
Who's making all that noise.

I said I was burying Sparky,
To ease my awful pain,
I explained he'd gone to Heaven,
But one day we'd meet again.

My neighbour burst out laughing,
She said don't be so absurd,
You don't even have his last remains,
She hadn't listened to a word.

She laughingly then asked me,
Why dig a grave as big as that,
I told her the reason was simple,

"Sparky's Inside Your Cat"

bri mar

" Team G.B. You Have Made Us All Proud "

The Olympic games two thousand and twelve,
All our athletes have filled us with pride,
Into their achievements we will now delve,
We have cast all our differences aside.

We have won a magnificent twenty nine gold,
Although it has been a long wait,
This is our best games it has to be told,
Since the year nineteen hundred and eight.

Andy Murray won the final at tennis,
Bradley Wiggins won his at a speed,
Then came heptathlete Jess Ennis,
Mo Farah showed them all how to lead.

Victoria Pendleton got it right on her bike,
Baillie and Stott showed them how to canoe,
Glover and Stanning for Gold they did strike,
Hoy, Hindes and Kenny saw their rides through.

Nicola Adams won the fight of her life,
Jade Jones did the taekwondo,
Luke Campbell overcame the strife,
Anthony Joshua fought toe to toe.

Then there's Rowsell, King and Laura Trott,
Greg Rutherford knew where he was going,
Ben Ainslie always gives us all he has got,
As do Hosking and Copeland when they're rowing.

Bechtolsheimer, Dujardin and Getty Won dressage,
Triathlon was won by Brownlee,
Laura Trott striking gold was not a mirage,
Gregory, James, Hodge and Reed let them see.

Thomas, Kennaugh, Clancy, and Burke,
They won the team pursuit,
Watson and Grainger knew how to work,
Peter Wilson showed his rivals how to shoot.

Skelton, Maher, Charles and Brash,
They taught the world how to ride,
Ed McKeever's opponents he did thrash,
Our Olympic success will not be denied.

Seventeen silver and nineteen bronze,
Is further testament to our countries success,
All who competed are now our icons,
They're our champions no more no less.

The great British spirit is alive and well,
For that we must all shout out loud,

It's your legacy on which we must now dwell

bri mar

" That Is Fact It's Not An Illusion "

We're all in this together he said,
We must batten down the hatches,
It's a very rocky road we tread,
But you'll be mentioned in despatches.

The sacrifice you make today,
Will mean a better tomorrow,
Somehow those words have went astray,
As more money this government borrow.

Utility bills are rising fast,
Food increases even more,
Cheap fuel is now in the distant past,
Confidence is through the floor.

No pay rises means being more austere,
We are drifting further apart,
To the working class this isn't fair,
They are ripping out our heart.

Quantitative easing is the cure,
So says Mervyn King,
Truth is he is cocksure,
Of the wealth that this will bring.

Not to us you must understand,
Just to the very rich,
While their wealth gets out of hand,
For grandeur they've got the itch.

Princess Anne has her new yacht,
It cost half a million pounds,
Guess who paid for what she bought,
Her arrogance astounds.

Chitty Chitty bang Bang tours the streets,
Priced at £500,000 smackers,
Chris Evans ego he entreats,
The Bastard must be crackers.

Prince Harry poses in the nude,
His behaviour is really brash,
The fact we're paying is not so good,
He's now changed his name to flash.

Together in what we've got to ask,
As the rich are all in collusion,
To keep us down is their main task,

" That Is Fact It's Not An Illusion "

bri mar

" That Is The Good Lords Decree "

God created life on our planet Earth,
Exactly which one of truth there's a dearth,
We'll only find out when our ship comes to berth,
Then and only then will we see.

Will it be Allah or Jehovah who can say,
If it's Jesus or Mohammed will it cause you affray,
We will only find out on that final day,
The problem is there's none of us agree.

Will one God say yes while the others say no,
Do they all have a Heaven to which we will go,
The problem here is none of us know,
To even guess you would need a degree.

Will a Muslim God be better than a Jews?
Are a Christians beliefs better than Hindus,
Which religion is right who will choose?
It's a mystery which one it will be.

Is it possible we could all be right?
If it is then why all this need to fight,
Surely it's time we all seen the light,
It's now time to set ourselves free.

For people to riot saying you've insulted their God,
Is not only blasphemous it's downright odd,
To claim it's religious is the act of a fraud,
The Lord doesn't like a melee.

You can't insult God even he makes a gaffe,
When he made Human beings he was having a laugh,
From bacteria through to a giant giraffe,
The Good Lord was smiling with glee.

If we could slander God it has to be said,
Most living humans would certainly be dead,
If you think otherwise you are being misled,
You must stop your murderous spree.

Heaven awaits those who obey Gods rules,
But You will all be refused for behaving like fools,
It's your lords anger this behaviour fuels,
You'll be left behind in the debris.

In abusing his commandments you did excel,
Your barbarous behaviour leaves a nasty smell,
For that your reward's an eternity in Hell,

" That Is The Good Lords Decree "

bri mar

" That's The Real Price Of Lust "

What's this obsession,
I want more from this life,
It gives me depression,
Then fills me with strife.

We've a life of pleasure,
Our lives are for living,
I have found my life's treasure,
But I have this misgiving.

My wife is my rock,
There's my wonderful kids,
So I need to take stock,
Or my life hits the skids.

We've a beautiful home,
What more could I want,
If I decide to roam,
Will it come back to haunt?

I've a life of bliss,
It is full of love,
So what is it I miss,
Does it come from above?

I don't need money,
There are two fancy cars,
My life is sunny,
My head's in the stars.

I don't really know,
What it is that I seek,
But it's bringing me woe,
It is making me weak.

I love all I've got,
But my life is a chore,
So to stop the rot,
I've got to have more.

What is this feeling,
That's driving me on,
It's sending me reeling,
How I wish it were gone.

Just what is it I want,
What will I find,
Will it come back to haunt,
Or cure my mind?

Am I really that sad,
Seeking what's out of sight,

Don't tell me I'm mad,
For I know I am right.

I'll do it one time,
Then won't ever again,
It's a victimless crime,
It won't drive me insane.

I've committed the deed,
Now I ask myself why,
Was there really a need,
Now I just want to die.

Now I've done it I'll perish,
For life is too short,
What you love you must cherish,
Or your mind will distort.

Just then I found out,
Why's it's taken so long,
I'm an adulterous lout,
I know now I've done wrong.

By greed I was driven,
For a bit on the side,
I will not be forgiven,
There is nowhere to hide.

There's nobody wants me,
I've no family or friends,
what really haunts me,
Is my pain never ends.

I think of those I've betrayed,
All those I held dear
Solely because I have strayed,
They are no longer here.

I am out on the street,
Living all on my own,
My demise is complete
They won't let me atone.

Treasure all you have now,
For it cannot be bought,
Remember that vow,
To love what you've got.

If you desire another,
just stop and ponder,
Those cravings can smother,
Your feelings will wander.

It's yourself you'll abhor,
You will know you were wrong,
Why, what for,
When it was there all along.

But now it's too late,
You cannot adjust,
You're a figure of hate,

`` That's The Real Price Of Lust ``

bri mar

" The Birth Of A Child "

I've been floating around here for quite some time,
They need to release me I've reached my prime,
I'm kicking and punching I will find a way,
In here I'm restricted so I don't want to stay.

Together we've made such a wonderful team,
But my quest for freedom is now so extreme,
Nine months of this is more than devotion,
But suddenly I hear lots of commotion.

What is going on I'm feeling much hotter,
The strange thing is I'm no longer in water,
This feeling is intense I need to get out,
From outside my confinement I hear a shout.

Breathe deeper they're saying you're almost there,
Who are they talking to this just isn't fair,
Just then I see what I think is a light,
The feeling though frightening really does excite.

I'm almost there but I won't be rushed,
The fact is I feel like I'm being crushed,
My lungs are bursting I can't last much longer,
Suddenly the momentum is getting stronger.

At this point I look up and what do I see,
Bright lights and strange beings at last I am free,
There is to-ing and fro-ing as I make lots of noise,
They're saying it's the same with both girls and boys.

At last I can see that person I've heard,
My Mother with whom my life I have shared,
They separate us now but we'll never be apart,
Forever more she'll remain in my heart.

After they've cut my umbilical cord
Together we go to the maternity ward
This feeling of freedom is driving us wild
There's nothing to compare with,

" The Birth Of A Child "

bri mar

" The Birthday Of Our Lord Jesus Christ "

Once again Christmas is here,
Let's have a celebration,
Forget the debts and have no fear,
It will fill you with such elation.

Spending money you haven't got,
Up to your eyeballs in debt,
What you don't need can and will be bought,
Just for now there's no need to fret.

When Christmas day has come and gone,
As the presents lie scattered and broken,
The thought of the bill will finally dawn,
But for now it will remain unspoken.

As final demands dropp through your door,
You bury your head in the sand,
Opening the letters is too much of a chore,
The stress then gets out of hand.

It becomes so unbearable you cannot cope,
That's when reality kicks in,
You are on your own and left without hope,
You're in a battle you just cannot win.

Why did I do it you shout out loud,
As they price all your goods to be sold,
Next it's the house of which you were so proud,
Theat very feeling just leaves you ice cold.

Jesus Christ I hear you say,
But I think it's being used in vain,
Though he was born on Christmas day,
From his memory most will refrain.

Spend, spend, spend for spendings sake,
Is not what Christmas is about,
It's the spirit of Jesus we all must awake,
That's what this day is about.

Take some time to give him praise,
It's a gift that doesn't cost,
The return you get will truly amaze,
In his kingdom you will never be lost.

Joining with the Lord is not a crime,
By material goods you must not be enticed,
Celebrate what is a miraculous time,

" The Birth Day Of Our Lord Jesus Christ "

bri mar

" The Colour Of Our Skin "

Why are we obsessed with a persons colour,
When life without it would be so much duller,
We only get one chance in this life,
Yet another's shade can cause so much strife.

