

## Poetry Series

# Peter Strugnell

- 33 poems -

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### **Peter Strugnell (7 July 1963)**

I was educated in the UK and my first job was as a bank clerk for a couple of years, I then joined the Royal Navy(RN) as a Writer (sec/pay clerk) for 5yrs and on the Warship HMS Achilles i travelled to the Caribbean, the USA, south America, Norway, Scotland, Wales etc. Became a windsurfing instructor with the RN.

On leaving the RN I moved to France with 1 wife 2 kids 3 dogs and a rat! I worked in a timber-frame buildings workshop for 10yrs, gained a Carpenters qualification and worked as a carpenter in restoring old oak framed houses and building new ones.

Ill health (a brain hemorrhage) resulted in my being unable to work and during my convalescence i began to write poetry and have continued ever since.

Born Portsmouth, England 1963, currently living in France

#### Education:

Glenhurst, Havant.

Oakwood prep school, chichester sussex

Grenville college, Devon

Highbury technical college, portsmouth

#### Jobs:

1982-1984 lloyds bank

1984-1989 Royal Navy

1989 moved to France

Carpenter Normandie

2006 ill health,

2009 working with various humanitarian associations concerned with the poor, homeless, handicapped.

## **A child to protect**

Well i can still remember,  
when i really was quite young,  
the bright yellow raincoat,  
that belonged to my mum.

Some comforting words,  
and a mildly concerned frown,  
for the unsteady toddler,  
who was always falling down.

If love and kindness could be measured,  
then there would be many in you`re debt,  
you were many things to many people,  
but i was always a child to protect.

Whenever a gentle breeze blows,  
across a saltwater creek,  
and whenever good friends,  
embrace and smile when they meet.

I will always think of you but,  
not with sadness in my eyes,  
when the geese return home after winter,  
and i`m waving them goodbye.

Peter Strugnell

## **a diamond in the dust**

I'm not saying that's it's easy for you  
i know you've been let down before  
you aren't sure you wanna start someting new  
you're tired and don't wanna hurt anymore

but life's too short to live it alone  
in a world devoid of all affection  
i want more than just to talk on the phone  
i wanna give you more than conversation

more precious to me than silver and gold  
in a world that's grown weary and old  
love and affection from the woman i trust  
i need to find a diamond in the dust, a diamond in the dust

the years go by way too fast  
to still be carrying the weight of the past  
so before my bones turn to rust  
I need to find a diamond in the dust, a diamond in the dust

You may think that nothing ever lasts  
and you don't want it to be like it was before  
you say be carefull of my heart of glass  
but i just wanna care for you even more

I know it's down to me to let you know  
your heart may still be undecided  
can't promise you a perfect tomorrow  
but i would never let you be misled

more precious to me than silver and gold  
in a world that's grown weary and old  
love and affection from the woman i trust  
i need to find a diamond in the dust, a diamond in the dust

Peter Strugnell

## **a golden thread**

It feels so right, i can't believe my luck  
I go carefully, with a full cup  
you're my heroin, you make me stronger  
just when i feel, i can't go on any longer  
sometimes a breeze, and sometimes perilous  
our story continues, and it began thus.

And when in life, i would lose my way  
it was you honey, who would hold me sway  
when i've lost faith, in all of mankind  
it's you i look for, and it's you i find  
our love consumes, but at a slow burn  
a faster love ain't my concern

A golden thread that never rusts  
drawn in elegance and wound in trust  
a golden thread our lives entwined  
it holds us together but it doesn't bind  
a thread so fine and delicately spun  
where two broken strands can become one

you make me laugh and you make me blue  
still i want to see the autumn colours with you  
don't want to leave you with the wrong impression  
or for my feelings to go without expression  
we've had more highs than we've had lows  
just want to say what your heart already knows

A golden thread that never rusts  
drawn in elegance and wound in trust  
a golden thread our lives entwined  
it holds us together but it doesn't bind  
a thread so fine and delicately spun  
where two broken strands can become one

