

Poetry Series

Charlie F. Kane
- poems -

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Charlie F. Kane(14/1/1989)

Charlie F. Kane (born Charles Foster Kane) is a 19 year-old student from Birmingham, U.K and currently attends De Montfort Univeristy in Leicester where he studies Creative Writing and Drama Studies. Charlie previously attened Solihull Sixth Form College. There he studied English Literature, Philosophy, and Theatre Studies. In his first year at college he studied Classical Civilization but choose to dropp it at the beginning of the second-year. A descion which he partially regrets as he still has a great love for Greek mythology.

Charlie was insipred to start writing poetry and lyrics for several reasons. At the beginning of college he was becoming a huge fan of rock band Pink Floyd and was amazed by the lyrics of Roger Waters. Then in his English Literature classes Charlie felt like the poems that were been taught were some of the best he had ever read, and due to having a fantastic teacher whose passion for these poems got Charlie very inspired to start writing. Charlie started writing poetry last year when a friend asked him to write songs for his band. Charlie submitted several songs to them, but all were rejected on the grounds that they were more poetry than lyrics. Thus Charlie not wanting to waste what he had done rewrote the lyrics to become even more like poetry. I accidentally stumbled upon this website one day, and as Charlie's friend and editor of his work, decided to submit the poetry he had given me to read.

The poems Charlie prefers to read himself are those of the Romantic poets, Edgar Allen Poe, Dylan Thomas and William Shakespeare.

Charlie professes that when writing poetry he is more influenced by songs than anything else. His main influences are the songs of Pink Floyd and John Lennon.

?

'? ' Or 'An AttackOf Cartesian Doubt'

Tap tap tap.

Click click.

Another spelling mistake.

Summon spell checker.

Change it around.

Who cares if it doesn't lift itself off the ground.

Malicious demon.

Puppet on a string.

Wave an arm.

Cloaks and hats-

People inside?

Perhaps just a disguise.

Music hums.

Dum dum.

It goes on.

Just a Matrix trick?

Can I really hear a click?

Could be one hell of a big trick.

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17/03/07

Charlie F. Kane

30 Years Too Late

I've always said,
I was born 30 years too late.
I never fitted in to this decade.
I should have seen the 70's,
But I was born 30 years too late.

The 60's were the years of change,
The 70's were the years of acceptance,
When the people were finding their feet,
The governments crooked;
Wars unsolved;
Yet, created some of the greatest art ever.
I wish I had seen the 70's,
But I was born 30 years too late.

Imagine, said John,
As Paul flew with his Wings to the top,
Eagles flew from California,
Then the Zeppelin took the Stairway up.
Imagine,
Walking down Baker Street,
Debating American Pie,
Discussing Bohemian Rhapsody,
Then we meet upon the Dark Side Of the Moon.

I wish I had seen the 70's,
But I was born 30 years too late.

I imagine,
Queuing up for Star Wars,
Screaming at Jaws,
Grease becoming the word,
Stayin' alive on Saturday night!
I imagine,
Seeing De Niro, Pacino and Nicholson
Lighting up the silver screen.

I wish I had seen the 70's,
But I was born 30 years too late.

I imagine,
The women who would have been pined-up on my wall
Deborah Harry, Stevie Nicks, Chrissie Hynde,
They have so much more talent and looks,
Than the tarts who litter the T.V and the radio today.

I imagine,
The fear as horror becomes cool,
Stephen becomes the true King,
Satan battles the Exorcist,
Gives us the Omen,
Halloween, Chainsaw Massacre, Wicker Man...

All that in 10 years.

I wish I had seen the 70's,
But I was born 30 years too late,
Because now it's gone.

What are we left with?
A world divided,
Puppet leaders,
Controlled and manipulated by others,
We have nothing new.

I wish I had seen the 70's,
But I was born 30 years too late,
Because now it's gone.

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11/2/06

Charlie F. Kane

A View From The Park Bench

From this seat,
I see love in so many different ways,
There is a couple on a bench,
Silently enjoying each other's company.
I see the carer pushing his friend in the wheelchair,
I wonder, 'Who brought the ice cream? '
The family holding hands,
The unconditional love of a child for the parent.
The friends in packs,
The old and young,
Will the young still be friends when they're old?
The grandmother encouraging the grandson
To kick the bright blue football in front of him.
It surprises me how much you see
When you just open your eyes.

© Charlie F. Kane

3/09/06

Charlie F. Kane

Achilles Last Stand

On the sunny shores of Illum,
Achilles rode his chariot
Towards the city of Troy,
And there the god-like Achilles
Would make his last stand
Before his death.

The death of Patroclus was to be avenged,
And Achilles took it upon himself
To face the Trojan Prince Hector,
In a fight to the death.
Achilles rode his chariot across the golden sands,
And the blistering sun stinging his eyes.

Achilles' hair shone in the golden sun,
Like straw in the light of the midday sun,
Making even the Gods of Olympus
Jealous of his beauty.
The horses ploughed on through
The blood stained sands of Illum.

Achilles would this his last stand,
As the Gods had fated him to die
And achieve immortal fame
Through the arrow that would pierce his heel,
So the world would all know the name,
Achilles.

The god-like Achilles slowed his chariot
In front of the walls of the Troy,
The Trojan archers could not fire,
The beauty of the god-like Achilles before them,
How could they hurt one,
Who seemed immortal?

Achilles opened his mouthed,
And the words 'Hector'
Boomed around the city of Troy.
Achilles called again for his foe

To face him on the sands of the city,
And the great warriors would fight.

Achilles called and called
For Hector to emerge
And accept his fate,
Achilles did not know
That his fight with Hector
Would be his last stand.

The gates of Troy open,
Slowly,
Only an inch.
And stepped out Hector,
Trojan prince,
Head to toe in armour.

To the Trojans,
Hector was a god-like man,
But when he stood next
To the bronze Achilles,
He was a mere Satyr
In comparison.

Achilles threw a spear towards
The Trojan prince,
Who avoided it quickly,
As swift-footed Achilles
Leapt from his chariot,
Sword drawn.

The swords clashed in the midday sun,
Clang.
Bright reflection of the
Two metals striking,
Blinding those who watched
The clash of the two warriors.

Above, the royalty of Troy watched,
No one spoke.
No a mummer or a whisper.
In their hearts,

They all knew that
Hector could not win.

The god-like Achilles
Forced his enemy back,
And in that moment grabbed
His spear.
Hector saw and knew
What was to be his fate.

As the spear was raised,
The Gods watched the battle
Of the two legendary warriors,
At that moment every single
God in Olympus
Deserted Hector.

The spear flew with the speed,
Strength,
And power of a God.
It caught Hector's neck,
Spilling the blood down
His golden armour.

Hector stumbled,
The world blurred to his eyes,
The sun too bright,
He couldn't see.
He slipped,
And for the final time looked at the sky.

Achilles stood over him
This was to be his final fight,
For later he would die from an
Arrow from another Trojan prince.
And as Achilles raised the sword above his foe,
He made his last stand.

6/05/06

Charlie F. Kane

Acrostic For Somebody Else

Dreamers
Are
Never
In
Endless
Love;

Without
Important
Love
Life
Is
A
Mad
Substitute

Charlie F. Kane

All I Really Want To Do (Is Just To Be With You)

You make me want to change myself,
You make me want to be the better man.
You make me want to change my ways
To have the courage to start again
And forget any flaw I ever had.
But all I really want to do is just to be with you.

You make me want to write these words,
You make me want to promise you the world,
You make me want to see the world in a different light
To forget all the darkness and cruelty
And embrace the beauty and good,
But all I really want to do is just to be with you.

Because, darling, just to be with you
Would be the happiest day of my life.

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16/04/08

Charlie F. Kane

All My Life...

All my life I have waited to see the sun too rise.
I sat and I watched as the golden globe
Entered the skies and faded the night away.
The darkness crept around,
Scuttling along till another time.
The sky becomes for a few moments
The colour of fire, I am at the embers of a new day.
The lights dawns and morning begins to take over.
The birds sing a song that I have never truly listened to before,
They celebrate the morning like I do,
These word are my morning song.

And, for a few moments,
I believe that the world truly is a good place,
And it is worth fighting for.

Charlie F. Kane

Amateur Philosophy

Said the Priest to the Devil,
"Why don't you believe in my God? "
"My friend, " Said the Devil,
Leaning back on his chair,
"Of course I believe in your God,
He's just got his priorities
In the wrong order."
"How so? " Said the Priest.
"I worked for him for years,
I did my best and
What did I get?
To be foot-scrubber
To a being so foolish he
Couldn't live on his own.
Only He could create
Creatures so idiotic
That they praise all their
Sinners as saints!
Then He gives them the afterlife,
The choice to make mistakes
And be forgiven still! "
The Priest thought for a moment,
And said:
"You wish to be forgiven
For your sins? "
The Devil laughed,
"My friend, I'm
Having too much fun.
If it wasn't for me
Then humans would have
No temptation, no wars,
No guns, no whores,
Humans be perfect
If not for me! "
"Maybe it was His purpose for you..."
"Don't make me laugh,
It was a mistake and
He just likes the results.
Come on. The time is getting on,

We must be going.”

The wind howled around the world,
The Darkness crept in slowly,
Unnoticed. And far away,
Four horses neighed.
The time had almost come.

© Charlie F. Kane

25/3/06

Charlie F. Kane

Angel And Beast

We could changes our ways.
That is, if we wanted to.
But we rest between
Angel and Beast.
We know our flaws,
We see them all around,
But we will never change ourselves.
We rest uneasily between
An angel and a beast.

Charlie F. Kane

Angel In Pink Converse

She flew right past me one day,
My eyes must have been blinded by her light,
For seconds later she was gone.
So she must have been an angel,
I fell in love with an angel in pink Converse.

Before I could stop and say 'hello',
She'd flown away,
And I could only remember the image of
The angel in pink Converse,
My angel in pink Converse.

If all angels were like she,
I would glad die to join them all,
But could they be more beautiful
Than the angel in pink Converse,
My angel in pink Converse.

Maybe, maybe,
Someday she'll fly again my way,
And I would stop and talk for awhile,
To the angel in pink Converse,
My angel in pink Converse.
Perhaps they all wear Converse in Heaven?

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24/04/07

Charlie F. Kane

Another One About You

Sometimes you pray for silence,
Some days you pray for rain,
And some days you just pray
That somebody's heart beats the same.

The rain came down in floods,
And I was a walking puddle.
I sat in the cold and I thought you.
It did not make me feel warm.