We'll buy black and white paint without thinking twice,
Decorate Yellow and Red and say it looks nice,
Yet when it comes to the colour of a persons face,
For some unknown reason we think of their race.

Why do we create this terrible mess?
We are all human beings, no more no less,
Regardless of colour it's perfectly true,
One colour can do anything the other can do.

Let's try and put this into perspective,
All other life forms are just not as selective,
Colour to them is mainly for disguise,
It is also an attraction which pleases their eyes.

If we looked at these others then maybe we'd learn,
That colours an asset not a matter for concern,
Here are some examples which will show there's a link,
If nothing else they should make you think.

If ten people died from different cultures,
Then from above appeared some vultures,
Would they look down and say, which colour will we eat?
Of course they wouldn't to them we're just meat.

As the lions stalked humans out in the bush,
They thought which one will we kill if it comes to a push,
There's red and yellow and black and white,
We're not really sure which one is right.

The leader of the pride said, go catch your game
Forget their colour they all taste the same
We don't really care about colour or creed
If we don't kill we die we must have our feed.

Their attitude to life is more clever than us,
Simple ideals they make less of a fuss,
Their aim in this life is just to survive,
If we weren't here all lifeforms would thrive.

Humankind's made in Gods image is what they say,
So why do some humans feel this way,
What colour is God if that's really true,
If truth be told we do not have a clue.

Racism is a purely a human trait,
So what's going to happen when we reach Heavens gate,

Will God harbour racist thoughts in his head,
Then say no black or white just yellow and red.

That's the dilemma facing us here,
There are some we accept while others we fear,
If we could accept who we are comes from within,
There would be no need to worry about,

"The Colour Of Our Skin "

bri mar

" The Crocodile Hunter "

When you met him in person,
He would just turn and say,
I'd rather meet animals,
So crikey and g'day.

When his animals saw him,
They would all run and scatter,
For they just couldn't bear,
His fair dinkum patter.

All joking aside,
When he's put to the test,
There was nobody better,
Steve Irwin's the best.

Steve treated all animals,
With the utmost respect,
His efforts to save them,
Will have a lasting effect.

Whether living on land,
Or under the sea,
Steve showed us how,
We could all be set free.

He brought to the world,
An insatiable need,
To understand animals,
His warnings we must heed.

He gave us an insight,
Into animal behaviour,
He taught us how united,
We can be each others saviour.

We must live and let live,
If this doesn't apply,
We'll be in mortal danger,
Our planet will die.

By nurturing all life,
We could then ensure,
A future for all,
Prevention not cure.

Endangered species,
Steve strived to save,
In his quest for knowledge,
His own life he gave.

As for his wife and children,
They must never forget,

We owe Steve and his ideals,
a tremendous debt.

His work will live on,
Through his family and friends,
They will try to ensure,
Steve's work never ends.

His legacy must be,
That all life will remain,
His unfinished task,
Is for all life to to sustain.

Steve Irwin the man,
Was an extraordinary punter,
He'll forever be remembered as,

" The Crocodile Hunter "

bri mar

" The Day The Earth Stood Still "

Travelling to other planets,
Will not allay your fears,
Believe me when I tell you,
This is going to end in tears.

I gave you all you needed,
On my planet Earth,
But The planet's now eroding fast,
You've nowhere left to berth.

You're destroying all my animals,
The trees and flowers too,
As the Earth is slowly dying,
The blame all lies with you.

The oceans and the rivers,
To all life I had them suited,
Then I introduced the human race,
Now they're poisoned and polluted.

The Earth was self sufficient,
Until humans happened by,
You're intent on ruining life on Earth,
Could someone tell me why?

You really thought you knew it all,
Of brains you are bereft,
Your attitude really does appal,
As there are no resources left.

I gave you every chance to learn,
Conservation is the answer,
But you decided differently,
Now Earth's suffering from a cancer.

A cancer sometimes can be cured,
But swift action must be taken,
You've ignored my early warning signs,
My advice you have forsaken.

Despite the state my planet's in,
It is sickeningly funny,
Instead of trying to solve your ills,
You are still obsessed with money.

Instead of looking to the sky,
To try to ease your woes,
Look at the extinctions here,
They're everywhere man goes.

All you've done is fight and kill,
From the day of your induction,

You seem to know no other way,
True masters of destruction.

Why would I allow you all,
To do the same again,
You've never listened to my words,
All you've did is cause me pain.

So prepare yourself for doomsday,
To annihilation you are addicted,
Remember all your agony,
Is totally self inflicted?

When I gave you all the gift of life,
With intelligence you were endowed,
But you failed to use it wisely,
No more waste will be allowed.

There will be no solar travel,
For reasons you are fully aware,
You are the masters of your downfall,
My planet has been stripped bare.

You will never do the same again,
That I will ensure,
The reason I won't let you,
Is prevention's better than cure.

So forget about your pipedreams,
They'll be fossilised in granite,
My solar system's out of bounds,
You won't destroy another planet.

Your time on Earth is over now,
Even though it was quite brief,
You have caused such massive damage,
Your extinction will bring relief.

Every other form of life,
Will survive when you are gone,
The elimination of human beings,
Will bring a brand new dawn.

The Earth will come alive again,
All life will then re-nourish,
With humans now an afterthought,
My planet will then flourish.

God is your master here on Earth,
It is I who dictates the pace,
I'll determine what the future holds,
Not you the human race.

I hate everything you stand for,
You have acted against my will,
So the day you become extinct will be,

“ The Day The Earth Stood Still ”

bri mar

" The Female Human Being "

I've searched for aliens all my life,
Ever since I was a child,
From distant planets to far away stars,
My quest is driving me wild.

I'm not sure what I'm looking for,
As nobody's written a draft,
Could it be a small green man,
From a silver disc shaped craft.

Or could it be they're already here,
Perhaps they live in the sea,
Or is it really possible,
It could even be you or me.

That's really not as daft as it sounds,
We have strange creatures here,
They get stoned and out of their heads,
On drugs and potent beer.

When we see them lose their minds,
They then enter outer space,
Their behaviour is alien to all around,
They are not of the human race.

I don't think that is accurate though,
Aliens would have more sense,
Humans beings are quite unique, ,
Could our visitors be so dense.

Perhaps there's nobody out there,
They've been here all along,
I think I know the answer,
It's for you to prove me wrong.

Some say we live among them,
Their attitude can be aloof,
They live within a twilight world,
All we need now is the proof.

Their powers of persuasion,
Cannot be denied,
One look from those piercing eyes,
Can make you feel you've died.

Their intelligence is far superior,
So much so it's out of sight,
They make us feel inferior,
As when wrong they're always right.

They love to dress in fancy clothes,
With a room for shoes alone,

never ask why they need so many,
or you'll hear a sickly groan.

If you do something exceptional,
Your story they will edit,
They'll make you think it wasn't you,
Then they'll take all the credit.

They can make us feel incompetent,
Then make us feel our best,
Drive us bloody mental,
Or fill us all with zest.

When we do the cleaning up,
They'll say you've left a pong,
Despite all your best efforts,
You can guarantee it's wrong

When they get themselves upset,
We'll say, oh what a shame,
Then they'll claim it's all your fault,
You're the one to blame.

By trying to outsmart them,
You are being so unwise,
They can and will outwit you,
Which will lead to your demise.

Beware if you upset them,
They can be really mean,
If you make them angry,
You will see them turning green.

If they ask, do I look fat in this,
Say no my dear, of course,
If you tell the bloody truth,
you'll feel what is, " The Force ".

If you're seen with one of their species,
They become quite over zealous,
They change back to their alien state,
As they can be pretty jealous.

What species could have so much power,
They're impossible to outsmart,
Their culture is from another world,
They are truly a breed apart.

The problem with these aliens is,
If you take one on a date,
When they think they like you,
They'll expect you to be their mate.

They are the ultimate Extra Terrestrial,
Their abilities are all seeing,
This species is known to man as,

“ The Female Human Being ”

bri mar

" The Imcomparable Ole Blue Eyes Frank "

Here was a man years ahead of his time,
His talents we all adored,
With his big band sound he sounded sublime,
He's, "The Chairman Of The Board ".

For his acting skills he got his reward,
In Nineteen Fifty Four,
His biggest critics died by the sword,
When " Oscar " knocked on his door.

If you're looking for inspiration,
Here's a man that everyone knows,
This guy was a true sensation,
As for living well, " Here Goes "

There was Armstrong, Crosby and Doris Day,
But he was truly a class apart,
This guys singing could lead you astray,
He was forever, " Young At Heart ".

He lived and loved his life to the full,
Some said he was a little uncouth,
When asked why, he'd say, keep it cool,
You can, " Blame It On My Youth ".

Long before Nineteen Sixty Nine,
He was the master of croon,
As for lunar travel, he'd say that's mine,
Now, " Fly Me To The Moon ".

A magnificent artist who was truly unique.
Like his country he loved to be free,
With the media he loved to play hide and seek,
When it suited he'd say, " Talk To Me ".

Whenever he sang those mission bells chimed,
He treated his audience as kin,
All he'd need say to get his fans primed,
Was, " I've Got You Under My Skin ".

This artist is an American treasure,
For the joy his music brings,
When asked why he gave us such pleasure,
He'd say it's, " Just One Of Those Things ".

He was sophisticated but also quite gritty,
From his fans he was never apart,
He could relieve you of your self pity,
From, " The Curse Of An Aching Heart "

Living and loving was what he done,
Despite all his troubles and strife,

He always believed the fight could be won,
When asked how, he'd reply, " That's Life "

He could do things which would always astound,
His talents were a gift from above,
Whenever he heard that big band sound,
He'd say it's, "Almost Like Being In love ".

He loved Chicago you'd hear him tell,
When leaving it made him frown,
If you asked him why he'd say, it's swell,
It's, " My Kind Of Town ".