Peter Strugnell

## **a new dawn**

there's a new dawn  
the sun on the horizon  
begins the new day

mistakes I have made  
but then that was yesterday  
the slate clean again

I have but no one  
I shape my own destiny  
no time for regrets

a love that is lost  
but still a future to be  
it's a perfect morn

only me to blame  
I still have a tomorrow  
as i start a new

and i feel no joy  
i feel nothing at all  
but there is no pain

no look back at all  
it is all but potential  
and it is all fair

Peter Strugnell

## **a pebble in my shoe**

and they say that nostalgia, is a seductive liar  
and then again, there is no smoke without fire  
I know that we should, never look to the past  
because nothing lasts forever, nothing ever lasts

and i can't seem, to love the one I'm with  
I'm all cried out, I've nothing more to give  
and i have real trouble, in moving on  
i know the past is past, what's gone is gone

there's something nagging at my mind  
you know i don't mean to be unkind  
but you're like a pebble stuck in my shoe  
and i hate myself, for still loving you

I still can't get you, off of my mind  
on my heart you've stamped, and signed  
a part of life of which, you were a phase  
but it wasn't all bad, weren't there some good days?

the word is out, in the neighbourhood  
that i can't love, that I'm damaged goods  
I'm still waiting for time, to heal the scars  
as we divide in two, everything that was ours

there's something nagging at my mind  
you know i don't mean to be unkind  
but you're like a pebble stuck in my shoe  
and i hate myself, for still loving you

it is perhaps time, to start something new  
after all the pain, that we've gone through  
I'm finding it hard, for the heart to let go  
and we really do reap, everything that we sow

and wish i knew, what it was you seek  
there were promises, that we couldn't keep  
and now we shall never, grow old together  
it's clear that your 'forever', was not forever

there's something nagging at my mind  
you know i don't mean to be unkind  
but you're like a pebble stuck in my shoe  
and i hate myself, for still loving you

Peter Strugnell

## accept yourself

Today I have some difficulties, some scars still remain  
full of self doubt, through injury to the brain,  
a brush with mortality, it's got to change a person,  
it changes your view, and previous assertions,  
it's like a rebirth, or even a second chance,  
i thank my lucky stars, fate and circumstance,

forced to re-learn, many forgotten skills,  
i curse these accidents, and the neurones that they kill,  
i'm slower in thought, but quicker in temper,  
i'm quick to tire, and slow to remember,  
i know damn well, that life can be rough,  
but you can't tell me, that acceptance ain't tough.

you know that you've got plenty of ability,  
and you're probably better than you think that you are,  
and of course you'll have some difficulty,  
but step by step you're gonna go far,  
your own true value, you should accept,  
coz you are you, no apologies, no regret,  
no, no, no apologies and no regret!

there are things of course that i don't do brilliant,  
sometimes weak, sometimes resilient,  
it's the same for everyone, to some degree,  
self pity is a handicap, it's my worst enemy,  
like a warm embrace, from an old acquaintance,  
i welcome him in, my old friend acceptance.

i didn't know then, i'd recover like i did,  
i'm ashamed to say, i didn't want to live,  
i shouldn't complain, but i often still do,  
hardship is a teacher, of things i never knew,  
acceptance you know, doesn't mean you give in,  
not an end to it all, but a place to begin.

Peter Strugnell

## **always falling down**

like most tiny children i was always falling down  
you`d always help me up with a concerned frown  
i could always count on you without question  
i took your love and in return gave little recognition

the seasons of life are changing and changing fast  
we are all getting older we don`t eternally last  
we are unsure in mind and unsure of foot  
you always did give so much more than you took

life turns full circle, autumn leaves turn to brown  
like tiny children oncemore, we are always falling down  
it`s much harder this time to call out for aide  
after all you`ve lived through, you don`t need no nursemaid

but you can lean on me for as long as i`m able  
it`s your turn to receive, coz there`s been a turning of tables  
to be in need of some help there is no shame  
you gave without question you never once complained

they`re inviting you now, into the waiting room  
it`s a one way ticket and it`s come too soon  
it`s a bitter pill to swallow and there`s more to come  
but we want the best for you, your loving son

Peter Strugnell

## **brain fever bird**

deep in the green of a Banana tree  
there's a wee bird twittering at me  
when the heavy air lies hot and still  
he cries, your ill, your ill, your ill!