Maybe, in another time or place,
Things might have been different.
Maybe it would have been the same,
I pray not to think of such things.

The telephone rings and no one picks up.
There is nobody there that can answer my call.
Surely I have been good to you?
Surely I deserve some reward?

Sometimes you pray for silence,
Some days you pray for rain,
And some days you just pray
That somebody's heart beats the same.

Charlie F. Kane

Apology (Of Sorts)

I didn't mean to hurt you.
I never did treat you bad,
And I'm sorry that it made you so sad.
I just tried to stay true to myself,
And somehow your feelings got caught
Under the wheels of a passing truck,
It took 3 men to pick you up again.
I'm not the villain of this piece,
But no misunderstood hero either.
I got given a part in a play I hadn't read,
Then only as I walked out of the door
A voice told me I had a lead role

©Charlie F. Kane

30/7/08

Charlie F. Kane

Attempted Sonnet

You asked, "Why don't you write me a sonnet? "
To be honest I'm not very good at rhyme,
Ten syllables sounds like a big struggle,
I wouldn't stick to fourteen lines in it.
So I'm not going to do any of that.

I thought about stealing lines
From some other poems,
But I thought you'd realize what they were.
So I write this in my own words,
So let us doth go forth with prose.

How do I love thee? Let me think,
Erm, you make me feel good,
You make me smile.
I think I make you smile too,
When I'm not been stubborn.

All I can say is 'I love you',
Because that is what I feel.
A sonnet I can't give you,
So all I give is this and my love,
I hope they will be enough.

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21/3/06

Charlie F. Kane

Autumn Becomes Winter

Autumn is becoming Winter,
And as it does everything dies.

Autumn is a slow decay in warm colours,
And Winter is grey and absent.
Some of the redy-brown leaves sit on the trees,
Yet the cold chill sings a song
That could only be the Winter.

It is scarf weather now.
I turn my collar up against the cold and damp.
The Sun has stopped shining all day,
Now we see it for a few hours a day
And then we are entombed in darkness.

You could run to catch up with the Sun,
But you'd never make it.
Be left like ship smoke on the horizon,
Just a spot in the distance.
You cannot escape the Winter.

Autumn is becoming Winter,
And as it does everything dies.

Charlie F. Kane

Back In Business

We passed along the way,
He smiled and shook my hand.
We spoke of many things,
Fools, philosophy and kings.
It came as a surprise,
He thought I'd lost my way
All that time ago.
But not me, because I never went away.
I stayed, I was here, all the time along.

He thought we'd said goodbye,
All that time ago,
But not me,
I'm ready to make amends.
We spoke,
He said,
"I believe you've found your way",
But not me, I never had lost my way,
I stayed, I was here, all that time along.

He'd thought I'd gone,
And left him all alone,
All that time ago,
But not me,
I'm ready to work again,
Because I just never went away,
I've waited for this day,
So I never lost my way,
I stayed, I was here, all that time along.

Charlie F. Kane

Back In Da Day, Like

Don't yaow all remember me?
I used ta follow ya back in da day!
Ya know, when ya were jus startin out, like,
Playin those little gigs, like.
I was big fan back in da day!

I went ta school with ya,
Don't ya remember me, mate?
I used ta push ya in the playground,
Good times, eh, back in da day!
But yaow passed all ya exam, dintya?

Ah, look at me naow, lads,
Top o me game like,
Boss sez I'll be goin up in da world, like,
Sez I'll be a big maaan someday,
Not as big as youz guys, o course.

Maybe I'll see ya round, like,
Maybe it'll be like back in da day,
Xecpt you're big names now, aint ya?
An' look at little ol me, serving ya food!
Funny haow fings work oaut, eh?

© Charlie F. Kane

28/06/06

Charlie F. Kane

Beautiful, Not Perfect

It's quarter to midnight, baby,
And I'm drinking with friends and without you,
Thinking of all those things we didn't do,
You maybe be beautiful,
But you're not perfect so don't pretend it's true.

I saw you with that other guy,
And I wanted to be that other guy
Oh Lord, how I wished,
I wished I was that other guy.

You just don't understand
What it is to be beautiful,
Because you think that you're so perfect,
And what I say doesn't matter,
Because you haven't listened to a word I've said.

Charlie F. Kane

Beauty And The Beast

Singing a kind of song,
Must have been a party going on,
Someone keeps dancing
To a death knell of a beat
Some kind of music
Must be going on.

Maybe it's night,
Must be the day,
You know that we're going nowhere,
Thank God all those sweeties
Keep us standing on our feet,
Just another day for the Beauty and the Beast.

There someone else inside me,
And I'm not sure if it's me,
Maybe Beauty maybe Beast
Maybe someone else instead.

Stumble into halls,
Try to find a door that fits a key,
There's something in me talking
And I don't think it's me,
So tell me who am I?

Charlie F. Kane

Berlin Days

I look at the photographs to remember.
I take them out sometimes.
I recall when we were younger.

We passed through the city in another lifetime,
And we mocked the performing mime.
I look at the photographs to remember.

As we stood next to the wall we heard the bells chime
And we believed we could be heroes frozen in time.
I recall when we were younger

I told you my plans and you gave me a smile
You said that now was just not the time.
I look at the photographs to remember.

All men wish that they could turn back time,
And I would do it, as I look at your photograph's smile.
I remember when we when younger.

As I remember our Berlin days I write you these rhymes,
In the hope that you remember those times.
I look at the photographs to remember.
I recall when we were younger.

©Charlie F. Kane

Charlie F. Kane

Bitter

You shouldn't be so bitter, my dear,
It doesn't suit your silent tones.
I know you must be upset,
But I never lied to you-
I told you not to believe this truth
And so you preferred the idea to the man.
I do not believe it all my fault
That you never knew that I wasn't
The same person you thought I was.
I know it's hard to raise your head to speak,
But sometimes you have to do it
To be able to get what you want.
Don't be so bitter, my dear,
Because it is not entirely my fault.

© Charlie F. Kane

11/03/08

Charlie F. Kane

Bittersweet Song

I cannot lift up my head and sing
For I fear the lyrics that would come out.
I must keep the songs to myself,
Ones that only I am to hear.
For if you were to hear it
Then the sweet notes would destroy
The bond between us.
You could probably never look me
In the eyes ever again.

Charlie F. Kane

Blood On The Page

I need to find the words to say how I feel,
But like Cordelia, I cannot heave my heart into my mouth so easily,
Instead I can only take the blood from my veins
And let it bleed across the page,
Because you are to me the sweetest love song ever written,
You are the muse to a better poem than I could ever write.
I want to be with you and never without you,
Though I know it could never be.

Maybe fate has it in for us?
You were just there to destroy me and occupy my time,
Without you my hours would be so lonely,
Because all I can do is think about you and the way we should be,
But the point that keeps annoying me is I know it could never be,
But it does not stop these feelings I have within me,
Because all I want to do is kiss you,
Through the words in these lines,
I want to be the one who's there for you,
But I can't as you aren't even there for me.

I try to write you something,
To say how I feel,
But look at it now- a congealed mass of words,
Tell me, can you see a meaning within this mess?

Charlie F. Kane

Bound In Dreams And Visions

In the graveyard she lies wailing
Over the corpse of a man she never knew,
With moonlight and butterflies for company,
I only wish I could lay dead flowers too.

There's a Queen of another kingdom
I have tried so hard to remove,
But she refuses to give up the crown.
So I can only sit and worship her
Despite of all the let down.

The images are caught
In a perfect picture frame,
Bound in dreams and visions
Never to be old maids.

The Queen of Hearts slipped through my fingers,
I could never get the card trick right,
She was more in love with the King of Clubs
Than some bitter creature of the night.

The purple angel I do not see anymore
She flew away when the time was right,
And told me to see her no more,
That in my mind it would be better,
And the ending could be changed.

The images are caught
In a perfect picture frame,
Bound in dreams and visions
Never to be old maids.

©Charlie F. Kane

15/05/08

Charlie F. Kane

Brief Words No.1

I'm not ashamed to cry,
I just find it difficult to do,
And so these words are my substitute.

Charlie F. Kane

Brief Words No.2

It's that time
When it should be Summer,
But all I see is darkened skies.
Rule Britannia,
And God bless her weather.

Charlie F. Kane

Brief Words No.8

On reading this Stranger Music,
I thought, 'What's the point in saying anything?
Leonard's said it better.'

Charlie F. Kane

Brief Words No.9

What is it about being British,
That means a cup of tea
Solves all of life's miseries?

©Charlie F. Kane

Charlie F. Kane

Butterfly Collector

Stuck behind,
Only watching,
She moves fleetingly,
I'm only watching.

The glass between us,
Only watching,
The gulf behind us,
I'm only watching.

I don't want to be
A butterfly collector,
I don't want to be
Just a butterfly collector.

The class between us,
Only watching,
She moves on the street,
I'm only watching.

I don't want to be
A butterfly collector,
I don't want to be
Just a butterfly collector.

I want to be somewhere else,
I want to be far away,
I want to be somebody else,
Because I don't want to be a butterfly collector.

I don't want to be
A butterfly collector,
I don't want to be
Just a butterfly collector.

I don't want to be,
I don't want to be,
I don't want to be,
I don't want to be a butterfly collector.

©Charlie F. Kane

9/03/07

Charlie F. Kane

Can You Please Go Away (And Just Leave Me Alone?)

Oh can you please go away and just leave me alone?
You know that I was always nice to you,
I always held the biting wit back for you
And you seem to think that this is because I like you,
Can you please go away and leave me alone?

I know I was rude and I tried to make it up to you
And you seemed to think that this was more than friendship,
But I'm sorry, I can't see it ever turning out that way.
So please accept the guy you knew is gone,
The worm has turned and the king is dead,
And I shan't feel guilty about it anymore.
So can you please close the chapter, close the door
And can you please go away and just leave me alone?

©Charlie F. Kane

27/02/08

Charlie F. Kane

Confession To A Girl

I'm writing to you now
From the comfort of my laptop.
It's almost 11 and I could do
With a decent nights sleep,
But I can't stop thinking about you.
I'm sorry to say that this is how I feel,
But I think you might just be the girl for me,
Because I have seen so many things
About you I cannot help but like.
I like the way you laugh and joke,
And I like the way you do not care
What anybody else thinks,
And I like so much more,
All that I have gathered in the time I have known you.

I have to say that I am quite sure
That you absolutely do not feel the same way.
I have been told that maybe it's just
A bunch of insecurities that make me feel this way,
And it makes me sad.
I know that any chance I take
Will likely end in failure.
My friends think I'm acting crazy,
But they haven't seen
The 'Oh no, it's the crazed poet' look you give me.