His memory will last forever more,
Though at times he was on the ropes,
Like a song he was a man we could all adore,
He gave us all, " High Hopes ".

Though his life is over his legacy lives on,
Through his music he laid down his stall,
In our hearts and minds he'll never be gone,
We'll have " All Or Nothing At All ".

He raised millions of pounds for charity,
His reasons were truly divine,
For others he just wanted parity,
He'd ensure that, " Come Rain Or Come Shine ".

On his way to Heaven he bumped into God,
Who said I've been struck dumb,
He told him there's no need to feel overawed,
" The Best Is Yet To Come "

Nobody will tell this guy how to sing
As he waltzes on a Heavenly highway,
With some help from Sammy, Deano and Bing,
He would say I did it, " My Way "

His acting, the singing and dancing,
Will never be surpassed,
At his style you'll forever be glancing,
What a legacy this man has amassed,
We'll forever be grateful for his films and songs,
Ttthough in person he'll be sadly missed,
In our thoughts and memories is where he belongs,
That's just what he would insist,
His talents are still there for all to see,
Who's this icon we've got to thank,
He's the one and only I'm sure you'll agree,

" The Incomparable Ol' Blue Eyes, Frank "

bri mar

" The Powers Of Addiction "

This feeling is an uncontrollable urge,
Very soon I'll be ranting and raving,
On my body and mind it is truly a scourge,
I must score to get rid of my craving.

It's okay to drink it's fine to smoke,
Though it kills more than my illegal drugs,
While your liver fails and your black lungs choke,
It's not just us Junkies who are mugs.

Addicts are not those down and out scum,
Society just loves to portray,
They can be rich and famous yes clever not dumb,
Does that make their addiction okay.

When I look at my own reflection,
The ravages of drugs I don't see,
I still look at myself with affection,
Deep inside that skeleton is me.

I've disgraced my Father and Mother,
Yes I'm disgusted at the life I am living,
But my guilt I can easily smother,
I use those who are always forgiving.

They supply me with clothing and with food,
My needles I am given for free,
My benefits can go on my fix now that's good,
If only the blind could see.

They believe they're providing assistance,
When in fact our problems they compound,
When required we'll put up resistance,
Those tactics will always confound.

To get high I will beg steal or borrow,
As for shame I no longer care,
Regardless I no longer feel sorrow,
When I fall down I know they'll be there.

You spend millions trying to help us all,
But the majority don't want to be cured,
While on our drugs we are having a ball,
Of that you can rest assured.

The question in reality this poses,
Is why do so few of us finish with drugs,
If they woke up and smelled the roses,
They would know we treat them as mugs.

By pandering to us our addictions they feed,
That's a subject they don't like us to mention,

When alls said and done it's our fix we need,
Cessation was never our intention.

They even give us a temporary fix,
Some methadone to see us through,
It does till we get our stronger kicks,
Though long term it's a decision you'll rue.

Would you give booze to an alcoholic?
I very much doubt if you would,
Though it allows them some fun and frolic,
It certainly won't do them any good.

So why do you feed us a drug that kills,
It just doesn't make any sense,
It's akin to taking too many pills,
The decision makers must be all dense.

To get high I will beg steal or borrow,
As for shame well I no longer care,
Regardless I don't feel any sorrow,
When I fall down I know they'll be there.

Every twist and turn I take,
I find there is no way out,
Any decision I attempt to make,
Fills me up with self-doubt.

I'm caught up in a vice like grip,
There is no way I can escape,
I know my dignity this habit will strip,
My existence is so out of shape.

I love the feeling when I'm on a high,
But I detest that road back down,
I feel so depressed I just want to cry,
In self-sympathy I just want to drown.

It's always someone else, who's to blame,
My peers my friends or whoever,
It's never me that's why there's no shame,
As an excuse it's really quite clever.

I know you will say I deserve all I get,
For this is the life I have chosen,
Have you lived a life without any regret?
From society have you ever been frozen?

You may well ask why am I so obtuse,
I'm responsible for my own affliction,
Well I say to you no it's not an excuse,
I've succumbed to,

" The Powers Of Addiction "

bri mar

" There Are No Pockets In A Shroud "

Money makes the world go round,
I wonder who said that,
It must have been a billionaire,
A grass roots spoiled brat.

They take their lead from politicians,
Do as I say Not as I do,
They write how to fiddle editions,
As more funds they must accrue.

The rich are really all the same,
Whether they act or if they sing,
They'll always preach to you and me,
Money isn't everything.

Don't you find it really strange,
It's actually quite funny,
That the very people who make this claim,
Have all got loads of money.

Now I'm not being flippant,
Nor am I being abrupt,
But cash along with power,
Really does corrupt.

They love their yachts and fancy cars,
But you must always be aware,
Though it's you and I who make them rich,
For us they just don't care.

As they live their lives of splendour,
They ignore the plight of others,
To sharing they'll never surrender,
Their self delusion and arrogance smothers.

These greedy people the world over,
Are so obsessed with amassing wealth,
As they strive to make their trillions,
They tend to ignore their health.

Before they know it's time to go,
They shout out, we need more time,
We've got loads of lovely dosh to spend,
To take us now would be a crime.

When they arrive at Heavens gate,
They all put on a frown,
No debit cards or hard fast cash,
Just a plain white gown.

God says, on Earth you were rich and famous,
You stood out in a crowd,

But you cannot take it with you,
"There Are No Pockets In A Shroud"
bri mar

" There's Just As Much Life In A Salad "

Veggies and Vegans say it's not cool,
They claim it's a murderous act,
If you eat any meat you must be a fool,
Is that nonsense or is it a fact.

Animals kill others that is true,
They must if they're to survive,
Humans eat meat like they do,
It's one method of staying alive.

Others eat grass, vegetables or hay,
True life forms every one,
We all need a feed from day to day,
When all is said and done.

That is life it's nature's way,
Till vegans and veggies came along
These people feel the need to say,
That what we're doing is wrong.

We don't tell them what to eat,
So why do they tell us,
There's nothing wrong with eating meat,
So what is all the fuss.

They say that it's just so inhumane,
It's the taking of a life,
In their efforts they won't wane,
They just love to give us strife.

Some of them eat chicken and fish,
Both of them living things,
Like steak they make a lovely dish,
Yet still no alarm bell rings.

Others say it's a heinous deed,
Killing animals for food,
Vegetables live but they don't take heed,
It's their insulated minds they delude.

Plants, fruits and vegetables come and go,
They're born and then they grow old,
Just like us they live and grow,
They're a part of life's great fold.

What gives veggies the right to dictate?
Don't plants have any rights,
Is it just because it's meat they hate?
They have us in their sights.

We are murderers they'd have you believe,
While they devour poor plants,

Truth is it's themselves they deceive,
With their hypocritical rants.

Plants like animals can't refuse,
None of them have a voice,
We eat to survive we do not abuse,
How we do that should be our own choice.

Killing year old lambs for Sunday lunch,
Are the actions of bloody louts,
I would counter that, now here's the crunch,
What about those poor baby sprouts.

The next time we're sitting down to our steak,
To all veggies we'll sing you a ballad,
The content will read that your argument's fake,

'' There's Just As Much Life In A Salad ''

bri mar

" There's More To Our Lives Than Oil "

The Gulf of Mexico is a beautiful place,
Where nature and wildlife abound,
Spoiled by who else but the Human Race,
These disasters no longer confound.

Whenever they happen we say never again,
An enquiry is what is required,
We know for a fact it's not if it's when,
These incompetents should all be fired.

Being brutally honest what do enquiries achieve?
Apart from wasting our money,
The outcome reached none of us believe,
If it weren't so sick it'd be funny.

What kind of profits are they making?
When twenty billion dollars can be set aside,
It is nature they are forsaking,
From that we must not let them hide.

To the locals the oceans are their way of life,
Oil destroys all life in the seas,
Everything that moves is being killed by the strife,
It's them they should be trying to appease.

The oil companies just don't give a damn,
As long as they find more in reserve,
Into their pockets vast profits they'll cram,
Nature they don't want to preserve.

Now it's on to the Arctic so pure,
Unspoiled by the greed of mankind,
Once we start drilling you can be sure,
There'll no longer be an Arctic to find.

Governments must take their share of the blame,
They issue the licences involved,
All of them should hang their heads in shame,
Such disasters will never be resolved.

The entire Human Race is just as bad,
For fuel we have a terrible obsession,
Dependence on what's limited is totally mad,
Our intelligence is in a recession.

As we drill deeper the dangers increase,
But the powers that be just don't care,
We genuinely don't know just what we'll release,
It's a fact it will lead to despair.

Oil is a fuel that is dwindling fast,
It may last just fifty more years,

Thereafter it will be that thing of the past,
That reduced our planet to tears.

While we waste our talents on dangerous fuels,
Sustainability is what we should seek,
The future will show that Human beings were fools,
Earths future outlook is bleak.

We must find alternatives here and now,
Our future needs are dependent on soil,
Underwater drilling we must not allow,

'' There's More To Our Lives Than Oil ''

bri mar

" There's Solace In Verse "

A song's but a way of telling a story,
It can be about love even sadness or glory,
Whatever the lyrics you can guarantee,
By singing those words you can set yourself free.

While listening to music be it night or day,
The song takes you over you get carried away
Before you know it you are singing along,
You become that person, the singer of that song.

When you're writing the lyrics ensure they're kept terse,
For that's when you will find,
" There's Solace In Verse "

That's the wonder of music regardless of type,
It makes you feel good you believe all the hype,
A song can lift you when you're feeling grief,
If you need cheering up it will bring you relief.

That's the wonder of music for like it or not,
It stirs up a feeling which just cannot be bought,
Next time you feel down if you just want to cry,
Put on some music go on give it a try.

Before you know it those thoughts will disperse,
Very soon you'll believe,
" There's Solace In Verse "

So become a believer play your favourite song,
If you don't feel the vibes you can say I was wrong,
But that won't happen for I know that it's true,
When you play the right music it will happen to you.