I wouldn't mind if he said it just once  
does he takes me for a stupid dunce?  
time after time your ears he'll fill  
with cries of, your ill, your ill, your ill!

in a word 'well' doc is how i feel  
i don't listen to their spiel  
i don't believe it but soon I will  
coz, your ill, your ill, your ill

from the outside it really doesn't show  
but how is it that i'm the last to know  
the wee bird's voice is now quite a shrill  
he says, your ill, your ill, your ill

he's persistent he demands to be heard  
the voice you hear is the brain fever bird  
he keeps on saying you are, until  
its true, your ill, your ill, your ill

Peter Strugnell

## **certainty where there's plenty of doubt**

In this world of concrete and steel  
there's a softer side i want to feel  
is it right that we should be apart?  
falling out, we've made it an art

and it seems so wrong, the distance between us  
there is no reason to fight and fuss  
oh how i long for your embrace  
find it in your heart to grant me grace

Tenderness in a world that is hard  
a whisper heard above the shouts  
stability within a house of cards  
certainty where there's plenty of doubt

our foolish pride is fooling noone  
yes pride when all is said and done  
let's talk through all of our differences  
break down the barriers and the fences

let's have a go at building the bridges  
it's as hard as climbing mountain ridges  
the heart cries out for the human touch  
to continue to be apart is too much

your love gives me shelter from the storm  
when the spirit is tattered and torn  
and when in my head the buzzing won't stop  
just the touch of your hand means a lot

and as the flower grows and bends towards the light  
i won't give you up, not without a fight  
forget all that's happened in the past  
let's keep it together and make it last

Peter Strugnell

## Choose a Pathway

You walk down a lonely corridor,  
window behind shadows on the floor,  
the brass door latches shining bright,  
doors to the left of you and doors to the right,  
some closed, some bolted and others ajar  
some lead nowhere, some will take you far.

What's your destiny, which door to choose?  
a simple twist of fate, and you win or you loose,  
your thoughts echo, down the empty landing,  
a decision to be made, right where you're standing,  
but these doorways, they all look the same,  
you feel like laughing, but this is no game.

Just ask anyone, who wants to tell,  
I'm not one who, can make decisions well,  
some choices may, lead you to trouble,  
but no one can live, in a protective a bubble,  
people and circumstances, may force your choice,  
but don't let anyone, steal your voice.

so many options, just add to the confusion,  
hidden behind is joy, happiness or disillusion,  
but what is essential, is to have your say,  
make a decision, choose your own pathway  
and these doorways, they all look the same,  
you stand there alone, noone else to blame.

Peter Strugnell

## **don't declare your love today**

never tell a woman you'll always gonna stay  
that you'll stand by her come what may  
or that you'll love her t'ill your dying day  
don't declare your love today

and you wear your heart on your sleeve  
you know deep down you could never leave  
whatever you do don't show your need  
don't declare your love today

and i know you and you know me  
there's nothing left to discover now  
in your mind you'd like to be wild and free  
the only trouble is you don't know how

you know you'd like to climb her stairs  
the more you love her the less she cares  
yes i know, it hardly seems fair  
but don't declare your love today

and if you want to keep her in your care  
for a love that makes people stop and stare  
give her space to breathe, and a little air  
don't declare your love today

Peter Strugnell

## **Freedom, Don't Give It All Away**

The media bombards, the shelter of our homes,  
the crisis deepens, the worst we've ever known,  
the bankers screw us over, they really have no shame,  
they've done it once, now they're doing it again.

And we all know, the politicians are on the take,  
but why is religion the cause, of so much hate?  
a corrupt president, again fills his boots,  
more children will die, as he robs and he loots.

Freedom, don't give it all away,  
freedom, freedom, come what may,  
freedom, a basic human right,  
freedom, we can't give up tonight.

If you don't defend democracy, it won't defend you,  
if you tolerate injustice, then you could be next,  
no room to be complacent, they will exploit that too,  
the power hungry, and fanatical religious sects.

A war is declared, once again in my name,  
another world leader, wants his moment of fame,  
not for the oil he says, oh give me a break!  
tell us the truth for once, for pity's sake!

freedom, don't give it all away,  
freedom, it's all gonna be ok,  
freedom, is still within our sights,  
freedom, free from fear and strife.

who's gonna pay for, reckless irresponsibility?  
the government, the fat cats, or you and me?  
you have to be lied to, to know the value of truth,  
keep extremism at bay, with ballot and voting booth.

freedom, don't give it all away,  
freedom, express yourself today,  
freedom, everyone has the right,  
freedom, let's all be free tonight.

Peter Strugnell

## **i lost my love**

I lost my love for sure, but I don't know when  
we argued the time of day, we knew we were through  
we'd bicker like children, oh here we go again  
It's been over a while now for me, it's been over longer for you.

I lost my love in a corner of my mind  
I put it there with, everything else I've neglected  
what ceases to exist, you surely cannot find  
and nothing was saved, nothing left to be collected.