I know I'm sounding like I'm a Leonard Cohen record,
But this is just how I'm feeling,
And I write this to you even though it is highly likely
That you will never, ever read it,
But I felt like this needed to be said.
I just want to be the guy for you,
I want to make you happy,
Because that's just what I'd like to do.
I'm sorry if you do not understand
What I have said as I am tired
And it's been a long day,
But I wanted just to express that I'm feeling this way.
Maybe I'll see you some other day.

Courtesy of Charlie F. Kane

©Charlie F. Kane

24/06/07

Charlie F. Kane

Cute, But Crazy

She was small and blonde
With eyes that reflected sky,
A real femme fatale, who spoke of love,
Charity and Shakespeare,
And whatever else I wanted to hear.
She gave me a gun and told me to kill her old man,
I laughed, pointed it at her and said
'But it's just a water pistol! '
She sprayed me with it to make me give in,
I'd had about enough,
I didn't flow with the crowd she was in with,
I never gave her the second hand of my watch,
But I'm sure she'll find some other guy
To make time for her.

©Charlie F. Kane

28/7/08

Charlie F. Kane

Death Of An Actor

The news came in a muted way,
A car accident the reporters say.
I knew him, and he would have wanted it this way.

Too young too die they said,
But too old in his ways too live.
He was stuck behind his mind,
He brought it upon himself,
I'm sure he didn't want it this way.

The obituary was what he wanted to read,
Death of an actor,
Passed on and gone away.

Charlie F. Kane

Delilah

Delilah, why did you go and cut my hair?
I told you I loved you and you cut my hair,
And now I just watch and stare
As my kingdom falls down around me,
All because you cut my hair.

I was weak, I told you I loved you,
You said you needed proof,
So I went and told you the truth
Of my Achilles' heel,
And you took your scissors out
And turned my life into ruins.

Delilah, why did you lie to me?
I thought, for a moment,
That I might be in love,
Then you went and cut my hair
And all I can do is cry and weep
As my friends fight around me.
Delilah, why did you cut my hair?
Couldn't you break my heart instead?

Charlie F. Kane

Dialogue From A Pessimist And An Optimist

The world's going to Hell.
Satan lets all the sinners win,
He's laughing down in Hell,
As the damned roll on in.

Your wrong.
There is something stronger in this world,
There's always something worth living for,
There's always hope to see us through.

How can you say that,
When murder occurs everyday,
And the screams of the slaughtered infants
Ring in all of our ears?

Don't you know,
That through the rain,
There's a rainbow,
There's the ship on the horizon.

Money makes the world go round,
Of that I can be sure.
Greed reigns o'er us,
As we strive for green paper everyday.

What divides us from animals
Is the ability to hope for something,
And to change our lives.
You're right,
The world is doomed,
If you want it to be.

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21/04/06

Charlie F. Kane

Don't Be So Hard On Poor Yoko...

Don't be so hard on poor Yoko,
After all that guy was just really in love with her.
Shouldn't we have been happy for him,
To have found someone he wants to be with
For every moment of his life?
I think we all should have been happy for him,
So don't be so hard on poor Yoko,
After all didn't Paul end up with Linda in his band?

They were just so in love with one and another
That they never wanted to be apart.
And if you found a love like that,
Wouldn't you do the same?
So don't be so hard on poor Yoko,
She didn't really break the Beatles up,
They did that themselves.

Charlie F. Kane

Down On Jimmy's Farm

The bloody foxes have been
At the chickens again.
This time they killed 12
Chickens,5 hens,
And 2 ducklings.
They didn't even eat of half of them!
Just left `em there in
A bloody pile in the middle
Of the grass.
Bloody foxes.
We'll have to get the gun out.
Can't have them after
My chickens. It isn't
Nice, but it has to be done.
The foxes must die.

Hunger.
All I feel is hunger,
And when I get that feeling
The only thing that satisfies it
Are those chickens strutting about.
Dive in, they don't even notice,
The bloody fools.
Grab it by the neck,
Wring it till it stops,
And onto the next,
And thus a feast for the whole family.
Those humans are after us,
I see `em at nighttime,
In their car prowling about,
They almost got me the other night,
Maybe tonight I won't
Be so lucky.

The fox has stopped coming.
He used to get through
The fence but we haven't
Seen him for a week.
Killed my family he did.

Killed my brothers and
My sisters and my parents.
No, the fox didn't kill my
Parents, the humans took `em away.
They took my eggs as well.
The humans come everyday and
Take another one of us away.
Strange that.
Wonder where they go?
Because we never see `em again.

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27/3/06

Charlie F. Kane

Drink With Me

Drink with me
And we shall talk of a life that has been
And life that is to be.
Drink with me,
And I shall listen to your tale,
And I will moan about my woe.

Drink with me, my friend,
And I shall listen to the tale you have to tell,
And I shall share the tales I tell no other.
Drink with me, my friend,
To the future and to the past,
For the present and people who have gone by.

Drink with me, my friend,
Because it beats drinking alone.

Charlie F. Kane

Everybody Dance (The Dance Of The Dead)

As the sun sinks upon the horizon,
As the dark night creeps in,
The dead dance.
On the streets they roam,
Silent,
Alone.
Everybody dances,
The saints and the sinners,
Everybody dances,
To the sound of the rhythm,
Everybody dances,
The dance of the dead.

The dance of the dead goes on,
And on,
Never stops,
Never slows,
Time does not matter to the dead.
Everybody dances,
The poor and the rich,
Everybody dances,
To the cries to the babies,
Everybody dances,
The dance of the dead.

As your time goes up,
The dead dance into your room,
Filled with silent movements,
They twirl with grace,
And style
And ease.
They reach out their hands,
And you take it,
And join the dance of the dead.
Everybody dance,
The young and the old,
Everybody dance,
The music is playing,
Everybody dance,

To the dance of the dead.

C'mon,
Everybody dance,
Soldiers and lovers,
Oh,
Everybody dance,
To sound they cry,
So,
Everybody dance,
To the dance of the dead,
The dance of the dead.
Oh,
Everybody dances,
Because the dance never stops.

6/05/06

Charlie F. Kane

Existence

Often I have debated existence,
As to whether or not I'm really here,
And all this is a charade.
But when I look now and see so many people
That I'll probably never see again,
Each moving with their own agenda,
Their own past and history,
I know that the world still turns
When I close me eyes.

Charlie F. Kane

Fade To Black

Fade to black,
So that you will
Blend in with the darkness,
Hiding away from the world.

Fade to black,
So that your enemies
Will not recognise you,
As you slide away in the darkness.

Fade to black,
And the world will
Disappear before you,
And you disappear to the world.

Fade to black,
And you can forget all your regrets,
These things you have done
And will do.

But if you
Fade to black,
You may never
Fade back in.

© Charlie F. Kane

30/03/06

Charlie F. Kane

Fall Out, Fall In

Fall out,
Fall in,
There is nothing we can do
In the fall out
Except fall in.
Fall out- nothing left outside,
Fall in- only us inside,
Fall out- the bomb has dropped,
Fall in- we all pray for safety.

What are we going to do now?
What are we going to do now,
In the fall out?
What are we going to do now?
What are we going to do now,
As we fall in?

There is nothing we can do now,
In the fall out,
Except fall in.

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25/06/07

Charlie F. Kane

Fallen

Poor lad,
He's the one who's fallen from grace,
He knows so much about disgrace.
Like that old Dylan song
He's fallen away from this place.

They speak of him in hushed laughter,
He used to laugh with them,
He used to be one of them.
He'll go far they said,
But life doesn't often do what they say.

He doesn't know where he's going to go now.
He watches them pass him by,
He knows they've no time for him now,
Because he knows too much about disgrace,
He's knows he's fallen from their grace.

©Charlie F. Kane

10/03/07

Charlie F. Kane

Following The White Rabbit

If you don't know which of the pills take-
Go and ask Alice, because she's tasted them all
And she has gone down into the rabbit-hole.

The pretty pills all in a row,
Any colour you like,
They all take you to the rabbit-hole.

Take any flavour you want
Till you see the rabbit
And you chase him down
The hole.

The hole is full of teeth-
Sharp and ready
To bite
You
So you better not get
Too near,
Because you never know what it
Does to you.

Those pills make you crazy
And drown all,
Don't let Mother see you take them
As you know she takes them too.
Got to keep on running away
Because Charlie's in the rabbit-hole
And he's coming after you.

Those pills can make you fly
And they can make you swim
Breathing- out, in.
Take the time the pain is near
And the pills take away all that pretty hair

And it makes no sense why they do this to you
Because
You haven't been here before

And no one told you how to climb
And no one told you not
To mess around in Wonderland
Or else you'll never see the rabbit-hole again.

Charlie F. Kane

For Lyra

I suppose it was love at first sight.
The first time I saw you there,
Looking at your body.
God, you were beautiful.
God, you are beautiful.
When I got you,
I couldn't have been happier with you,
Perfect in everyway.
I took you on as my own.
We sat together.
Sweet music playing through my head,
I hope we never part.
I will never send you away,
You're too good to throw away.

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28/06/06

Charlie F. Kane

For My Friends

There are people I'll remember all my life,
Even though we will undoubtedly change
With unmoving time and circumstances,
I know that I shall think back and remember,
And you all might be the best friend's I've ever had.
There are people I think I'll remember all my life,
And I think you guys will most certainly be them.

Charlie F. Kane

For My Sister On Her 16th Birthday

I can no longer tell people that I have a little sister,
Now I must say that I have a younger sister,
Because you're old enough to no longer be a 'little sister',
Though to be honest, that's what you'll always be to me.

This is the hardest thing I've ever had to write,
Because there are no words of wisdom that I can give you
That you probably don't already know,
The only advice I could impart is just to stay crazy.

I know that soon I'll be going away and things may not be the same,
But I'll always remember you like you are from this past year.
My sister- the strong, independent girl who takes no rubbish off anyone,
Listens to Elaine Page and the Sex Pistols, quotes Monty Python as if it were
verse
And uses her eyebrows as dangerous weapons.

What I just want you to know, no matter how old or young you are,
Just how much your brother loves you dearly,
Even though you're no longer old enough to be my little sister anymore.

(1/07/07)

Charlie F. Kane

For The Girl With The Brown Eyes

I want to make you happy,
It's as simple as that.
I want to make you smile
Just to see your face light up
In that beautiful way.
I want to be your scribe
I want to write you words
That say what I mean.
I want you to want me.