From that special feeling you will not want to hide,
It will change your perspective; it can turn the tide,
Before you know it your life has unfurled,
You'll be back to your best, on top of the world.

In the lyrics and music you will soon immerse,
It's then you'll have learned,
" There's Solace In Verse "

bri mar

" They Don't Last Forever "

They give you a life they look after you,
To them you're their reason for living,
Whatever happens if troubles ensue,
They'll be caring and always forgiving.

Do they own you or is it the other way round,
In fact neither statement is true,
Parent child relationships were made to astound,
You love them and they'll always love you.

They will want you to achieve so much more,
Regardless you will fill them with pride,
With you they will have a unique rapport,
Their devotion will never subside.

They'll try to teach you about good and bad,
To ensure you avoid all their mistakes,
They'll forever be there be it happy or sad,
A good parent just never forsakes.

Yes there'll be times they will get annoyed,
You will bring them to total despair,
Any troubles you have they will never avoid,
For you they will always be there.

You may well think they just interfere,
Their aim is to cause you great strife,
As you grow older it will become clear,
They just want you to have a good life.

They'll try to put up with your mood swings,
Watch over you each day as you grow,
The good times and problems another year brings,
Their love you will feel and will know.

Embarrassing you is a parents right,
There'll be times they will drive you wild,
Regardless of that they will never lose sight,
That to them you will always be their child.

You will do things that will surprise,
Good parents like nothing more,
What you can achieve will open their eyes,
That's why it's you they adore.

If you only strive to do your best,
Without the need for discord,
If with common sense you are blessed,
That will be your parents reward.

When you have children yourself one day
That is when you will learn,

The sacrifice your parents had to pay,
Mutual respect is a gift both must earn.

Your Mum and Dad are messengers from God,
Look after them while they're here,
What they do for us we should all applaud,
Their actions we must truly revere.

Your parents will give you love and care,
That special bond you must never sever,
God's trials of life can be so unfair,
For the pity is,

" They Don't Last Forever "

bri mar

" They'll Be Dropping One On You "

Some people live to create havoc,
Their aims are causing scandals,
Among this group of degenerates are,
Those I'll call graveyard vandals.

They topple our stones and ornaments,
Destruction is what they crave,
But in reality they're just imbeciles,
Who else would destroy someone's grave?

They drop their kegs regardless,
They urinate on our stones,
The stench is quite disgusting,
It can't be good for our bones.

They allow their pets to roam our land,
As they sit and drink their beer,
They desecrate our holy ground,
They destroy everything we hold dear.

They truly are a breed apart,
Their morals are straight from a sewer,
They should all be taken out and shot,
Then hung on the end of a skewer.

This also applies to those who think,
We are just their pets latrine,
If we did the same in your backyard,
I bet you wouldn't be so keen.

How would you like to be fouled upon?
I bet you'd make a fuss,
So why on Earth do you come in here,
Then proceed to foul on on us.

There are those who think they cause no harm,
As they exercise their dog,
By walking away and leaving their mess,
You are treating us like a bog.

So think before you toilet in here,
Please try and show some grace,
This is not an outside loo,
It's our final resting place.

One day soon your clock will stop,
That's when you should feel fear,
For it's more or less a certainty,
You'll be laid to rest in here.

As your mates above wreck the place,
You'll think that's so uncouth,

But don't forget you did the same,
When you were but a youth.

As your friends and pets are doing their bit,
You can no longer cause ado,
As you lie there looking up at them,

" They'll Be Dropping One You "

bri mar

" They're More Equal Than Others "

Democracies, Dictatorships and Communism,
Are contradictions they'd have us all think,
Yet as all of them head for cataclysm,
It's the poor who are left to sink.

As our leaders tear our economies apart,
It's time to stand up and be counted,
These idiots are determined to tear out our heart,
Mass protests against you will be mounted.

We're in this together they'd have you believe,
But it's we who must follow their rules,
While they live in splendour we're left to grieve,
Working people are treated like fools.

We are taxed us from birth till the day we die,
To ensure we stay under the thumb,
While they're on the take we're left to cry,
They look upon commoners as scum.

Those who preside at the top of the tree,
Politicians and fat cat millionaires,
The plight of the poor they refuse to see,
If truth be told not one of them cares.

These hierarchies dictate how we all should live,
We must struggle just to stay alive,
While their lives are based on take not give,
They leave us barely enough to survive.

We're being squeezed to death by these parasites,
Who want nothing but fortune and fame,
It is us they condemn they're abusing our rights,
While their excuses are always the same.

They bring all of our countries to their knees,
Through sheer incompetence and greed,
Then walk away rich denying the sleaze,
Their lavish lifestyles they go on to feed.

While they live their lives in prosperity,
The workers end up unemployed,
We must suffer a life of austerity,
While their lives are being enjoyed.

The fat cats claim it is never their fault,
Whenever the stock markets crash,
To fix it they enter the taxpayers vault,
Then they walk away with our stash.

We're then left to pick up the pieces,
As taxes and prices all rise,

It's the workers the speculator fleeces,
By so called experts, another myth dies.

They lie so much they forget the truth,
Then get caught in their venomous webs,
Their indignant attitude is then so uncouth,
When they call us nothing but " plebs "

The truth is none of them would be rich,
Without us they'd be walking the streets,
For a life of austerity they don't have the itch,
They're the epitomy of low life cheats.

Fact is for us they do not give a damn,
The truth a liar always smothers,
We are being conned by their illegitimate scam,
They believe,

" They're More Equal Than Others "

bri mar

" They're Our National Treasure "

If there's one thing in life which will start a war,
It's conflict between the young and old,
Let's stop and reflect and start asking what for,
These disputes can and do leave us cold.

I observed an old guy the other day,
As he was carrying out a menial task,
When I offered assistance he said, no way,
I'm grateful but there's no need to ask.

What a stubborn Old Git I thought to myself,
He's just bitter because he is old,
It's not my fault he's been left on the shelf,
His attitude did leave me cold.

Then I thought to myself, what would I be like,
If I ever reached the same age,
No more football or stunts on my bike,
That notion placed me in a rage.

Like me he must have been young and fit,
Yet this old guy I was trying to deride,
I knew by his actions his fire I had lit,
He was showing me he still had his pride.

This got me thinking about why we fight,
The reason we are so far apart,
Generations divided by who's wrong or right,
To bridge this divide we must start.

There's so much our Elders know about life,
Yet their knowledge we choose to ignore,
Our attitude towards them can cause so much strife,
They're our mentors they should not be a chore.

Yet in truth they know more than you or I,
They've been round the course a lot longer,
We forget they were young that we cannot deny,
Why don't we try make our relationships stronger.

We must have a truce and evaluate each other
Both our groups have so much to give,
Our differences we know can and do smother,
We must learn to live and let live.

This works both ways, they can be the same,
Saying their time was more respectful than ours,
In life generations go through much the same,
We have weaknesses but we also have powers.

It's our turn next so don't ever forget,
Respect as a gift must be earned,

We owe all our ancestors a massive debt,
Without them what would we have learned.

It's a fact of life that we become more skilled,
Each generation improves on the last,
Thanks to our Elders future dreams are fulfilled,
Only our memories remain in the past.

The reason for this fact is plain to see,
Our forefathers did their job well,
Skills they've given us you'd have to agree,
Is the reason we can now excel.

No group in history has ever got it just right,
Fact is we will all make mistakes,
That's how we learn to make things right,
By distinguishing the real from the fakes.

If we'd treat each other with more respect,
Our differences we could make disappear,
If on each others attributes we tried to reflect,
Then both parties would have nothing to fear.

We all need each other we know that is true,
Living in harmony would give both parties pleasure,
Without our Elders what would we do,
in truth,

'' They're Our National Treasure ''

bri mar

" Those Flag Draped Coffins "

Who can we talk to is there anyone there,
Why won't you listen does nobody care,
When we arrived here we were full of zest,
It was our sole intention to do our best.

To achieve that goal takes the will of a nation,
We need them on our side the entire population,
But as time's moved on they have drifted away,
We are seen as, " THE ENEMY " we no longer hold sway.

Their tactics against us are so underhand,
Yet our powers that be just can't understand,
You can only help people if they want your assistance,
But what we have here is total resistance.

Someone is arming them with their weapons of woe,
They're a constant threat a formidable foe,
The streets are unsafe of trust there's a lack,
dropp your guard for a second you'll be shot in the back.

We are fighting an enemy that's morally corrupt,
We are in a volcano that's about to erupt,
Their views on life are the opposite of ours,
They kill us for fun while their attitude sours.

The Taliban murder their own in great numbers,
They do what they like while their government slumbers,
Then comes the news that all of us dreaded,
For enjoying life a group of women are beheaded.

They claim they're religious but God would be dismayed,
I doubt he'd approve of their genocide trade,
The west have been trying for hundreds of years,
To give them democracy all that's done is bring tears.

Democracy and freedom never merit a mention,
Misery and mayhem is their sole intention,
While our political leaders treat us as mugs,
These terrorists make billions from their illegal drugs.

The Russians have tried but their mission failed,
They finally gave up their intentions derailed,
The time has now come for us to pull out,
We are dying for nothing of that there's no doubt.

They don't want our help it's a thankless task,
So why are we here is the question we must ask
Please let us come home we are just being taunted,
Would you like to remain in a place you're not wanted.

The murder of our forces only proves what I'm saying,
They don't want our help for our blood they are baying,

Their politicians are corrupt as are the army and police,
Which proves beyond reason they want war not peace.

This conflict is futile there are too many of us dying,
These people who loathe us leave our relatives crying,
Would someone please enlighten our political boffins,
It's now time for an end to, "

" Those Flag Draped Coffins "

bri mar

" We're All Different, Not Disabled "

If you class yourself as 'normal',
Why are you not aware,
That all of us are different,
So why the need to stare.