I lost my love, kinda careless don't you think  
head down and running, I never thought to look up  
in the gap between the cooker, and the kitchen sink  
repairing the hurt was in vain, like spooning water from a broken cup.

I lost my love, on a bleak mountain face  
we were attached by a chord, when the blizzard hit  
when the weather cleared, you were gone without a trace  
you'd untied the knot, turned around and quit.

I lost my love, in the routine of the day  
bored of myself, and the washing machine hub  
the colours of our linen, have all but faded to grey  
we just couldn't get them back, and therein lies the rub.

I lost my love, when I closed the front door  
the tremble of your lip, I should have read the signs  
but I'd seen that look so many times before  
you had your path to travel, and I guess I had mine.

I lost my love, a sad 'adieu' to what has been  
we have both moved on, or simply turned the page  
the tales i could tell, the things that we've seen  
the past casts it's shadow, on a bygone age.

Peter Strugnell

## **I See An Open Doorway**

When you ask me 'what line of work are you in now',  
and i reply that i don't actually receive a wage,  
I wish i could explain but i don't know how,  
but I know I'm too young for retirement at my age.

i'm unfit to work, i know it doesn't show,  
forgive me if i don't justify my existence,  
it's a battle to stop an unhealthy feeling grow,  
please don't feed an already guilty conscience.

I keep myself busy, with the down and needy,  
it gives me a reason, so i do what i can,  
please don't say these people aren't in difficulty,  
you just devalue, everything that i am.

i feel marginalised by society now,  
labelled 'good for nothing' or worse,  
i don't need a job to define me anyhow,  
i now consider a gift, what i considered a curse.

because i know what it is that defines me,  
it's not where i exchange hard earned time for pay,  
it has been a while, but i'm beginning to see,  
what once was a barrier, is now an open doorway.

Peter Strugnell

## **i'm a liar and your a fake**

the love i invested i never got back  
and where does that leave me further down the track  
you've got to be lied to to know the value of truth  
I have some regrets, i've wasted my youth  
and we all know that politiciens are all on the take  
and i am a liar, and you're a fake

it's simple really to explain what you do  
apply to every instance, 'what's in it for you'  
as the african president again fills his boots  
more children die as he robs and he loots  
any love left is destroyed in the wake  
and i'm a liar and your a fake

I don't know who you are anymore  
where's the woman, the lover i had before  
i don't understand my very own emotions  
where's the love, the care, the devotion  
the colours of our love have faded to opaque  
and i'm a liar and your a fake

the rich get richer and the poor stay poor  
and a cold wind blows in my heart and these shores  
when i held out my hand you slapped it away  
there is no winner here; we're both gonna pay  
we are like two spoilt children, we only know how to take  
and i'm a liar and you're a fake

it's impossible you can't argue with a fickle wind  
it changes direction and nobody wins  
sadly we both now know, it shall never be the same  
the bankers screw us over, they have no shame  
why not use the name your mother gave you, for pity's sake  
I may be a liar but honey your a fake

Peter Strugnell

## **I'm sending you back to your mother**

I know you told me, right from the start,  
you were no good, you breaker of hearts  
I should have listened, boy was i dumb,  
no sooner was it said, no sooner was it done

and i can't believe it, i fell for you,  
the very thing that, i didn't want to do,  
go back to the city, don't bother to phone,  
leave me in peace, just leave me alone

so get up and dance, like there's no tomorrow  
dance towards the light, dance away your sorrow  
your so much better, now that she's gone  
so get up and dance, even though she done you wrong

it really ain't easy, when you look this fine  
i howl at the moon, i wish you were mine  
but i'm not doing this, not waiting my turn  
yet jealousy stings, and jealousy burns

i've been naive, i thought you were true  
you let me down, and i trusted you  
and all this time, you danced for another  
i've had enough, i'm sending you back to your mother

so get up and dance, like there's no tomorrow  
dance towards the light, dance away your sorrow  
your so much better, now that she's gone  
so get up and dance, even though she done you wrong.

Peter Strugnell

## **Just One More Song**

I want to believe, that you don't want to hurt noone,  
and shadows fall behind, when you face the sun,  
i can't be reached, but then your arms are so long,  
and the band are saying, 'we'll try just one more song'.

You pull me closer, like you're pulling on a string,  
i can't resist, i can't do anything,  
and although freedom, is calling out my name  
i'm breaking rules and you're doing the same.