Charlie F. Kane

From Castle Walls

ACT ONE-

Electricity fizzles through her eyes,
And there's a sparkle in her voice
As she tells me of her past
Or some oft repeated story.
A lady I once daydreamed
Of becoming my queen
But instead she's another courtier like me.

The ghost of some old movie star
Is imagined in our words-
We should have been born 50 years ago.

ACT TWO-

We used to sit on castle walls
Just overseeing the ants within,
Then while I tied up my shoe lace
She jumped down to join them.
I did not want to jump-
I was afraid I might fall.
She found her comfort, they saw her beauty,
It wasn't just me who saw it anymore.

I still sit on those castle walls
Still watching the giants above.
She sometimes sees me,
Drops down and brings me
A crust of bread.
We talk about other things,
But her eyes long for another country.

©Charlie F. Kane

30/7/08

Charlie F. Kane

From One Of The Many Minds Trapped Inside The Box

Whatever happened to freedom?
I'm sure there were days when we used to free.
But we're stuck inside
The four walls of the earth.
We only make it out when we're dead,
If there is anything beyond the box.

Freedom always sounded nice.
They let us think we're free,
But look at us now.
Trapped in our homes,
Our families,
Our work,
Our lives.

They get you first at school.
Brain wash the little 'uns.
They get you to wear what they want,
Study what they want,
Do whatever they want.
Then they expect you to pick a career.
How that works is beyond me.

No prophet am I.
I cannot tell you how to break free.
I cannot tell you how to change it.
I can only tell you to live.
Live and do your best.
Because we're never going to be free.

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21/3/06

Charlie F. Kane

Gasses

Poppies under a mustard sky
Get trampled under heavy boot,
But it's alright
When they can't see their shoes.

Carry your brother,
Carry your friend,
Because in the land of the blind
The man with the strongest stomach is king.

Wrap a bandage around his eye
He won't need another alibi
For he can see no more
So help him make it through the door.
Step on flowers
Step on a hand,
It's someone else's turn to worry
About which way you go.

©Charlie F. Kane

12/11/08

Charlie F. Kane

Getting Dark

It's going dark, my love,
And our fire is dying out.
They'll be nothing left but embers,
If we let it carry on that way.
High on some great mountaintop
Where the holy rivers run and voices remain mute,
And lighting rolls like static under a dotted sky,
Was where we lit a fire in the spring of an evening
But now it's Autumn and the fire is dying out.

©Charlie F. Kane

28/7/08

Charlie F. Kane

Good Times, My Friend

Good times,
My friends, is all we have.
Good times,
My friends, is all we need.
It's those good times,
My friend, that keeps us going,
Those good times,
They keep us friends.

6/05/06

Charlie F. Kane

Graveyard Girls

I don't want a graveyard girl
Or someone I have to resurrect.
A graveyard girl holds courts
For the corpses she doesn't know.
See, the graveyard girls hold a mirror to my face,
But I don't languish in the spaces they do.
The graveyard girl soon met ambulance boy,
Who ships her fresh limbs to play with.
I guess she's smiling now,
With a better man by her side,
I could not pretend to be one of the dead,
Because I'm still very much alive.

I bear no ill to graveyard girls,
I've even wooed some in my prime,
I'm just an old soul passing through the line
Till I find a burning ember girl
To stay with till the end of the line.

©Charlie F. Kane

28/7/08

Charlie F. Kane

Green Eyes

These green eyes are waiting for you,
Waiting to see you again,
Like waiting for a bus to arrive,
Like waiting for my number to be called,
These green eyes are waiting for you.
Waiting for you to rear that ugly head,
Waiting for you to prove you are real,
Waiting for you to cure my unrequited obsession with you.
These green eyes are waiting for you to show yourself.

Charlie F. Kane

Green-Eyed Monster (Or, Iago's Song)

I hate him,
As I hate Hell and all its devils.
I hate him for being better than me,
I hate him for being better than everyone I know,
And I hate him because he is with you.

Why you chose him,
I don't know.
I have known you for years,
I have told you I love you for years,
I have done nothing but show you my love for years
But you choose him.

You are so beautiful,
And he is so ugly,
You are so elegant,
And he is so common,
You are so perfect,
And he is so flawed.

I will make you see,
That he isn't good enough for you,
I will make you see,
That I am good for you,
I will make you see,
If I can't have you,
No man can.

© Charlie F. Kane

25/2/06

Charlie F. Kane

Gregor Samsa's Song

What has happened to me?
It was no dream.
But I can't move from my back,
I itch all over,
And I can not see my legs,
I see strange things
Of which I know not what
To make of them!
What has happened to me?

Family, family,
Will you not look after me?
Family, family,
Can you not see it is still me?
Family, family,
Can you not understand me?
Family, family,
Will you not hear me?

Sister,
You bring me my food,
But I can not bear for you to see me.
But, Sister, how you have changed.
You are still my sister to me,
But am I a brother to you?
Sister, who once idolized me,
Will you bring me milk no more?

I try to talk,
But they can't understand,
I speak and they cannot hear,
But they speak and I can understand.
What is this barrier that has come between us?
What is this wall that has grown among us?
My thoughts are only my thoughts,
And that is what they will stay.
My voice speaks to them to be a screech,
Not the poetry that flows through my mind.

Father,
I once looked after you,
I once loved you,
Father,
I once saw you as my father.
But now I reject you.
I shun you away.
You see me as nothing more than what I am,
Memories of the past forgotten,
Father I hate you.

Crawl the walls.
Stick to my room.
Why go outside to only get hurt?
They speak as if I have departed,
Yet I believe I am still here,
Although they cannot understand.

Mother,
You who looked after me,
Gave life to me,
It is only you who can see my pain.
It is only you who sees beyond the mask.
But you cannot bear to see my pain,
And you rely on appearance to others,
If anyone asked then everything is fine,
Although the walls crumble around you.
Mother, have you betrayed me?

I want sledgehammer
To demolish the walls between us.
I want a pillow to smother myself.
I want to bring this show to an end.
I can feel the life draining away,
Day by day,
I look at the desert waste of this city,
And everything before me becomes grey.

©Charlie F. Kane

18/03/07

Happy Birthday (Wish You Were Here)

Happy birthday, my dear,
Although I wish that you were here.
We should be celebrating together,
But instead I celebrate it alone.
Happy birthday, my dear,
Although I wish that you were here.

Can you remember the summertime?
Can you remember the days that would last forever,
And how the darkness covered us at night?
Do you remember all the rain that drowned us,
Until you brought the sunshine back into life?
Can you remember the summertime?
Because that was our time.

In this world of darkness and shadows,
You were my one guiding light.
Kept my sanity when I would have been going mad.
You, my dear, are so good and pure and true,
I know I couldn't have done a damn thing without you.

Honey, we're in a paradise of our own,
No one needs to disturb us
Because we need no one with us,
And no one needs to disturb us,
Because we need no one with us.

Can you remember the summertime?
Can you remember the days that would last forever,
And how the darkness covered us at night?
Do you remember all the rain that drowned us,
Until you brought the sunshine back into my life?
Can you remember the summertime?
Because that was our time.

The days we spent with each other,
We said that we could break out of any trap,
We'd break free of this place,
We'd take the road whichever way it'd take us,

And I dreamed about the two of us been so free.
God, you're so beautiful,
And I don't want you're doing with me,
But you're here now and I'm not going to let that go.

In this world of darkness and shadows,
You were my one guiding light.
Kept my sanity when I would have been going mad.
You, my dear, are so good and pure and true,
I know I couldn't have done a damn thing without you.

Honey, we're in a paradise of our own,
No one needs to disturb us
Because we need no one with us,
And no one needs to disturb us,
Because we need no one with us.

Whispering in my ear that daddy's home,
And I have to escape around the back,
While you laughed and said you'd call me later
And I sent daddy my regards.

Can you remember the summertime?
Can you remember the days that would last forever,
And how the darkness covered us at night?
Do you remember all the rain that drowned us,
Until you brought the sunshine back into my life?
Can you remember the summertime?
Because that was our time.

For you, I would do anything.
For you, I would do whatever you asked.
For you, I'd scream and shout
Until your parents brought you back.

In the days we walked through the park,
And you loved to hear the birds sing,
As we passed through the summer swelter
In a world of green and the band played
Everything but our favourite tunes.
Then in the night we talked around the clock,
Till it was daylight again.

For you, I would do anything.
For you, I would do whatever you asked.
For you, I'd scream and shout
Until your parents brought you back.

Time we spent together,
And the time we spent alone,
Play around in my memory,
Images floating around like butterflies
I try to catch it,
But it just flutters away.

And in this world of darkness and shows,
You were my one, true guiding light,
But the light got further away,
As your parents upped sticks
And moved you away,
Leaving me with tears in my eyes
As the plane moved further away.

Can you remember the summertime?
Can you remember the days that would last forever,
And how the darkness covered us at night?
Do you remember all the rain that drowned us,
Until you brought the sunshine back into my life?
Can you remember the summertime?
Because that was our time.

So Happy Birthday, my dear,
Because I have not forget the date
As you engraved it in my memory
And you dreamed of what I would get you,
Until they moved you away.

I can see you now,
Celebrating with all those new friends,
Happy and smiling, so full of light.
Maybe as you walk through the street,
And the moon shines through the clouds,
You'll look up and think back of me,
And the summertime we spent together,

The summertime that was our time,
And think of the time that could have been.
So, Happy Birthday, my dear,
Although I wish that you were here.

Charlie F. Kane

He Wants You

The rain pours down into the night
And the lonesome actor sighs
You know that he was never one to fool you.
And the crumbling powers march in the street
While all the clowns kind of dance and weep
And pretend that they know what it means.
He wants you, you know that he wants you.

While all the drunk men sleep
And the newspapers lie in heaps
And the silver tongued losers
All do cartwheels across the floor,
You know that he wants you,
He wants you so badly.

He wants you out of his dreams tonight,
He wants you to count the stars tonight
Because he's making a wish on them.

And as the Phantoms hide behind the lines
And the crimson hues make casual lies
You know that he's there for you,
Because he wants you, oh he wants you.

©Charlie F. Kane

28/12/07

Charlie F. Kane

Hello Daydreamer

We passed in the corridor,
Just for a few moments,
A polite 'hello, how are you? '
And an automatic response.
Then you were gone,
But in my head you were still there,
Caught up in a daydream,
One where I, the lovelorn poet,
Had finally discovered his muse.
Then you and I were together
Talking deeply beneath a
Diamond-filled night sky.
I sigh, as I return to the real world.