What does being 'normal' mean?
Exactly how is it defined?
If you don't fit the stereotype,
Does it merit you being maligned?

We didn't ask to be this way,
But life's challenges we accept,
We work and laugh the same as you,
Truth is we're quite adept.

Some individuals are born this way,
Others by sheer chance,
By treating us all as equals,
Our lives you will enhance.

Try not to be judgemental,
There's more to life than wealth,
If we had the chance to choose,
We'd rather have good health.

We have our partners some have kids,
The mortgage and the stress,
Our lives are much the same as yours,
Same problems more or less.

We go out to our work each day,
We socialise and play,
Pay our dues the way you do
There is no other way.

When you're in our company,
This should hold no fear,
You can talk to us directly,
Some of us can hear.

When we try to integrate,
You will always get the clown,
Who'll look at you and comment?
' They should have that put down '.

None of us are perfect,
All human beings have flaws,
So think about the damage,
Remarks like that can cause.

Some say we've got it easy,
We come out on top,

If you really think that,
With you we'd gladly swap.

We may be in a wheelchair,
Some can barely walk,
There are the blind and infirm,
Those who can't hear or talk.

Some have problems mentally,
But like us they want to survive,
If we take the time to help them,
They can be glad they are alive.

Disadvantages are prevalent,
They come in all shapes and sizes,
Both the mental and physical,
Appear in many guises.

This is true of life itself,
That's why we're all unique,
Just think if we were all the same,
We'd have our troubles to seek.

We all have problems of our own,
You know that to be true,
Regardless of your troubles,
We will not look down on you.

Try not to treat us differently,
We don't ask for any favours,
Being treated as an equal,
Is what everybody savours?

We just ask you to be considerate,
Try not be all seeing,
When you look at me I want you to see,
Just another human being.

If you want to get to know the facts,
Then get your questions tabled,
Like every living thing on earth,

" We're All Different, Not Disabled ".

bri mar

" We're In A Battle That Cannot Be Won "

My children loved me till my wife cheated,
Our relationship was really strong,
Now from their lives I've been deleted,
Why, I never did anything wrong.

When I went to court to gain access,
I was made to feel I was to blame,
Why when I wasn't the one to transgress,
Should I be made to feel shame.

Children are better off with ther Mother,
That's what the experts say is the rule,
As parents they are like no other,
Whoever said that is a fool.

As a Father I know this is so untrue,
We love our children that is a fact,
But Mothers have rights no man will undo,
That's why so many Fathers have cracked.

No account was taken of her cheating,
Or that her marriage vows were a lie,
My appearance in court was quite fleeting,
It was over before I could ask why.

I've to pay for my kids I no longer see,
If it wasn't so sick it'd be funny,
I don't mind paying but between you and me,
My children won't see any money.

I've lost my children as well as my house,
Her cheating caused me such tension,
To add insult to injury the cheating louse,
Then demanded half of my personal pension.

Fathers are nothing but sperm banks,
In courts they are treated like dirt,
They are run by a bunch of inept cranks,
Who think Dads don't feel any hurt.

Some children are poisoned against their Dad,
The Mother will then change their name,
What really drives a Father mad,
Is to some Mothers it becomes a sick game.

They're then branded with the title of deadbeat,
Then into obscurity they will fade,
This is all caused by a lying cheat,
Who every week still expects to be paid.

The pressure then becomes so hard to bear,
He will lose the will to live on,

Society will say he just doesn't care,
No-one will notice when he's finally gone.

Friends say one day the truth will come out,
When they find out they'll come back to you,
Though they're trying to be kind I just want to shout,
Those missed years I can never undo.

Absent Fathers are not all uncaring scum,
They have feelings which are really strong,
Society's attitude is really dumb,
The way we are treated is so wrong.

To those children who think their Fathers don't care,
I would never make up a lie,
As a broken man please be aware,
I will love you till the day I die.

Decent Fathers are being attacked,
By social services and courts we're outdone,
We are treated like dirt that is a fact,

" We're In A Battle That Cannot Be Won "

bri mar

" We're Still Here The Humans Have Died "

The animals on Earth have decided to meet,
Almost every life form will have a seat,
The Human Race have not been invited,
The reason is we have been indicted.

For mass destruction you stand accused,
The world's resources you have abused,
It has to be said at all others expense,
For neglect of duty there is no defence.

Rainforests decimated, oceans polluted,
All over the planet your destruction's commuted,
In the name of God you continue to destroy,
That " superior" intelligence you refuse to deploy.

As the planet warms extinctions grow faster,
You refuse to believe because you are the master,
Master of destruction should be your title,
Vast wealth over health to you is more vital.

While you hunted for diamonds and precious metals,
You failed to notice all the dying petals,
Due to greed and corruption there is nothing left,
Of common sense you are all bereft.

As the food ran out your minds were elsewhere,
So long as you were rich you just didn't care,
The water evaporated until there was none,
Caused by your negligence and the warming sun.

Then came the day you all started to cry,
Our planets oil had finally run dry,
Suddenly humankind had run out of hope,
Without their black gold they could no longer cope.

Their lives were in turmoil so they started to fight,
Although killing each other will never be right,
We just sat back and watched the destruction,
You're all fully versed in causing a ruction.

After a nuclear holocaust the fighting ended,
With you all gone now the Earth could be mended,
Extinctions are now a thing of the past,
Your cruelty and neglect left us all aghast.

We did you no harm yet it's us you deprived,
If you'd heeded the warnings all life could have thrived,
But our summit is over we've been vilified,

" We're still Here The Humans Have Died "

bri mar

" Who Would You Say Is Addicted "

I swallow tablets every day,
They're required for my afflictions,
I never will get hooked on them,
They're all on repeat prescriptions.

I drink some alcohol every day,
Just to be sociable you understand,
I buy it from the pubs and shops,
But I never get out of hand.

I take a pill before I drink,
To subdue my raw aggression,
I also take another one,
This conquers my depression.

I gain comfort from my pills and booze,
So with my appetite to whet,
I go and get my lighter,
Then smoke a cigarette.

I also frequent the bookies,
Where I like to put on a line,
Although I usually lose my stake,
To gamble is just divine.

As I look at all my habits,
None of them hold fears,
I've smoked, I've drank and gambled,
I've shed my share of tears.

Everything thing I do in life,
I stay well within the law,
As I look upon this life of mine,
I cannot find one flaw.

I can boast without a doubt,
Without the need for altercation,
I don't have any issues,
My habits fill me with elation.

I really have a problem though,
With Alkies and those Junkies,
They drink too much and swallow drugs,
They're all a bunch of flunkies.

One needs his bevy every day,
While the other needs his dope,
They smoke their gear, drink all day,
For them there is no hope.

They swallow pills like sweeties,
Some of them inject,

The police should just arrest them all,
Our honour they must protect.

They gamble daily with their lives,
It really makes you sick,
They have a choice the same as me,
But I'm clever, they're all thick.

They'll make the claim they're like that,
Because they feel oppressed,
They need to take their drink and drugs,
We've got them all depressed.

Most of what they do in life,
Is done without a thought,
They carry out illegal acts,
Then hope they don't get caught.

Who do they think they're kidding,
They're just a bunch of thugs,
Why can't they live the same as me,
Lay off the booze and drugs.

They need to stop this gambling,
Their habits cause such a stink,
The depression and the violence,
Is the result of this crucial link.

When you look at both these stories,
Although both equally afflicted,
You be judge and jury,

" Who Would You Say Is Addicted"

bri mar

" Why Do They Need To Fiddle "

Life's a struggle that's a fact,
But that can't be said for all,
Life's billionaires don't give a damn,
Their lifestyles will never stall.

They get tax relief for donations,
That's a fact they try to hide
How much wealth does a person need?
We're being taken for a ride.

They manipulate their tax returns,
While we're on pay as you earn,
They abuse every loophole as our money burns,
Finding more is what they must learn.

So why do these rich celebrities,
Tell us to give more money,
While they make billions every year,
It really isn't funny.

Politicians on the take,
Their expenses are truly ill gotten,
It proves that everyone's a fake,
To the core they are all bloody rotten.

Yet they all dictate what we should give,
Just what gives them that right?
They'll be hypocrites as long as they live,
They don't know the meaning of contrite.

Who are they to lecture us?
As they live their lives of leisure,
A million pounds from each of them,
Would give the starving untold pleasure.

While we must pay our taxes due,
It really is a riddle,
If these bastards are worth so much,

" Why do they need to fiddle "

bri mar

" With Assistance You Can Win Back Your Pride "

I'm not an "alkie" but I enjoy a drink,
My intake I can never remember,
My friends are saying I'm on the brink,
Of the pub I'm an honorary member.

I never take notes of how much I've had,
Nor how many times I go out,
They look upon me as a Jack the lad,
I certainly don't behave like a lout.

Am I aggressive well that would depend?
I don't go looking for fights,
But if I'm pushed myself I'll defend,
I'm entitled to protect my rights.

I miss the odd workday here and there,
But that's nothing to do with the booze,
So before you start let me make you aware,
I will always do what I choose.

Drink has no bearing on my state of health,
I'm as fit as an athlete I'd say,
I'll admit it does take its toll on my wealth,
But I'm fine when I get my next pay.

I always had company but not anymore,
They're saying I was becoming a pain,
When drinking my aggression would come to the fore,
I'll never speak to any of them again.

I drink alone now I can take what I like,
I'm sick of them nipping my head,
Every one of them can go take a hike,
I enjoy getting out of my head.

I buy from superstores and corner shops,
You get far more booze for your money,
In the public bars you get charged for their slops,
With my cargo I'm the bee in the honey.

I've lost my job now why I don't know,
They're saying I was out of control,
Being blind drunk at work I'd hit a new low,
A hair of the dog I would always extol.

I don't have a problem despite what they say,
That's what I wanted to believe,
At least that's the message I was trying to convey,
It was myself I was trying to deceive.

I controlled alcohol not the other way round,
My dependency I would try to defend,

All over the house there was drink to be found,
My condition I could no longer defend.