I've always said, that i'm happy on my own,  
i always said, that my heart is made of stone,  
when i come home at night, no one's waiting there,  
I tell my friends, that i don't really care.

tears are a comfort, but then they drag you down,  
come away with me, and leave this dreary town,  
on dying embers you bring a flicker to a flame,  
but stop playing with me, playing your wicked game.

A hopeless case, but now i can believe,  
you can heal the scars, i no longer have to bleed,  
i need you now, as the shadows do grow long,  
you draw me close, as the band plays one more song.

Peter Strugnell

**les choses sont comme elles sont (traduction de la poeme en anglais, 'what is, is!'**

Traduction de Fanny en français

**LES CHOSES SONT COMME ELLES SONT**

Alors que je marchais seul sur une piste montagneuse,  
J'ai rencontré un vieil homme portant un sac à dos  
Y a-t-il des paroles sages que vous voudriez me confier?  
Y'a-t-il quelque chose que je devrai savoir?

Ne perds pas ton temps avec des choses que tu ne peux changer,  
Ou à penser que quelqu'un d'autre doit être blâmé  
L'inquiétude te laissera fatigué et las!  
Ce sont là mes pensées, c'est ma théorie

Aussi haut qu'une montagne, aussi vaste que le ciel,  
Mon amour pour toi je n'ai jamais pu l'expliquer  
Comme les rivières, l'océan et la mer  
Les choses sont comme elles sont, et devront le rester

Tu vis dans le futur ou le passé, d'une manière ou d'une autre  
Pour ma part je vais vivre dans le moment présent  
Comme notre rencontre et notre conversation  
C'est le voyage qui compte, pas la destination

S'efforcer d'être le meilleur est absurde  
Il faut juste donner le meilleur de soi  
Elles t'ont été distribuées, alors joues tes cartes mon ami  
C'est tout ce que tu peux faire, c'est tout ce que je te recommande

Aussi haut qu'une montagne, aussi vaste que le ciel,  
Mon amour pour toi je n'ai jamais pu l'expliquer  
Comme les rivières, l'océan et la mer  
Les choses sont comme elles sont, et devront le rester.

Peter Strugnell

## **little girl lost**

Little girl lost and alone in a crowded room  
she looks to the window to the stars and the moon  
she whispers 'does anyone really care'?  
can you hear me 'is there anybody there'?  
but there is and there's more than one  
who heard what you said and cares if your gone.

and every morning is a world made new  
the slate wiped clean and we start anew  
life can be hard and it's difficult to cope  
but with each sunrise there's a ray of hope  
the past is gone and the future unknown  
but today is a 'present' got to make it your own

Peter Strugnell

## missing words (manque des mots)

I have no words for you there is a problem  
where are they when you need them  
trapped in a corner of my mind  
some words we shall never find  
the speech therapist is helping me look  
the cerebral annurism stole and it took

the words exist and have always existed  
but will they come out, will they be liberated  
frustration you don't know the half of it  
I feel stupid i feel like an 'idgit'  
some words will never find their way out  
and it doesn't help to scream and to shout.

when all was functioning as it should  
I'd draw up a list of vital words, and i could,  
but now there's simply gaps in my list,  
and the word won't come, even if i insist  
what comes in its place is anger and frustration,  
like all the passengers are waiting, with no train in the station.

words when they come easy we take them as said,  
we don't question what the brain does, it's taken as read,  
I don't understand when it decides not to function,  
when both brain and speech don't work in conjunction.  
It's frightening and i don't like what has happened  
I can't except the injury, not for a second

the brain is a delicate instrument noone can deny  
upset it's delicate balance and you'll soon see why  
I can appear a bit scary if you don't understand  
when i became ill it for sure wasn't planned  
so please be tolerant if I'm feeling a bit low  
it's probably due to a 'manque des mots'

Peter Strugnell

## **never doubt my love**

I'd never be unkind, you know that it's true,  
and i'll do my best, t' never make you blue,  
what little i have, i'd give it all to you,  
you should never doubt my love.

when you fall between, a rock and a hard place,  
when there are things, that you just can't face,  
i can offer you, a much safer place  
you should never doubt my love.

but nothing's certain, and life is short,  
and it's a crime, to hesitate too long,  
what i'm selling, just can't be bought,  
in my arms is, where you belong.

when the one you count on, lets you down  
when in a pool of tears, you think that you'll drown,  
life's misfortune, together we'll turn it around,  
you should never doubt my love.

anxious of the past, fearfull of tomorrow,  
why is it that, we just can't live?  
have no regrets, don't dwell on sorrow,  
don't hold back, if you've got love to give.

when the sands of time, are running out too fast,  
when you think the good times, are all in the past,  
if you think the cards are dealt, and the die are cast  
you should never doubt my love.