Charlie F. Kane

Her Name I Forget

Her name I forget, although sometimes I remember,
And the words come back to me,
As I begin to form the syllables with my mouth.

Her name I forget, although sometimes I remember it
And all the memories come back to me,
And I remember all those things we didn't do.

Her name I forget, although sometimes I remember,
When I hear that song on the radio,
Or I find that CD in my collection.

And sometimes I remember the time we spent together,
Events that occurred and events that did not,
Though her name I forget.

Charlie F. Kane

18/01/07

Charlie F. Kane

Hero

He died four years before I was born.
I never knew nor met the man,
But still he is my hero.
He will never know of his influence on me,
But I will make people know of his influence.
To say I would be nothing without him is a lie.
It is closer to say that I would not be
The same person I am without him.
He is 22 years gone, but he is still a hero to me.

Charlie F. Kane

Home...

Take me back,
I want to go home.
It feels like a piece of me is missing,
And I want to go home.

It feels so long,
Yet feels like no time
At all.
I just want to see you all again,
To see what an email or phone call
Cannot show.
I cannot hug you with a text message.
I just want to go home.

Charlie F. Kane

Homecoming

When I see you smile,
I could fall in love with you again.
I know that after you met me
You were never the same.

If I turn back the clock,
And see you how you were before
I can see the tears behind the smile,
And I know you feel the pain.

Darling, don't beat yourself up,
You know that it never was your fault,
You can't help the way the fate works you up.
Nothing lasts for ever,
And soon everything will change.

You cried that you never good enough,
You were always the odd one out,
Never receiving the attention and love your deserved,
And you never knew that I loved you from afar.

Darling, don't beat yourself up,
You know that it never was your fault,
You can't help the way the fate works you up.
Nothing lasts for ever,
And soon everything will change.

You've experienced more than most have in a lifetime,
And you weren't old enough to drink,
But, darling, don't mind the darkness and the rain,
Nothing lasts for ever,
And soon everything will change.

Sometimes we all need somebody,
Sometimes we all need someone,
You just have to be brave enough to say.

Darling, don't beat yourself up,
You know that it never was your fault,

You can't help the way the fate works you up.
Nothing lasts for ever,
And soon everything will change.

When I met you in the corridor,
I didn't quite know what to say,
But, darling, you said you'd never had someone
Treat you like a princess before.

We've all had our problems,
And you've had more than a fair share,
But, darling, if you let you love you,
I could help you heal.

If you want me to love you,
Then, darling, don't refrain,
Just don't leaving me standing in the rain.

You know I'm here for you,
And I'm not going to go away.
I tell you you're beautiful,
And you just want some time alone.

If you want me to love you,
Then, darling, don't refrain,
Just don't leaving me standing in the rain.

I know it's hard to open your heart
When you've doubted yourself so much in the past,
But I tell you that I'm so in love with you,
And every thing you do.

I can't save you from yourself,
But I'll make sure that I'll try,
Because when we're together,
I wish it'd never end.

Darling, just let me love you,
And I'll show you things can change.
I know that you could love me,
When you move through the pain.
Never mind the rain,

Because it will not last forever,
And it'll leave just us together.

Charlie F. Kane

Hurt

I will try not to cry.
I will do my best to
Make sure my eyes
Remain dry.
So, believe in me,
Please believe in me,
I won't let you down,
I promise you I won't get hurt.

I will try my best
To carry on,
To fill the void
That you have now left.
So, believe in me,
Please believe in me,
I won't let you down,
I promise you I won't get hurt.

When it all fades away,
I will not cry,
Not shed a tear,
I will try and remember your face.
So, believe in me,
Please believe in me,
I won't let you down,
I promise you I won't get hurt.

It makes no sense
Why you must go,
And I remain.
But I promised I wouldn't cry.
I do my best
Now the time has come.
Promises I made are
Put to test.

So, please believe in me,
Believe in me,
Believe in me,

I won't let you down,
I won't let you down,
I won't let you down.

Please,
Believe in me.
Believe me.
Because I won't let you down.
And I promise I won't get hurt.

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31/03/06

Charlie F. Kane

I Am A Person

I am a person,
I will use my voice to sing against you.
I am a person,
I will use my body to stand against you.
I am a person,
I will stand with others against you.

I am a person,
Watch as I defy you.
I am a person,
Watch as we unite against you.
I am a person,
Watch as we united destroy you.

If I am a person,
Then why does colour of skin matter?
If I am a person,
Does it matter if
I am black, white,
Yellow, blue, red, green,
Purple or polka dot?

We are all humans,
And as people
You should judge us.

Charlie F. Kane

I Am Reminded Of You...

I am reminded of you by certain songs,
I recall you once told me you liked them,
Back when we were still talking to each other.
I try to listen to other music now.

I am reminded of you by strange, silly things,
Because I recall the time we talked for an hour
And our conversation was about ducks.
It made me laugh back then.

I suppose I am reminded of you so much
Because a part of me still wants you
Even though you never wanted me.

©Charlie F. Kane

17/04/08

Charlie F. Kane

I- Dante, You- Beatrice

Dante was once in love with Beatrice,
Though she never knew,
And it reminds me of me and you.
She took him to Heaven and rescued him from Hell,
Though it was all in his dreams,
And it seems to ring so true for me as well.

In my dreams you'll all I'm after,
In my heart you're all want.
I want to be with you,
I want to love you,
But you're just my Beatrice,
And you don't know how much of my love you miss.

There could never be anyone quite like you,
And it makes my life feel so futile,
I pray to meet a girl who is the replica of you,
But I might as well make a wish for you to exist
Because you and me are nothing more than a sweet dream,
A hopeless romance and a bittersweet fantasy.

In my dreams you'll all I'm after,
In my heart you're all want.
I want to be with you,
I want to love you,
But you're just my Beatrice,
And you don't know how much of my love you miss.

You can't help that you're my Beatrice,
And I, your foolish Dante,
I'm no Heathcliffe, and you are no Kathy
We're not even a Romeo and Juliet.
Fate is unkind to me and maybe one day, someday,
I'll meet someone like you, or even better- I just forget.

©Charlie F. Kane

Charlie F. Kane

I Dreamed A Dream

I dreamed a dream
That we were together
And it made me happy.

I dreamed a dream
That it was you and I
And it made me smile.

I dreamed a dream
When I no longer had to dream
And this made me happy.

I dreamed a dream
And it did not change reality.
Everything is the same.

I dreamed a dream
That I no longer dream
And it made me bitterly pleased.

Charlie F. Kane

I Have Said That...

I have said that
Seeing the geek get the girl
Makes me happy.
When I saw a geek get the girl
It did not make me happy,
Because I was not the geek.

Charlie F. Kane

I Never...

I have never done these things you ask of me,
I can tell you that it is because,
Like a good Freudian boy, it is my parents fault.
I could tell you it is because I am an introvert,
I could tell you it is because I am the Phantom,
I could tell you it is because I am too nervous.
I could tell you a number of different answers,
But it does not change the fact
I have never done these things you ask of me.

Charlie F. Kane

I Thought It Was You

I had to do a double-take
And look again,
Just to make sure,
Because for a second
I thought it was you.

She looked like you.
Her hair was the same as yours
Her walk and her manner
Made me think it was you.
Even the shoes were the same.

For a moment,
I thought you'd waltzed back,
Returned to my horizons
As if you'd never been away
And the past was forgotten.

But when I saw her face,
I knew it wasn't you.
When I looked again
She was nothing like you at all.
But for a second,
I thought it was you.

©Charlie F. Kane

12/03/08

Charlie F. Kane

I Try To Be Like David Bowie...

I try to be like David Bowie,
But I just don't have that guy's style
I try to be like John Lennon,
But I just don't have his voice.
I try to be like Orson Welles,
But I just don't have his looks.

I try to be cool,
I try to be me,
I try to be somebody else.
I try to smile,
I try to brood,
I try just to get you to notice me.

Maybe if I acted like David Bowie?
Maybe then you'd notice me?
Maybe if I sung like John Lennon, ?
Maybe then you'd give it a go?
Maybe if I looked like Orson Welles?
Maybe you'd give me a smile?

I try to be cool,
I try to be me,
I try to be somebody else.
I try to smile,
I try to brood,
I try just to get you to notice me.

©Charlie F. Kane

10/3/07

Charlie F. Kane

I Wish I Was...

I wish I were William Shakespeare
I'd be very happy writing plays,
Seeing them on the stage,
Making my audience laugh and cry.
Writing about some dark lady
I think to be a Muse.
That'd be alright for me.

I wish I were John Lennon
I'd be very happy making music,
Being a poet and a philosopher;
Playing the piano all night.
But I'd give anything up for love.
Give up everything for Yoko.
Hmmm, maybe not.

I wish I was Samwise Gamgee
I'd live a life as happy as could be,
Apart from the business with
Frodo and the Ring,
I'd be happy with living
In Bag End, in Hobbiton, in the Shire.
I'd live a life as happy as could be.

I could wish all I'd like,
But I'd never be any of them,
So for now I am happy being me.

© Charlie F. Kane

21/3/06

Charlie F. Kane

I'm The One You Want

If you want someone to be there for you,
If you want someone to take care of you,
If you want an old-fashioned lover,
Then here I stand-
Then I'm the one you want.

If you want some kind of laureate,
To write about your eyes,
Or some kind of scribe,
Hidden beneath a disguise,
Then I'm the one you want.

If you want some kind of sacrifice,
Or just another passage of rites,
Or someone who won't leave you alone,
Who'd walk the desert sands for you,
Then I'm the one you want.

The void is too big
And the gap too empty,
And these thoughts I can't control,
And these promises I made to you,
I doubt if I can keep.

But a guy never got the girl,
By begging on his knees,
Crawling in the dirt
And singing your praises,
He's not the one you want.

So if you want a guy,
Who can't pick up his voice to sing,
And sticks pins in that voodoo doll
Of the guy that isn't him,
Then I guess I'm the one you want.

Charlie F. Kane

Ice And Fire

She asked if she could read my palm.
Intrigued, I told her it would be good to know.
She said the love line was strong,
But for us it was not too long.
So we cried in the rain for a while
To pretend it wasn't like that at all.
We were like fire and ice, she said,
Bound to boil or drown each other eventually.

Then the day came when our sun set
We parted on a 'So long, I wish you well',
And only in a dream shall we be together again.

©Charlie F. Kane

7/08

Charlie F. Kane

If You Could Read My Mind...

If you could read my mind
What stories would you see?
All the daydreams and the fantasies,
The poet and the lunatic,
The dreams of you and me.

If you could read my mind
Would it seem like a bad novel?
Where the hero gets the girl?
You would not read that book,
Because the ending would not be true.