The next thing I knew I had lost my house,
My wife couldn't stand all the lying,
She said my behaviour was that of a louse,
That she couldn't bear to watch me dying.

My children and parents tried their best,
But their moaning I could no longer stand,
They were just the same as all the rest,
Being deceitful and so underhand.

My ill health was something I wouldn't admit,
Though at times it made me quite pensive,
Despite my state I refused to quit,
My addiction was far too extensive.

I looked in the mirror and thought of the cost,
Was this worth losing all that I love?
Staring back was this stranger I thought I had lost,
This was divine intervention from above.

I'm an alcoholic I finally admitted,
The reality then hit me in the face,
The pieces of this jigsaw finally fitted,
To those around me I have been a disgrace.

It was then I tasted some humble pie,
Friends and family then all rallied round,
They told me they didn't want to see me die,
Working together a new start could be found.

My liver was ravaged beyond repair,
Though it's not alcohol, on which I'll lay blame,
The fault lies with me, fair and square,
Blaming others well that's pretty lame.

I'm well on the road to recovery now,
No alcohol is how I must live,
It's now I admit I was addicted and how,
Abuse of alcohol just does not forgive.

There is a road back that you can pursue,
But only you and you alone can decide,
If you have the willpower to see it through,

" With Assistance You Can Win Back Your Pride "

bri mar

" Without Them We Wouldn't Be Here "

Ask yourself this question right now,
Is your view on your elders to mock,
If it is it's time ask yourself why,
You must put yourself in the dock.

To properly assess your role in this life,
Your history you just have to respect,
Those generations who have went before,
On them take some time to reflect.

Would you seek advice from your elders,
Or does the thought of that leave you cold,
Life is short so don't ever forget,
One day you yourself will grow old.

Throughout history our Mothers and Fathers,
Have encouraged their offspring to learn,
That the gift of life you must treasure,
The respect of all others you must earn.

Do you really know your Grandparents,
If not you must ask yourself why,
The knowledge they've gained is invaluable,
They also have an unlimited supply.

When they impart their vision of life to you,
Wisdom comes to the one who listens,
Our elders are worth far more than you think,
Remember it's is not just gold that glistens.

They also had parents who loved them,
If they've passed do you know their location,
Find out where they've been laid to rest,
It's a search which will bring such elation.

You'll then find it highly rewarding to find,
You're but a branch on a very large tree,
That generation gap will be cast to the side,
The knowledge gained will set your mind free.

Finally you'll have learned the meaning of life,
Age should never be used as a barrier,
We are all growing old from the day we are born,
Of that message you are now the carrier.

That question you posed will be answered,
Your life will become crystal clear,
We've a lot to thank our elders for,

" Without Them We Wouldn't Be Here "

bri mar

" Yes, That Reflection Is Me "

When you look in the mirror do you like your reflection,
Or does it bring back a bad recollection,
Why are you suffering after all these years,
Those thoughts of abuse still brings you to tears.

Whenever you think of it you feel you must cry,
You feel you're responsible you wish you could die,
You were but a victim you're dignity taken,
By a beast whose morals they had long forsaken.

This is an issue society has fudged,
The innocent victims are made feel they are judged,
Though you are the person who is truly affected,
The abuser is the one who is then protected.

You were the victim of a heinous crime,
Yet you are the one still doing the time,
The criminal moves on you're left standing still,
But this need not be if you show you've the will.

It's now time to live life you are not an outcast,
No blame lies with you so you must bury that past,
You did nothing wrong that you must know,
If you start to believe then your spirit will grow.

Your life will be yours without being a chore,
You will love who you are forever more,
I would never suggest that you'll ever forget,
But you did nothing wrong you should have no regret.

When that scumbag has gone I think you will find,
You will start to enjoy life you will clear your mind,
That's when you'll really start to believe,
There is nothing in life which you cannot achieve.

So pick yourself up from the depths of despair,
It's a known fact that life isn't fair,
When you feel like crying take appropriate action,
By defeating your demons you will gain satisfaction.

You're no longer the victim you have earned the right,
To be who you are now the end is in sight,
Though there were times your life was rotten,
Those terrible times should now be forgotten.

You must start now it is never to late,
It's now time to take charge of your own fate,
With help you can dig yourself out of that hole,
For the rest of your life you will be in control.

Then when your life is back on track,
you can look in that mirror and say, " I Am Back "

When you build up the courage to set your mind free,
You'll take pride in saying,

" Yes, That Reflection Is Me "

bri mar

" You Can Choose Your Friends "

We have brothers and sisters our parents as well,
Our families are precious; well that's what they tell,
There'll be times we love them, on occasions we'll hate,
But they'll always be family, now that does frustrate.

On the issue of relations, it's made crystal clear,
They're our kith and kin which we should hold dear,
They epitomise all of our hopes and fears,
While bringing us joy there's also the tears.

We must love them all, forever, it's said,
Though there are some you would love to behead,
Whoever said that must be totally insane,
Or one who refuses to engage with their brain?

The problem with relations,
Is where it all ends?
You can't pick your family but,
' You Can Choose Your Friends '

If you have a companion whom you no longer like,
You can just say to them, well go take a hike,
But if you fight with your family you're told to forgive,
Which will adversely affect you as long as you live.

Grudges are held when bad words are spoken,
Insincere apologies used as a token,
Until the next time is the golden rule,
That is a fact not the words of a fool.

Because there's a kinship we must show restraint,
Relatives are united is the picture they paint,
At family gatherings do we show some respite,
Do we hell, we get into a fight.

Kinship is different,
Life's rules it amends,
You can't pick your family but,
'You Can Choose Your Friends'

Weddings and christenings have the same effect,
Every one of the family think they are correct,
While sane and sober mistakes they'll excuse,
When they get drunk the battle ensues.

The very next day they'll think, what have I done?
My very own family second to none,
Their love and devotion does make me cry,
As do the stitches and bloody black eye.

Never again, are their fine words of choice,
They just love the sound of their own bloody voice,

Some of their mouths could do with a rinse,
The way some behave can and does make you wince.

They're supposed to be precious,
But when none of them bends,
You can't pick your family but,
'You Can Choose Your Friends'

The problem with life is we all have a choice,
But we're scared to admit it; if we could we'd rejoice,
No families to fight for, no in house disputes,
No relations to battle with, no more blood roots.

Coming and going whenever we so please,
A life without arguing, where everyone agrees.
Yes it's dream but dreams can come true,
But so can nightmares, on that you must chew.

The family portraits conceal many facts,
Including deceitful heinous acts,
Because they are kin their misdeeds we must hide,
All Retribution must be put to the side.

So become an acquaintance,
Follow new trends,
You can't pick your family but,

'You Can Choose Your Friends'

bri mar

" You Have No Human Rights "

They blow us up they shoot us down,
They have us frozen with fear,
We let them preach hatred on our streets,
Yet still they are living here.

Why, you ask is this the case,
Is our country really blind,
Known terrorists roaming free,
We must be out of our mind.

They take our housing and benefits,
But we've not to make a fuss,
Despite the fact their only wish,
Is to kill everyone of us.

If I hated a country with such bile,
My residence just wouldn't last,
If I couldn't accept their way of life,
I'd get the hell out fast.

Yet Britain is such an easy touch,
They know they've got it made,
For affording them freedom and democracy,
Contempt is what they trade.

While they're being allowed to preach,
That all westerners must die,
When we try to throw them out,
They go to court and cry.

They portray themselves as warriors,
Who love to cause us alarm,
Yet when we try to deport them,
They claim they're scared they'll come to harm.

This shows them up for what they are,
With our rights they've been empowered,
Yet they refuse leave a country they hate,
That is the mark of a coward.

We can't extradite to America,
Regardless of how many they kill,
There's a chance that they might execute,
While we don't have the will.

They will use the very laws they hate,
To throw dirt back in our face,
While we sit back and let them,
It's a national disgrace.

Our laws these bastards preach against,
Shows where their morality sits,

They're not only bloody cowards,
They're a bunch of hypocrites.

What rights do they give their victims,
Who will never have any choice,
None is the easy answer,
They have taken away their voice.

I think it's time we let them know,
No ifs, or buts, nor mights,
If you want to practise jihad,
' You Have No Human Rights '

bri mar

" You Have No Morals "

The preachers of hate claim they hate the west,
While on their moral throne they sit,
Yet they'll take our money when put to the test,
Their ideals are straight from a pit.

If they really hate us why do they stay,
Don't you find it sickeningly funny,
They abuse our system then cause us affray,
But love taking our hard earned money.

Hypocrisy in terrorists will forever remain,
They are cowards every one,
Like their masters they're completely insane,
As for principles truth is they have none.

They have no scruples or moral code,
Their cowardice is for all to see,
Bravery to them is too heavy a load,
They wouldn't know the meaning of free.

To murder innocents is a total disgrace,
It's a cowardly and heinous act,
When you meet your maker he will say to your face,
Hell's where you're heading that's a fact.

The people you claim to represent,
Are very few and far between,
Decent people think you're ideals are bent,
With terrorist scum they wouldn't be seen.

If you truly detest the way we are,
Your choice is crystal clear,
Leave our country and travel afar,
But that thought just fills you with fear.

If you detest us as people the way you claim,
Return to the country you adore,
We will never allow you to achieve your aim,
Your ideals are rotten to the core.

You insult our freedom and our way of life,
Go elsewhere to have your quarrels,
The fact you can take from the people you hate,
Proves to us,

" You Have No Morals "

bri mar

" You Must If You Are To Evolve "

As I look at the battlefields from my sanctuary above,
I must ask the question why,
Shouldn't life be all about peace and love,
Why do so many need die.

It's a fact it has happened for thousands of years,
It would seem that humans love war,
Yet we know it's a fact it will all end in tears,
Both sides will then ask, what for.

Was there ever a reason to murder and maim,
Can anyone give justification,
Why innocents need die while the victors will claim,
It was done for God and their nation.