If you're unsure, and need a hand to hold  
I'd give you my coat, and never feel the cold  
and if you've ever confused brass with gold  
you should never doubt my love.

let me turn your collar, to the cold winds that blow  
lift your spirits, if you're feeling low  
I care for you, more than you'll ever know  
you should never doubt my love.

Peter Strugnell

## Old Soldier (Sans Domicile Fixe)

He sat on the steps, of the S.D.F shelter,  
he said 'hello again', as i entered the gate,  
I open the doors, in really bad weather,  
'the roads are really icy, I'm sorry I'm late'.

'stay a while' he beckoned, and he started talking,  
'I want you to know, just why I'm here,  
the horrors I've seen, the ghosts I've been stalkin',  
and why to stay sober too long, fills me with fear'.

He's been as far south, as Spain he says,  
but in fact he was, born in this region,  
the last ten years, have all been a haze,  
since his discharge, from the foreign legion.

It's hard to see that, proud soldier today,  
with his stained trousers, tied up with string,  
his jacket all worn, and his health in decay,  
and not giving a damn, what tomorrow will bring.

left unattended, his madness just worsens,  
there are scars you can't see, but can feel,  
he's been wandering around, fighting his demons,  
there are injuries he carries, that just won't heal.

the trauma of war, and artillery percussion  
have left him broken, and beyond repair,  
i get up to thank him, for our discussion,  
and prepare to leave him, to his despair.

note:

S.D.F = Sans Domicile Fixe (with no fixed abode)

Peter Strugnell

## **s'accepter soi-meme (title in english - accept yourself)**

traduction français (merci à fanny)

Aujourd'hui j'ai quelques difficultés, quelques cicatrices reste toujours,  
en plein manque de confiance en soi, par des blessures au cerveau,  
quand on fleur la mortalité, C'est obligé que ça change une personne,  
ça change votre vue, et revendications précédentes,  
c'est comme une renaissance, ou une seconde chance,  
je remercie mes étoiles chanceuses, le destin et circonstance.

obligé à réapprendre, beaucoup de compétences oubliées,  
je maudire ces accidents, et les neurones qu'ils tuent,  
je suis plus lent dans la pensée, mais plus vite dans le colére,  
je suis vite de fatiguer, et lent pour se rappeler,  
je sais bien, bien sur, cette vie peut être rude, mais on ne peut pas me dire, que  
l'acceptation n'est pas dur.

vous avez les compétences en abondance,  
vous êtes probablement mieux que vous en pensez,  
naturellement vous allez rencontré une certaine difficulté,  
mais pas à pas vous irez loin,  
votre vraie valeur, vous devriez accepter,  
vous êtes vous, aucunes excuses, aucun regret,  
allez ainsi mon ami s'acceptent!

il y a des choses naturellement que je ne fais pas brillant,  
parfois faible, parfois résilient,  
ces pareilles pour tout le monde, à un certain degré,  
valide, handicapé, ou avec le dissability,  
comme une embrasse de chaleur, d'une vieille connaissance,  
je lui souhaite la bienvenue, mon vieil ami acceptation.

je ne savais pas a l'époque, que j'allais récupère comme je faisais,  
j'ai honte à dire, que je n'ai pas voulu vivre,  
je n'aurai pas se plaignent, mais je le fais souvent quand meme,  
les épreuves sont un professeur, des choses que je n'ai jamais sues,  
acceptation vous savez, ne veut pas dire que vous tous lachez  
ce n'est pas une fin à tous, mais un endroit à commencer.

Peter Strugnell

## **the answer to the question 'why'?**

And on this earth i tread my little pathway,  
there's no need to stop and wonder why,  
life continues and unrolls like a highway,  
there is no plan or destiny that's mine.

I no longer have to have a reason,  
light diffuses slowly with the seasons,  
no sudden revelation or blinding vision,  
and for life there is no meaning hidden.