If you could read my mind
You would see the words
I think about you,
All the adjectives I have used
To describe and define you.

If you could read my mind
You would see I do not want things to be this way,
And these feeling that I have...
You would see the things I cannot say,
That I have not the confidence to say them.

Charlie F. Kane

In The Lap Of The Gods

Sitting in the lighted theatre,
An excited buzz running through the crowd.
We're all here for the same thing,
We all expect so much,
And we can only hope they deliver.

In my head I go
Through the songs
I hope they will play,
I try and remember the lyrics.

My friend and I go through
An excited conversation about the music,
Hopefully a fitting tribute
To the band we know and love.

The lights go down,
And the music begins,
Eardrums ring,
'I know what this one is now! '

Outside in the cold night air
The audiences' ears ring with
The sound of music,
Songs we have heard for the past two hours.

My friend and I talk once again,
We say that if
They were only a tribute act,
How good was the real thing?
We imagine the real thing,
But for us the real act
No longer play.
So all we have was the tribute
And our dreams.

© Charlie F. Kane

8/04/06

Charlie F. Kane

Is She Really Going Out With Him?

Is she really going out with him?

Is she really going out with him?

But why doesn't she like me?
I try everything I can for her,
Be the man she wants for her,
And it never seems to work for her,
So,
Is she really going out with him?

©Charlie F. Kane

13/02/08

Charlie F. Kane

Is There Anybody Out There?

Hello,
Is that you over there?
Can you see me?
Don't walk away, I'm here!
Can you hear me?
Shall I speak a little louder?
Don't go away, I'm here!
Won't you come and speak to me,
Say anything is all you have to do,
So don't walk away,
I'm only here.

Please,
Is there anybody out there?
Won't somebody talk to me?
Am I alone?
I don't think so,
So, please,
Is there anybody out there?

Is it something I said?
Why do you leave me alone?
Was it something I did?
I could go back and change
If you stopped walking away from me.
Why am I feeling this way?
I did nothing wrong,
So please stop walking away.

Please,
Is there anybody out there?
Won't somebody talk to me?
Am I alone?
I don't think so,
So, please,
Is there anybody out there?

Left here all alone,
Banging my head against the wall,

There isn't anyone out there.
They left me all alone.
What will they say now I'm gone?
Another mad buggar not all there,
Was never right,
Never normal.
All I wanted was a word,
So why did you walk away?
Did you stop and think?
How do you feel,
Knowing I'm banging my head
Against the wall?

23/3/06

Charlie F. Kane

Is There Anybody Out There? (Part 2)

I stand in line
Waiting patiently
On my own.
I mutter under my breath,
Praying someone feels the same.
I hold a ticket
With a number on it.
They say I can go
When my number
Comes on the screen.
The trouble is,
I don't know where
The screen is,
I'm not sure where
To look to find it.
Nobody else wants
To talk to me,
Banging their heads
Against their own walls.
So what happens when
My number comes and
I don't arrive?
Will they go on without me?
Will they try and find me?

This makes no sense,
Nobody gave me the rulebook
On how to play this game.
Does anyone understand?
Am I alone? Thinking quietly,
Standing on my own
In the line,
Muttering under my breath,
Praying someone feels the same.

© Charlie F. Kane

29/03/06

Is There Anybody Out There? (Part 3)

I am the only sane one
In a mad, mad world?
Or am I mad and
Everybody else sane?
Could it be that
I just forgot to make
The connection to other people?
Or have they no connection to me?

Please,
Is there anybody out there?
Won't somebody talk to me?
Am I alone?
I don't think so,
So, please,
Is there anybody out there?

Do things look
Really that bad to them?
Do I look as if
I have no hope left?

I could spend hours
Like this,
But
I've
Had
Enough.
I have seen
The writings on the wall.
I'm tearing down
This wall around me,
I'm not sitting here alone,
I'm getting out of here after all.

For once and for all,
I'll see if there really is
Anybody out there.

© Charlie F. Kane

11/04/06

Charlie F. Kane

It All Works Out In The Movies

You know the sort of movie
With the string filled music
And the tear filled eyes
As the knight saves the day
And the hero gets his prize.
It's another world when love finds a way
And things don't go wrong.
They'll live happily after the credits have rolled.

You would not believe the ending
Where the couple sail away,
Because life isn't so easy-
There are more plot lines in the way.
We could wait until the credits roll
But then we might just miss the film
Because it's happening as of now.

If you had to read that script
Then you might just throw it away,
You'd get to the point where the feelings show
And you'd see that the hero would be me.
But heroes often fail and love isn't easy
And the credits never come, feelings don't just roll away.

I know you would not see that film
Because you wouldn't want it to end like that-
You'd know the hero should fail
Because in real life
It'll always end up that way.

©Charlie F. Kane

27/03/08

Charlie F. Kane

It Isn't Me

You say that you want someone
To help you find yourself
Someone to take you from the darkness
And to lead you into light
A guy who'll open each and every door,
But it isn't me, you don't know me at all.

You say you want someone
To hold you through the night
To guard you and protect you
Whether you're wrong or right
Someone who'd never leave you out at night,
Well it isn't me then, I would only let you down.

You say you want someone
Who will write his lines for you
To share with you his experiences
And to open the vacuum of his heart,
Someone to love you and then more
But it isn't me then, it isn't me you're looking for.

I don't mean to sound
So rude or insincere
Or that I don't care at all
I'm flattered by the thought of it all
But I could never be who you think I am,
Because that's me, not the one you're looking for.

©Charlie F. Kane

13/02/08

Charlie F. Kane

It's My Destiny

If you had one chance,
Would you take it?
If you were given a taste of your dreams,
Would you take it?
If you were shown what you dreamed of,
Would you take it?

Don't you see?
This is my destiny,
All roads have leaded here.

If you greatest fear was taken away,
Would you take it then?
If all the problems were take way,
Would you take it?
If you were given the chance to show your potential,
Wouldn't you take that chance?

Don't you see?
This is my destiny,
All roads leaded here.

All I had to do was make a sacrifice,
And look what I have got?
If that was the only thing you had to do,
Wouldn't you do it for the chance?
Wouldn't you do for your destiny?
Your destiny?

Don't you see?
This is my destiny,
All roads leaded here.

You just don't understand,
It's my destiny to be here,
To do all this,
You say don't believe in destiny?
I say that you do,
You just don't know it yet.

8/05/06

Charlie F. Kane

Javert's Suicide

How can I live in a world
Where all I ever believed in
No longer believes in me?

How can I follow the path
That the Lord has set
When this man lets me go free?
By rights, he should have killed me,
I am the law and I hunted him
And he let me go free.
To forgive is an act of a priest,
Not a criminal!
It is not his right to forgive,
Yet I have been absolved
Yet I did not think I sinned.
I now live, but live in a world of Hell,
I shall be bared from the gates of Heaven?
Have I been wrong all these years?
Is this world not for Javert?

I fall into the abyss of darkness-
This world cannot hold
One who would save his enemy,
I, the policeman hunted him
Only to have my life saved by him
And I want to capture him still?
He gave me my life
But he could not understand
That he has damned me.

I shall take my life,
Jump from the this bridge
And then into the night,
Into the abyss.

I thought the world was truly
Black and white.
I jump and the darkness
Engulfs me.

Charlie F. Kane

Just For Today (We Could Be In Love)

I...

I sometimes wish I could fly,
Like all the birds,
Sailing on the sky of pale blue.
I want to fly so I could be free,
Because with you, girl, that's something I could never be.
There's nothing to keep us together,
We don't like the same kind of music,
You've never seen the films I love,
And you've never read a book willingly.
If there's nothing to keep us together,
Then we should enjoy the moment.
Maybe we could be in love,
Just for today.
There's nothing,
Except lust,
To keep us together.
Maybe we could be in love,
Just for today.

I...

I remember,
The warm summer night,
As you took my hand,
And we kissed,
Beneath the moonlit sky.
There's just nothing to keep us together.
So we could be in love,
Just for today,
Because for us-
There's no tomorrow.

© Charlie F. Kane

9/07/06

Charlie F. Kane

Laurel Leaves

I shall wear his laurel leaves.
The leaves fell from his hair
The day you told him to go.
I wish to pick them up,
Place them in my hair,
Not matter if they be brown or green
I wish to wear those old laurel leaves of his.

©Charlie F. Kane

10/11/08

Charlie F. Kane

Leon

Underneath a blue moon and crystal sky
A deep eyed wanderer stared up at the stars.
Leon wishes for a paint box and easel
To communicate the place that the sky above put him in-
Another puppet in God's greater show.
They did not listen to the images he had to show
And the only words he had to say.
They could not see the beauty he had to offer
They could not take his glasses
And understand how he saw the world
In distinct hues of pink and grey.
I hope for Leon they will listen to him now.

For one who loved the world so
He could not find the love returned,
To much spread over the world
Was not enough for one to give back.
Perhaps they love him now.

On that Autumn night,
He took with him nothing but his mind,
A browned Completes Works of Shakespeare
And the unquestioning razor blade.
And like all the lovers that have gone before
He took his life near to a river,
Citing the speeches from Hamlet
As the world faded away.

Leon, I understand you now.
I never guessed you hurt that much,
I never had time to listen.

©Charlie F. Kane

31/7/08

Charlie F. Kane

Leonard Shelby

Backwards go can't
Just humans but
.Everything change and
, said or done
Have could you what
, wrong went you
Where see can you
Backwards looking

.sense any make too it for
backwards it at look and
stop to have you so
, fast so by goes life

.backwards it at look you
when sense more
bit little a makes life

© Charlie F. Kane

25/03/06

Charlie F. Kane

Library

My silent mentor;
Filled with potential.
Welcoming with arms open
To all is patrons.
Within I began my journey
Mining through rocks
Until I found diamonds.

©Charlie F. Kane

24/10/08

Charlie F. Kane

Life Curses And Frustrates Me...

Life curses and frustrates me.
I often brood in a Hamlet-esque way
"Oh why oh why does life have to be this way? "
It is pathetic. I hate doing it.
But I could not be any other way.
It's me.

Charlie F. Kane

Lindsay

Oh Lindsay, when I saw you on the silver screen
You were this teenage boy's fantasy.
Yours was the face that launched a thousands dreams,
And none of which were routed in reality.
But instead you have become another Marilyn Monroe,
You'll be dead on your bed by the time you're thirty three.
And all of the girls they are supposed to dream
Of the princesses that they might be,
And you almost lived your dream.
But you made the oh-so fatal mistake of caring too much
About what people might think,
And that has cost you all of your dignity.
You would have been better selling your soul,
Then you would have not become the laughing stock you are now.