In democracies it's claimed the people decide,
But in war that's strictly not true,
The electorate, politicians will override,
It is they who decide not you.

They have referendums for voting reform,
Inquiries for claims for expenses,
But never for war that would create a storm,
For the public would bring them to their senses.

Young women and men being sent to their death,
For reasons they don't understand,
For their country these heroes will give their last breath,
That's why their treatment is so underhand.

There are times a country needs to defend,
But only when it is attacked,
In this day and age we should try to befriend,
War is futile that is a fact.

There are no winners in a battle royal,
Apart from the ones who produce arms,
To the highest bidder these mercenaries stay loyal,
That should set off your alarms.

Fighting is the primitive use of strength,
Your problems it will never resolve,
To gain peace you must go to any length,

" You Must If You Are To Evolve "

bri mar

" You Will Always Be My Father "

I dearly loved my Father,
Till I was about twelve years old,
Then he started to go astray,
An affair is what I was told.

I fought with my Mother and Brothers,
They said he was just a rat
He was my reason for living,
My Dad could not do that.

At first he disappeared for days,
I didn't know where or when,
He could have been alive or dead,
But then he'd appear again.

There was never an explanation,
He should have given me that at least,
Then he'd show from out of the blue,
With his gifts from the mystic east.

You left my mum to struggle on,
With five of us in tow,
You let your heart rule your head,
You just didn't want to know.

I never believed you could have an affair,
I kept that in my head,
Until that fateful day I was shown,
You lying in another's bed.

I never spoke to you for seven years,
That's when fate stepped in,
When I met you in the street one day,
I still felt the love within.

I bonded with you once again,
I unloaded my long held grudge,
Who am I to lecture you,
The Good Lord would be your judge.

You then met your younger siblings,
Whom you had barely known,
It gave you one last chance in life,
To see how they had grown.

You threw away a life of bliss,
But I don't believe you were bad,
To throw away your Wife and Sons,
You had to be bloody mad.

I was with you on the Thursday,
You just wanted to go to bed,

When I went to meet you on Friday,
I was informed that you were dead.

I will be eternally grateful,
For having you back in my life,
Life is really far too short,
To continue a lifelong strife.

So may you rest in peace Dad,
Though it's thirty two years on,
It seems like only yesterday,
I was told that you had gone.

Your wayward ways affected us all,
They had us in a lather,
But regardless of your betrayal,

" You Will Always Be My Father "

bri mar

" You Will Make Them Proud "

What's in a title you may well ask,
Think carefully before you name,
A nom de plume is akin to a mask,
It can be beautiful but it can also maim.

When you're naming a child be wary,
What you call them is theirs for life,
Some names given can be scary,
Remarks made can cut like a knife.

A name can be just like an open wound,
Inside and out it can fester,
If you choose a title that is finely tuned,
They will not then become the court jester.

You may well think you don't really care,
It's your child you can do what you want,
They have to live with it so please be aware,
Your decision could come back to haunt.

When they mature and grow older,
In their title they may well feel ashamed,
Their attitude to you will grow colder,
It will be you who is blamed.

Some human beings can be very cruel,
To abuse they'll use any excuse,
Don't let your child be made feel a fool,
Name them wisely lest they suffer abuse.

Just like in poetry a title can rhyme,
Please ensure you give that some thought,
Some names given should be classed as a crime,
As they can leave the recipient distraught.

I tell you this story as a warning,
My mother entitled me Jock,
Some of the names I'm now adorning,
Have placed me in a state of shock.

You love your child so try to be kind,
That title on them you've endowed,
Will be theirs forever keep that in mind,
choose wisely and,

" You Will Make Them Proud "

bri mar

" You'll Have Nothing To Fear "

Do not fear the future or what it may hold,
It's you who'll decide it can never be told,
Nobody knows just what lies ahead,
Obeying your conscience can keep you in good stead.

By listening and learning your life you'll enhance,
Gain wisdom and knowledge and you'll stand a good chance,
Your mind is all yours and yours it can stay,
By doing what's right you're less likely to stray.

In both evil and good we're forever entwined,
It's the battle for life in which we're enshrined,
You and you alone will decide how you live,
Will you bear grudges or will you forgive.

There's good and bad throughout everyone's life,
Learning the difference can mean happiness or strife,
Bad influence by others can ultimately destroy,
But only if your intelligence you refuse to deploy.

How you view adversity should let you know,
What type of progress and how you will grow,
Will you say " always me " when things go wrong,
Or maybe fight back; show the world you're strong.

Can you say life's a challenge instead of it's cruel,
Is your glass half empty or is it half full,
It's that subtle difference which can make or break you,
To your inner self you must always stay true.

We cannot change what is now in the past,
Think of the consequences or you'll end up harassed,
Mistakes are what make us just who we are,
Just never repeat them and you're sure to go far.

Dismiss those errors and your future is doomed,
Very soon in wrong-doing you'll be consumed,
You'll ignore at your peril all you've been taught,
By behaving this way you'll end up distraught.

There are so many rewards for doing what's right,
Your own inner fire is what you'll ignite,
Not just your own but all those around,
Belief and happiness is what you'll have found.

Up to the Heavens your confidence will soar,
You'll never look at life as being a chore,
Life is for living enjoy it whilst here,
When you look to the future,

" You'll Have Nothing To Fear "

bri mar

" You'll Repeat Those Same Old Mistakes "

Memories can be precious while others are rued,
Some can play games with your mind,
Many can even be misconstrued,
While others can and do make you blind.

Recollections are what teach us all we know,
They are part of our reason for living,
What we learn from them dictates how we grow,
Though some can be so unforgiving.

Bad ones we tend to want to forget,
Good ones we all want to last,
Whether it's with fondness or deep regret,
They're an integral part of our past.

The secret of memories is they come from within,
Why so when they're made from without,
Separating good from bad, where do you begin,
Though it's a must to get rid of self-doubt.

You can't discard memories by throwing them away,
Although for some it'd be great if we could,
Throughout our life reminiscences hold sway,
If only they could all be good.

They predetermine what our future will hold,
By separating right from wrong,
Our interpretation determines how our lives unfold,
By teaching us where we belong.

The very nature of memories can irk and annoy,
Dealing with them is what you must learn,
You must deal with what hurts and the good then enjoy,
Don't let the bad ones cause you concern.

If from hurtful memories you try to hide,
Then the devil inside you awakes,
By trying your damndest to cast them aside,

" You'll Repeat Those Same Old Mistakes "

bri mar

" Your Soul Will Be Hunted To Hell "

I'm running like mad,
While my heart pounds,
This is really sad,
Why all these hounds.

I'm but one they're an army,
Of both horses and mounts,
This is really quite barmy,
If catching me is what counts.

I've done nothing wrong,
Except trying to survive,
On this Earth I belong,
Like you I'm alive.

They are saying I'm vermin,
Well that's their excuse,
Put it in my sermon,
This is animal abuse.

What is it I've done,
To be treated this way,
While to them it is fun,
I do not have a say.

They are catching me now,
I am so out of breath,
So I ask myself how,
Will I face my own death.

They've caught up at last,
I am dead on my feet,
The hounds have amassed,
I can no longer compete.

I feel a terrible fear,
Deep within my heart,
Those mounted all cheer,
As I'm torn apart.

Let me take you to task,
As your lies are deceiving,
Whilst in glory you bask,
What are you achieving?

My partner and cubs,
They're left without food,
While you head to the pubs,
They're left to brood.

You are nothing but cowards,
It is evil you court,

With self praise you'll be showered,
But it will never be sport.

Upon each of your souls,
I place a curse,
Then as your bell tolls,
Things will only things get worse.

Butchering Foxes makes no sense,
Why you do it only you can tell,
In your Gods eyes There'll be no defence,

" Your Soul Will Be Hunted To Hell "

bri mar

" Your Soul Will Be Left In Despair "

A terrorist is but a murderer from that fact they will refrain,
Their barbarous acts are criminal, cruel and totally insane,
They claim they fight for "freedom", whose they cannot say,
Truth is they are cowards who know no other way.

They even kill their own, innocent people blown apart,
Indiscriminate murderers, how can they think that's smart?
That's why we must be careful from reality these people hide,
They'll even blow themselves apart in their acts of suicide.

They fight for faceless leaders who dictate their evil orders,
While they're living life in luxury, behind another's borders,
These leaders shout out, " die for us " you will become a martyr,
Killing innocent people, is not in your Gods charter.

No God would ever advocate a killing in his name,
To kill in the name of your saviour, as an excuse it's pretty lame,
Why don't you ask your leaders, would you die if you could,
Their answer to you would be abrupt; they'd say that's not so good.

By killing in this fashion you shame yourself as well,
For what they fail to mention is, you're heading straight for HELL,
If it's the ultimate sacrifice, to die in your Gods name,
Why are your leaders still alive, why wont they do the same?

What they're really saying to you is, while they don't want to lie,
Their life is worth more than yours; they'd prefer they didn't die,
Why would they try to kill themselves, for them there is no need,
They just shout out the orders, while you carry out the deed.

To put them into perspective, the people they will use,
Are women, children and handicapped, that's who they will abuse,
Why give you your freedom, when their aim in life's oppression,
Dictatorship is in their soul, they control with sheer aggression.

They'll then go on their merry way, spending all your treasure,
While you're out dying for them, they're enjoying a life of leisure,
The truth is that these leaders, with all the praise you've showered,
Prefer their life of luxury, every one of them's a coward.

Why do you support these scum, they're taking you for a ride,
Ordering you to murder while they just run and hide,
Why won't someone say to them, we must end all the killing,
To kill for faceless cowards, we are no longer willing.

It's not just innocent people; there are those you leave behind,
Including your own families, are you really so damn blind,
If you continue on your present course, there will only be one winner,
The free will then claim victory, while you'll be left the sinner.