There are no points to be won for later,  
no judgement of who was worse or better,  
beyond the clouds there 's nothing but ether,  
and there's noone there to keep the score.

we should all be very conscious,  
that our lives are dear and precious  
there's no room to be cruel and callous  
We only have but one life to live.

no regrets, no reason to be crying,  
the stars above will keep on shining,  
the oceans ebb and the moon is rising,  
we live but we were all born to die.

so i've ceased my futile searching  
i don't think that life is for suffering.  
the monkey on my back i've been carrying,  
knows the answer to the question 'why'?

Peter Strugnell

## **The Egyptian Revolution**

The silent majority, are finding their voice  
revolution was coming, people had little choice  
the nation weeps, and Alexandria bleeds  
after all, ' we are all Khaled Saïd'

who knows just, how far it will go  
we hold our breath, they fall like domino  
our Tunisian brothers, planted a seed  
and after all, 'we are all Khaled Saïd'

spread the word, by email or text  
tolerate this, and you could be next  
freedom is too precious, a thing to concede  
after all, 'we are all Khaled Saïd'

we won't give an inch, on our own birthright  
what essentially is, basic human rights  
put pressure on, so tyranny leaves  
coz after all 'we are all Khaled Saïd'

it has to stop, kifaya! - enough!  
the blood money, into police pockets they stuff  
more than a fair wage, it's freedom we need  
after all, 'we are all Khaled Saïd'

One man alone, couldn't resist  
the brutal rule, of the iron fist  
so join together, no matter what your creed  
after all 'we are all Khaled Saïd'

6 Feb 2011, France

Peter Strugnell

## **the librarian**

he spends each night in my head doing the filing,  
he's a conscientious man, he wants things neat and on the dot,  
there's been vandalism, damage and the work's been piling,  
at times he can't find the file and it's slot.

he is forever searching for it's proper place,  
and he keeps me awake at night,  
he's working at a furious pace,  
but on my life he has made a blight.

he takes the ladder on it's runners,  
he clatters about searching, with his serious face,  
he keeps them on, the lights and the burners,  
the files and dossiers never find their place.

he runs around like a headless chicken,  
for ever in decreasing circles,  
it's like his arse has been bitten,  
for example by snapping turtles.

all alone in the silent hours,  
you're alone and you're tormented,  
trying to sleep with all your powers,  
and you think you shall end up demented.

Peter Strugnell

## **The Russel Burn**

Oh the cold air of the Kishorn burial ground,  
and the ghost's there everywhere you turn,  
the cold and the damp seems to follow you down,  
to the brackish waters of the Russel Burn.

The Burn, the blood, and the porcelain shard,  
an aching mitt and another lesson to learn,  
I numb the hand and the ghost of the churchyard,  
in the brackish waters of the Russel Burn.

There's a heart as cold as the Wester Ross,  
there are ties that bind like a highland fern,  
there's a sullied figurine nailed to a cross,  
and the brackish waters of the Russel Burn.

The ghosts leave traces of residual pain,  
as the ashes scatter from a broken urn,  
tainted and tarnished and never the same,  
oh the brackish waters of the Russel Burn.

Peter Strugnell

## **the welfare accommodation blues**

It's a hard place, and I can see no way out  
the kids in the corridor, they scream and they shout  
the walls and ceiling are thin, below and above  
you can hear the neighbours, when they're making love

we're three to a room, and that's no joke  
why is it that, I'm always flat broke  
opposite you'll find, there's a wife beater  
three doors down, is the remedial offender

they dealt the wrong cards, forgot to shuffle the pack  
from the cradle to the grave, in the poverty trap  
was it my destiny, am I born to lose  
yes I've got the, the welfare accommodation blues

don't know how it came to this, came to be so low  
I'm the constant drip, in life's overflow  
I'm still waiting for, for my ship to come in  
the future? well, I only know where I've been

born to a violent father, and a drunk for a mother  
i brought up both of them, my sister and my brother  
responsibility I tell yer, I knew from a very young age  
I lived with the bottle, and my father's rage

It's easy to enter, but difficult to leave  
yes a condemned man, is written on my sleeve  
we see no politicians here, on the election trail  
I see the addict, the alcoholic, and those that fail