I would be a fool to think that you would even consider me
Let alone remember these words that I write,
But I don't want you to be another Marilyn Monroe,
Hitting the grave before you hit thirty three.
I can't even pretend to profess that I love you,
It's just this teenage boy does not want to see
The shallow death of his fantasy.

Charlie F. Kane

Lonely Boulevard

Everyone's a dreamer
And, now and again,
They get what they want.

Fame can be hard,
They can make you or break you,
You'll be remembered as a hero or a villain.

The stars shine from a neon sign,
Names reflected on a lonely boulevard.
Kinda wish one of the names was mine.
But would I want my life to be that hard?

All the old names in worn gold,
Get torn up and replaced with a new one,
It'd make all the fans that are left cry.

Success and struggle
Are the tools that carved
The names in stone.

The stars shine from a neon sign,
Names reflected on a lonely boulevard.
Kinda wish one of the names was mine.
But would I want my life to be that hard?

©Charlie F. Kane

Charlie F. Kane

Long Dead Hippie

She is a long dead hippie but she means so much to me.
Her voice sounds like someone who suffered so much,
Suffered because of others, suffered for loneliness,
And I know just how she feels.
The words hold such meaning to me,
And I echo back to a time I could never see,
But I can think and act as if I am remembering,
But I am young and time is too short too be spent living in the past.
She maybe a long dead hippie, but she means so much to me.

Charlie F. Kane

Low Lp

I had to buy it,
I felt compelled to buy something
While I was there.
It was one of the first I came across-
It's 30 years old this year,
It would have been 12 when I was born.

I picked it up and brought it,
To carry it home, home again.
I thought how I must be
The only student to spend their loan
On vinyl.

I take my earphones of my mp3 out
And try to pretend that it's 1977,
And I, a loyal Bowie fan,
Have just purchased his most recent LP.

But it doesn't last long.
I want to listen to my music now,
So I stick the mp3 back on.
I couldn't quite cut it.
I was 30 years too late, again.

Charlie F. Kane

Man At War

The soldiers arm themselves and their bullets are the words.
They stand on opposite ends of the battlefields,
Each poised with finger on a trigger,
Waiting for the word that the battle shall commence.
They rage war at each other,
Because it's the only person he wants to fight.

The angel and beast wrestle in the mud,
The angel swooping with airs and grace,
Shining a light to blind those in it's way,
And the beast withers in the mud and tugs the angel down.

God and the Devil fight on his shoulders.
He is caught between these two
As they claw at each other over how he should live his life.

The soldiers' fire at each other in the battlefield of his mind,
The angel and beast wrestle in his morality,
And God and the Devil vie for his soul.

Charlie F. Kane

Morning

Slow sunlight.
The dawn chorus
Of birds and kettles sing.
While others dream
In riddles
I keep my eyes open,
Listen to the slumber
Of the street;
A peaceful pause,
Sheltered from the storm.

©Charlie F. Kane

10/10/08

Charlie F. Kane

Muse Wanted

Applicants wanted for position of 'Muse'

For a young, love obsessed poet.

All applicants must be female with flexible working hours.

Salary- a negotiable sum of poems, depending on performance,

And bonus presents at random times.

Applicants must have strong silly sense of humour,

Be able to listen to rants and rambles of varying topics,

Have a petite build, put up with artistic mood swings

And feed the ducks in the morning..

Good taste in music desirable, but not necessary.

All applicants must like have poems written about them.

All applicants are considered regardless of race or hair colour,

Though any Amy Davidson look-a-likes are more likely to be hired.

All applicants must send along a CV with at least two references.

Charlie F. Kane

My Favourite Mistake

I am making my favourite mistakes again.
I'm falling for the same dreams again.
I've tried follow a new model this year,
But I've become the daydreamer of last year.

I'm making my favourite mistake again,
And it sounds like this-

If only it could be.

©Charlie F. Kane

2/11/08

Charlie F. Kane

My Unwanted Muse

My muse is unwanted.
I'm sure if she had a choice
She would not pick me as her scribe.

I do not want this muse-
This muse is one I cannot have.
Only with the words in other lines
Can I have her.

I do not want this muse-
It will only lead to pain.
All the other girls are
So far away in their ivory towers,
But my muse is upon my level
With her casual lies and her crimson hues.

I do not want this muse.
Can you provide me
With a more available alternative?

©Charlie F. Kane

Charlie F. Kane

Myspace Blues

Oh what a world we live in,
We have no cure for cancer,
But we have myspace.
Oh, you brave, new world,
With such added friends in it.
So how much do they make
From advertising on there?
Quite a bit I should imagine,
And how much goes to those
Who truly need it?
But why should that matter,
I only have to worry
About my picture on there.
Hope all the comments are good.

Charlie F. Kane

Never Again? - An Anti-War Poem Cycle

1- What Was It Like?

What was it was it like,
Before all the wars?
Were all the people then innocent?
Did they still believe
In the wonders and mystery of the world?
Did they wonder what was out there in space,
Did they ponder what could possibly be in the deep oceans?

Did they understand the concept of a massacre?
Would have seen sense in the wars we would fight?
Did they know that we would build weapons
That they only dreamed about back then?
I wonder,
What was it like,
Before all the wars?

2- It'll All Be Over By Christmas

At the dawn of '14,
The people of merry old England,
Passed each over in the streets,
And the words on people's lips
Told of a war brewing in Europe,
If Britain gets involved,
They said,
It'll all be over by Christmas.

But many Christmases past,
And with each one
A family would learn
About the loss of their father,
Their brother,
Their friend,
Their lover.
It'll all be over by Christmas,
They said.

3- Somme

The deep black mud of the Somme

Was only highlighted
By the flash of light from a falling bomb,
Emphasising the blood of a former comrade.
Private Jones sat with them in the trenches,
Cradling a rifle as if holding a child.
Like the rest of `em,
He was waiting for the whistle to blow.
Then they would jump to attention,
And over the top,
In a vain effort
To move the dearly beloved
Field Marshall Haig's
Drinks cabinet an inch closer
To Berlin.

When the whistle came,
The good ol' boys
Of Company E,
Leapt over the top,
To drive headlong into their graves.
Private Jones ran fast as he could,
Running from the devil,
Who was only chasing him into Hell.
Private Jones last thoughts
Lay with his family in Wales.
He thought fondly of the Welsh countryside
In which he had a childhood he never forgot.
He thought of the smell of his dear old Mam's
Cooking on a Sunday morning after church.

He smiled thinking of his life before the war,
And he kept on smiling until seconds later,
He was caught in a hail of bullets.
And Private Jones lay down
With the rest of the Sacrificial Lambs.

4- 14

He was only 14 when he died.
His mates always said he looked
A lot older than he appear.
All the other boys at school
Would have loved to have gone

On a boys-own-adventure
To fight in war.

When he enlisted he was the talk
Of the town.
No one minded he did it,
They were all so proud.
He was going off to travel across
The Europe.

His Ma and Pa
Were so proud
That he would fight
For his country.

When they waved goodbye,
They didn't think
That they wouldn't see him again.
He was only 14 when he died.

5- Never Again
In the dark old Britain of '19,
They talked of the war in Europe,
They had won, at a cost.
Never again, they said,
Never again will we allow this to happen.
Let this be a lesson to all,
They sad.

Never again?
They lied.

6- Run Like Hell
You better run,
Little piggy,
'Cos we're onto you,
We know what you are,
And we're all after you.

We don't like you,
'Cos he sez
We can't,

So I'm onto you,
Little piggy,
You better run.

We don't like you Jews,
You have big noses,
An' take all me money,
'Better run
Filthy, little piggy,
Cos' I'm onto you.

'Ere,
Over `ere,
I found one,
This one doesn't look white,
An' look at the nose on that one,
Look at the queer boy over there!
We're all onto you,
Little piggy,
So you better run!

We'll shove in the furnace
'Cos that's the only
Thing to do.

7- Bleak '39
The Great War comes again.
Mark two starts now,
In bleak '39,
20 years after the last one,
And we're doing the same again.

8- Veterans
The fields lie still with crosses,
The grass,
Never greener,
Never finer,
Highlighting the anonymous
White cross that are placed
In an orderly pattern across it.

How many of you lie there,

Underneath all the people
Who trampled across
Your memory everyday?
Do they understand all you gave?
Do they know what you went through?
Would they care?

If the dead envy the living,
The living truly envy the dead,
The dead's memories are retained,
But the livings are neglected.
Our veterans sit,
Decomposing in a
'Rest' home somewhere,
Slowly ticking away the days
Before their time runs out.

Looking at the world today,
Was it worth it?
After all you did,
Have we thrown it all away?

9- War Games

Two children play at school,
Each with a finger shaped
To resemble a gun.
Bang, bang,
Boom, boom,
You're dead they say.

Two world-leaders sit in their offices,
With fingers pointing down
Towards a little run button,
Bang, bang,
Boom, boom,
You'll be dead they say.

10- Mark III

When the time has come,
They will start the third,
And probably final war.
In a blast all we fought for,

All that we built,
All we ruined,
All we ever loved,
All we ever hated,
All we cared for,
Everything we brought,
All we corrupted,
All we liberated,
All we moved,
All we toppled,
Will fall in one
Might blast
With a power beyond that
Of a God.

11- What Was It Like (Reprised)

What was it like,
Before the final war?
Were the people corrupted?
Did they have all the answers
To the mysteries of the world?
Did they really conquer space?
Did they go to the bottom of the deep oceans?

Why did they allow a massacre?
Why did they see sense in the final war?
Why did they build weapons,
That only few could dream of?
I wonder,
What was it like,
Before the final war?

©Charlie F. Kane

28/04/06

Charlie F. Kane

No Fun

No fun.

This really is no fun.

I hope it'll start going away.

Find something to numb the brain.

Hope it goes away,

Because this is really no fun,

Thinking I'm going to do something

I haven't done in years.

This is no fun,

So I'll stop right here.

Charlie F. Kane

Normality

Oh, to be normal.
I have often wished in a low moment
That my life could be normal.
One where I am a contented man,
With roast beef on Sundays,
Football on Saturdays
And waking up to a
Cup of tea and a piece of toast
From the one I love.

But that is not the life
For such as me.
Instead I have eaten
That cursed holy fruit
And can see all the good and evil-
The beauty of the mornings,
The hypocrisy of the media,
The euphoria of love,
The corrupting power of money.

Being normal
Would just not be me.