Come join us in democracy, then you can start to live,
Show us you are peaceful, for we can and will forgive,

Join us in liberty, then forever you'll be free,
No more need for killing, together we will be.

Murder is not the answer, it's wrong to extinguish life,
Let us show you freedom; we will rid you of your strife,
If you continue with your brutal ways, you must be made aware,
We will never be defeated while,

" Your Soul Will Be Left In Despair "

bri mar

" You're An Individual Not An Appliance "

How do we arrive at who we are,
What is it that makes us unique,
While some stand still others go far,
What makes us strong or weak.

Some turn out good while others are bad,
Is that really down to our genes,
Do they really dictate you'll be sane or mad,
Are there really no in between.

Some are born leaders while others are led,
But leadership can be learned,
We can all have a say in what lies ahead,
With willpower you can achieve all you have yearned.

If genetics are true then we don't have a choice,
About who or what we will be,
Does that mean none of have our own voice,
If it's true then none of us are free.

It's all very well being told how you'll die,
But it's in science that failures abound,
Their theories basically amount to a lie,
Until their speculation's proved sound.

Parental upbringing whilst we're young,
Will determine how we all grow,
Their Influence dictates what group we're among,
They're responsible for how our lives flow.

If you're taught the lessons of right and wrong,
Then it's you who'll decide your own fate,
You'll know exactly where you belong,
Bad decisions we can learn to abate.

We all have the ability to accept or decline,
It's dependent on what we have learned,
It is you alone who will know if it's fine,
Your conscience tells you to be concerned.

It's in my genes is used as an excuse,
Something on which we can lay blame,
It's not my fault becomes so profuse,
You no longer feel any shame.

How your future pans out does lie with you,
Though genetics do play a small part,
You're responsible for the habits you accrue,
They cannot be laid out in a chart.

In this your life you have total control,
Never be blinded by science,

A mind of your own should be your main goal,

“ You're An Individual, Not An Appliance ”

bri mar

" You're Definitely Not A Martyr "

I've been told I'm now in training,
To blow myself to bits,
The first thing is to brainwash me,
So the idea nicely fits.

I asked if I could try it out,
Before I finally go,
They said that wasn't practical,
Why they didn't know.

The problem with my mission is,
A test run's not allowed,
My trainers said, you can't do that,
Or we'll end up in a shroud.

I asked them what their ages were,
They both said, eighty nine,
They claimed they had a right to live,
For me to die was fine.

I've asked them why they're still alive,
If this concept is so fabled,
They said they'd love to do my job,
But they could end up disabled.

I said you're being ridiculous,
You are telling blatant lies,
They said no, when it's time to go,
We live, it's you who dies.

That's why we are tutors,
To train you for your death,
While you're out dying,
We're still inhaling breath.

They've told me not to worry though,
The bombs within my vest,
Won't give me any problems,
I'll die with all the rest.

I asked them what will happen,
If my bomb then fails to blow,
They said I'd need to run like hell,
Extremely fast, not slow.

I don't believe a word they say,
I've never craved for glory,
As for being blown to bits,
Well that's another story.

What about our leaders,
Who advocate this farce,

While we're out dying,
They're sitting on their arse.

They are not allowed to die,
I asked who made this rule,
They said we will not tell a lie,
To do it you must be a fool.

I've never met the people,
That I'm supposed to kill,
Why would I even contemplate,
Doing this against my will.

I'm thinking now this suicide,
Is not what they portrayed,
As my time draws nearer,
I'm becoming more afraid.

Would someone be there to help me?
Or would I be left alone,
They said that if I messed it up,
Sorry, but you're on your own.

They claim I'll go to Heaven,
For carrying out my task,
I asked them how they knew that,
They said I shouldn't ask.

My readings of the Bible,
Say clearly this is wrong,
All Gods say, "You Must Not Kill",
All life we must prolong.

I've now come to a decision,
My training is forsaken,
Those innocent people will now live,
Their lives will not be taken.

Most of us have seen the light,
There's no one left to train,
Now They use the handicapped,
They are really that insane.

The only thing that's guaranteed,
When you sound your own deaths knell,
Is for you there'll be no Heaven,
You are heading straight for hell.

If you think you'll die in glory,
Then you need to be much smarter,
You are nothing more than murdering scum,

"You're Definitely Not A Martyr".

bri mar

Black or White "

You say I'm white while others say black,
Why should my colour cause so much flak,
When you say I'm black it brings on a frown,
If you looked closer you'd see I am brown.

Across the world we come in differing shades,
As humans we all have unique facades,
Some are light while others are tanned,
Yet underneath we're all the same brand.

Why does it bother us why all the fuss,
Some spend hours in the sun trying to look like us,
I'll tell you this though I know its not right,
But some of us even try to be white.

Native Americans are mainly red,
Is that justification for shooting them dead,
In Asia you have those other fellows,
Who's skin colour comes in differing yellows.

I then look at you and it makes me think,
You're not really white you're a shade of pink.
When you get hurt it's certainly true,
Your skin colour turns to black and blue.

When we become unwell it has to be said,
It can make us all look like the living dead,
Prejudice against colour is not the way,
You can guarantee it will cause affray.

Regardless of colour why do we care,
It's time we were all made fully aware,
As humans there's nothing we cannot achieve,
Regardless of colour we have got to believe.

Just cut a finger that is the seed,
To prove beyond doubt that all of us bleed,
Take a closer look no it's not in your head,
All of our bloods are the same shade of red.

And sure as the stars glisten in the sky,
We will all live and we'll surely die,
This only highlights that we all must strive,
To build a bond so that we can survive.

As we grow crops you can make planes,
We can build shelters to help when it rains,
You can build homes while we raise the cattle,
United as one we can win this battle.

When we look at each other let's see just a face,
Instead of us thinking I wonder what race,

Colour means nothing when all's said and done,
For us all to prosper we must live as one.

As human beings we really must stand,
Together united hand in hand,
We're all truly equal keep that in mind,
No culture or race should be undermined.

Colour's like beauty it's only skin deep,
It's what's underneath that we need to keep,
Then we can live in a world without war,
That very word racism we should all abhor..

We can all live in comfort with no need for strife,
loving our neighbours what a wonderful life,
It's not just a dream it's something we can do,
But only as one can we make it come true.

It's now time as a species we all faced the fact,
That our planet is doomed unless there's a pact,
We must end this hatred we've got for each other,
Only then can we live life as sister and brother.

When we accept this all conflict will cease,
Only then will we achieve a definitive peace,
Our past indiscretions we can learn to forgive,
Together as humans is how we must live.

Our future depends on our being collective,
We'll all surely die by being racially selective,
Only then can we say we've at last got it right,
There's far more to this life than just,

"Black Or White"

bri mar

I Lost My Mobile Phone '

I've awoken in a terrible state,
I think I'm going to die,
My life is almost over,
As I breathe my one last sigh.

I'm really hurting deep inside
That's why I find it odd,
If one can suffer in this way,
There can't possibly be a God.

It happened as I was driving,
I ran into a pole,
I'd just completely lost the plot,
This is going to take it's toll.

How could my fellow human beings?
Treat me with such disdain,
How can they stand there laughing?
When they know I'm in so much pain.

Like blood my body needs it,
It's as important as my heart,
Without it I know I will die,
We just cannot be apart.

As I'm now losing consciousness,
I feel like such a fool,
Though I did ignore the warning signs,
How could life be so cruel?

There is no point in carrying on,
I've given up the ghost,
I'll just go quietly on my way,
As they play my one last post.

I must have upset someone high,
To suffer this affliction,
The reality with my illness is,
It's based on fact not fiction.

I'm going to see my psychiatrist now,
This will be my one last session,
After all I've been put through,
I'm suffering from depression.

But I don't care what you lot think,
I know I've passed life's test,
When I finally meet my maker,
I can say I tried my best.

Paradise must be a massive place,
There must be a lot of choice,

Us humans love to gossip,
I love the sound of my own voice.

How did our parents ever survive?
Even for a two-minute walk,
Being away from family and friends,
Without being able to talk.

I know what you're all thinking now,
For me you're feeling sad,
Definitely not I hear you say,
We think you're barking mad.

In saying that I'm worried now,
If Heaven's the ultimate creation,
How the Hell will I survive?
Do they have any communication?

Well this is it I'm on my way,
I have taken my final breath
Not knowing if I'll be allowed to speak,
Is a fate far worse than death.

My epitaph I want you to write,
On my lovely granite stone,
Is, I didn't die from illness,

“ I Lost My Mobile Phone ”

bri mar

They'll Be Dropping One On You "

Some people live to create havoc,
Their aims are causing scandals,
Among this group of degenerates are,
Those I'll call graveyard vandals.

They topple our stones and ornaments,
Destruction is what they crave,
But in reality they're just imbeciles,
Who else would destroy someone's grave?

They drop their kegs regardless,
They urinate on our stones,
The stench is quite disgusting,
It can't be good for our bones.

They allow their pets to roam our land,
As they sit and drink their beer,
They desecrate our holy ground,
They destroy everything we hold dear.

They truly are a breed apart,
Their morals are straight from a sewer,
They should all be taken out and shot,
Then hung on the end of a skewer.

This also applies to those who think,
We are just their pets latrine,
If we did the same in your backyard,
I bet you wouldn't be so keen.

How would you like to be fouled upon?
I bet you'd make a fuss,
So why on earth do you bring your pets,
Then let them foul on us.

There are those who think they cause no harm,
As they exercise their dog,
By walking away and leaving their mess,
You are treating us like a bog.

So think before you bring them here,
Please try and show some grace,
This is not an outside loo,
It's our final resting place.

One day soon your clock will stop,
That's when you should feel fear,
For it's more or less a certainty,
You'll be laid to rest in here.

As your mates above wreck the place,
You'll think that's so uncouth,

But don't forget you did the same,
When you were but a youth.

As your friends and pets are doing their bit,
You can no longer cause ado,
As you lie there looking up at them,

" They'll Be Dropping One On You "

bri mar