Peter Strugnell

## to the ends of the earth

tell me this, do you think, that life has passed you by,  
i always search, when i look, deep in your eyes  
it's hard you know, to love someone, completely you'll find  
with mystic countries, and distant sunsets, always on your mind

and then again, don't think that i, don't really care,  
but you're never here, by my side, when your spirit is there  
well all the best, i wish you well, on your journey unknown,  
i'm strong enough, i'm tough enough, to make it on my own,

and I'd go to the ends of the earth for you  
down narrow streets and the wide avenues  
across desert plains, beyond the hills  
through tulip fields, and the daffodils  
and even when we're far apart,  
you'll be on my mind and close to my heart

it takes a leap, of blind faith, to let you go,  
but i can't keep you, in ropes and chains, this at least i know,  
between rocky desert, and alpine trail, and the caribbean ocean  
you'll find tranquility, and inner peace, that elusive of emotions

so when the fire, that you burn, is all but spent,  
when you're tired, weary of the road, and haven't got a cent,  
come back to me, i'm still here, if you're not too proud,  
we'll start again, where we left off, I think that's still allowed,

so tell me again, of your travels, and the people you met,  
from the carnival, down in rio, to the mountains of tibet,  
tell me tales, of the golan heights, where the eagles cry,  
but have a heart, please don't ask, if life has passed you by

Peter Strugnell

## **we shall never know**

no class that morning you could see the joy in his eyes  
for someone so young he was right to study life  
he climbed the hillside as often he had done before  
wanting to learn of nature and it's own law

fourteen summers old and unaware of the danger  
in his world he and mortality were a stranger  
from the ragged cliff edge where the falcon flies  
his soul was taken chasing butterflies

so yes, we shall never know,  
what you would have done, if you were allowed to grow  
so yes, live like it's your last day  
live life to the full, that's what I say  
and you, you who was so young  
well even you knew that life should be fun

a time of pure innocence and simple ties  
a childlike honesty with no adult lies  
to me forever young, you will never grow old  
to those you met and to those you'll never know

Peter Strugnell

## What is, is!

As I walked a lonely mountain track  
i met an old man with a pack on his back  
'are there any wise words with me you'd like to share  
is there anything of which i should be aware'?

'don't waste your time on things that can't be changed  
or think that someone else, has got to be blamed  
worry will leave you, so tired and weary  
these are my thoughts, this is my theory'

as high as a mountain, as wide as the sky  
my love for you, i could never justify  
like the rivers, the ocean and the sea  
what is, is, and shall always be

you're living in the future or the past somehow  
I for one am going to live in the now  
like our meeting and our conversation  
it's the journey that counts not the destination

'to strive to be the best is an absurdity  
you've just got to be, the best you can be  
play the hand your dealt, play your cards my friend,  
it's all you can do, it's all I recommend'

as high as a mountain, as wide as the sky  
my love for you, i could never justify  
like the rivers, the ocean and the sea  
what is, is, and shall always be

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## **What was I to do?**

And I'll always remember that very first day,  
we planned to meet in the village square,  
I was nervous I hoped to have something to say,  
it was a day the like to which no other would compare.

You crossed the street smiling as you went,  
I was spellbound and I tried not to stare,  
your poise and grace must have been heaven sent,  
the snowflakes fell like confetti in your hair.

My mind's eye can picture that winter's scene,  
you turned my collar to the northern freeze,  
just like a star from the silver screen,  
you stole my heart with a natural ease.

We talked a while of things we might have done,  
our chequered pasts, the present too,  
what had made us and whom we had become,  
and then you said 'I've something I have to do'.

You drew the needle from your bag,  
and showed me where you have to hit,  
you said that you didn't want to make me sad,  
and that you'd understand if I couldn't stand the sick.

So there it was, what was I to do?  
love and life, I could never work it out,  
it was just the start this much was true,  
but could I give you the benefit of the doubt?

Peter Strugnell

## **you believed in me**

i wish that you could ask me, about my day,  
I would say the words, that I never got to say,  
our time together was way too short,  
and It's a hard les-son that, that i've been taught.

It's not for pity, that i play the troubadour,  
you were a friend to me, and so much more,  
i'm not here in order, to mourn a wife,  
if i'm here today it's, to celebrate a life.

my feelings and thoughts, in disaray,  
you believed in me, as you would often say.  
in life you know, there are things, beyond our control,  
but i miss you, i miss you,  
body and soul,

and it's my love for you, that shall never end,  
and my heart i feel may, may just never mend,  
a letter came today, still adressed to you,  
but you are gone and, i thought everybody knew.

i can see your soul, in our little girl's eyes,  
and i hear your voice, in our babies cries,  
for our daughter, i've got to be strong,  
it's for you and her, that i sing my song.

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