©Charlie F. Kane

Charlie F. Kane

O Brave New World!

When the Governments have decided,
When the bombs fall on top of us,
What will be left with?
Crawling out of the ground,
With little left to our spirits.
What will happen to us then?

First we'll band together,
Start afresh,
We'll group in flocks,
Learn to communicate again,
We'll start with some rules,
And we'll start rebuilding,
And have a brave, new world.

We'll find doctors,
Who'll teach the others;
We'll all become builders,
We'll find and make shelters;
We'll all become farmers,
We'll learn to live of the land
Of this brave, new world!

We'll teach the children,
They'll know of sciences,
And philosophies,
And practical things,
So when they are in charge,
They do not drop the bomb
On our brave, new world!

We'll be having summers
Like they used to be,
Out in the fields,
Warm heat,
No noises except
For the insects and us.
Imagine the peace
In the brave, new world!

O brave new world,
Will you be like that?
Will human nature
Allow it to come through?
Would the politicians
Look enviously from their bunkers,
Wanting to join our brave, new world?

21/04/06

Charlie F. Kane

October

October is the wettest month,
Raining on all I hold dear-
The heart in my shoes
The principals in my tie
The soul in my hat.

I have seen several cases
Of Autumn-monoxide poisoning.
Its sufferers cry a lot.
October is the wettest month.

©Charlie F. Kane

10/11/08

Charlie F. Kane

Ode To A Genius

They just didn't
Understand you.
Your art wasn't
Recognized by your
Peers. I wish
I could tell you
That it'd all be alright,
Just ignore them and
Keep it up.
But it's too late now.

On the night that should
Have been yours,
They took it all away
From you. Booed
By your peers
And equals,
All because a rich guy
Didn't like your movie.
I wish
I could tell you
That it'd all be alright,
Just ignore them and
Keep it up.
But it's too late now.

You let it get to you.
You let their words
And thoughts get to you,
But most were only jealous
Of have you had done,
You shouldn't have taken any
Of it too heart,
But taken it as a compliment,
You accomplished more
In one movie
Then many of them had in a lifetime.
I wish
I could tell you

That it'd all be alright,
Just ignore them and
Keep it up.
But it's too late now.

I imagined that you sat
In a dark cinema
Watching it back,
Wondering were you went wrong,
How your movie was
So hated.
But it wasn't you.
It was the others that
Made it so. You hold
You whiskey glass,
Dreaming of the refill.
Watching your movie,
Your rosebud.

© Charlie F. Kane

27/3/06

Charlie F. Kane

Ode To A Muse

You know you make me smile.
You do you know.
You make me smile to think of you,
To hear your voice,
To see you smile.

If your voice be that of an angel,
Then I'll write you a song
You can sing it all yourself
And I shall listen in rapture.

If you were an actress
I would write you a play,
A character for you only,
A chance for you to shine to others apart from I.

You are not a singer,
So I couldn't write you a song
You are not an actress,
So I couldn't write you a play.
You may be none of those things,
But you can make me smile,
So all I give you is all I could give.

© Charlie F. Kane

21/3/06

Charlie F. Kane

Ode To Hester

I must confess,
When I first you,
I thought you were from Stoke-on-Trent.
When we first got talking
It turned out you were pissed.
But in sheer madness
We created the life
Of a Marxist, feminist transsexual
Who was raised by wolves
And later a gypsy circus.

I cannot remember my first impressions of you,
But I know you now as funny and loud
With a heart that beats of pure gold.
You truly are one of a kind and unique,
And (to misquote Shakespeare)
A girl of whose like I shall never see again.
I try to find the words to say,
But what I want to say is so simple-
You are brilliant,
You are wonderful,
You are a legend.

Being a Capricorn means I do not have acquaintances
But rather people who are close friends
And we Capricorns are (according to wikipedia)
Beings are who are fiercely loyal.
It takes someone special
For me to reveal the man behind the mask.

So there you have it.
It is done.
'Ode to Hester'
Now please return my guitar.

Charlie F. Kane

Ode To The Stressed

Why can't I be like
An ostrich and bury
My head in the sand?
It'd make this week go
So much more easier.

So much to do in
Such little time,
That every time
I think above it
I want to be struck down
By a bout of
Appendicitis!

Mondays are
Are wet and dreary,
Tuesdays are
Are non-stop,
Wednesday is
Sitting around for
Nothing to happen,
Thursday's are
Waiting for Fridays,
Fridays are a
Whole lotta nothing!
And don't get me
Started on the weekend!

Why can't I be like
An ostrich and bury
My head in the sand?
It'd make this week go
So much more easier.

© Charlie F. Kane

27/3/06

On Being Introduced To Jack Daniels

I met with an old friend,
I had not seen him for many months,
So we went for a few drinks
And a catch-up,
And he introduced me to his friend,
And that was how I meet Jack Daniels.

I knew he had a reputation,
I had known of him for many years,
And it always seemed the thing,
For a budding playwright
To seen around with.
I even heard that Janis Joplin was a fan.

And so I spent the evening with my friend
And with Mrs. Daniels' son, Jack.
He seemed alright,
I quite liked him,
And as the night went on,
I forgot the bitterness of him,
And just drank on

©Charlie F. Kane

7/06/07

Charlie F. Kane

On The Run

You and me,
We've got to get out of here.
We can't stay like this forever,
We're going to sail away from this place,
To see some new horizons before us.

Surely there must be some way out of here?
We've got to get moving
If we want to be out of here soon.

Don't ask me where we're going,
I haven't thought that far ahead.
I thought we could travel wherever
The wind may take us.
Don't ask me about money,
I still haven't worked out what
We'll do about that.
Surely I could get a job,
Make some cash,
Then we'll be on our way again.

Imagine the freedom we'll feel,
No more constraints, no more pressure.
Running along the roads
Together hand in hand.
We'll make it there
Wherever we decide to go.

So come on,
Pack your bags,
Count your coins,
Get yourself together.
We'll be going soon.
Me and you together,
Hand in hand
And on the run
From here.

©Charlie F. Kane

6/04/06

Charlie F. Kane

On This Day...

On this day we celebrate love.
We celebrate that indefinable feeling
We call 'love'.
We celebrate love,
That makes the world go around,
We celebrate love,
What we all strive for,
We celebrate love
That these two have for each other.

The gold rings-
We see them as the symbols of love.
As one gives to the other,
To show their dedication
For all time.
As time goes on,
The rings will grow old,
And begin to fade.
But as a symbol of love
It will always remain.

© Charlie F. Kane

1/08/06

Charlie F. Kane

Only The Good Die Young

And your race is run
And I am the one who is left behind,
To pick up the pieces of what's left behind,
Only the good die young.

It must be true because you could have so many years left,
You could have more of your life to give,
But the fates decide, and maybe for the best
That only the good die young.

Although our time was short,
I saw you through your life
And now I must carry on with mine
Because only the good die young.

We don't want to see you go,
But sometime we might have to just let go,
We don't want to say good bye,
But in the end
Only
 the
 good
 die
 young...

©Charlie F. Kane

8/04/07

Charlie F. Kane

Ophelia Is Drowning

Ophelia is drowning,
And she is not afraid,
She thinks death quite romantic
At 20 she is already an old maid.

Ophelia is drowning
In a view for all too see
In a unrequited suicide
For a love such as he.

Ophelia is drowning,
Her faded fingers hold a wedding bouquet,
And the water fills her lungs
She will never see her wedding day.

15/04/07

Charlie F. Kane

Ophelia's Feeling Blue

Come on, Ophelia,
Won't you give me a smile
And tell me of troubles and woe?
Will you keep it too yourself
So only important people know?

Ophelia- I never lied
I just wasn't the Dane you thought.
I changed the ending of the play
And hoped Shakespeare wouldn't know
Because of the lines I couldn't say.

So, Ophelia, feeling sorry
Wish to drown yourself in words,
None of which are spoken aloud
Because you hadn't the courage to say them
Or maybe you're just too proud.

Well, I'm sorry, Ophelia
If I let you down,
I do not think our double act would work
If you can not even lift up your head to speak,
Then how was I suppose to act back?

©Charlie F. Kane

28/5/08

Charlie F. Kane

Orestes

I'd kill you if there wasn't
An umbilical cord wedged between us.
Gods dictate what will happen
If I don't murder you.
The Gods dictate what will happen
If I do.

Everything happens in circles,
A cycle that'll never stop.
Humans can't stop the cycle,
But they keep it spinning instead.
It makes no sense,
But, nothing ever does.

I'd kill you if there wasn't
An umbilical cord wedged between us.
Gods dictate what will happen
If I don't murder you.
The Gods dictate what will happen
If I do.

© Charlie F. Kane

21/3/06

Charlie F. Kane

Our World

Death spills from the ink of the newspaper,
Wars unended, bombs dropped,
And a paedo on every street corner.
Used to be able to live,
Not like today when you run the risk
Of being shot or stabbed the moment
You walk out of the door.
I wanna go back to a time when it was safe
When Bob and Joan where King and Queen,
And hoodies did not exist.
Our flaw is in our humanity,
We are unable to avoid it
As the hand that helps us
Becomes the hand that holds the gun.
Finger pressed against a little red button
And then the world goes....

Charlie F. Kane

Painted Smile

I love your painted smile,
It reminds me you are human,
Not the idealized work of art
That I sometimes believe you are.

I love your painted smile,
How it covers all of the frown,
You pick the colour from your palette
And apply the smile onto your face.

I wish I could tell you
That we all wear a painted smile sometimes,
I wish I could take you in my arms
And smother you in dreams and visions.

We both wear our painted smiles,
For different reasons I'm sure,
Though I sometimes wish I could smudge the paint,
See behind to the real you,
But the artist behind my painted smile
Would never let me try.

©Charlie F. Kane

23/04/08

Charlie F. Kane

Pearl

Songbird left lonely in summertime,
Even through death you still shine
Because there's nothing left of you
But the recorded sound of your soul
Pouring out of you like a wounded angel.

The woman who was Leonard's muse
Died a lonely death on a dirty floor,
Unfitting and undeserved for one such as her.

©Charlie F. Kane

4/02/08

Charlie F. Kane

Perspective

Sometimes all I care about,
All I worry about,
Every debate,
Every argument,
All that I say,
All that I feel,
Everything I write,
All I create,
All I destroy,
And everything I do,
Is put into perspective
When I think of how old the trees before me are.
They are here now.
They were here when I born,
They were here before I was born.
They saw the earth before my parents were born.
When I close my eyes, the world still turns,
And the trees will be here long after I die.

© Charlie F. Kane

3/09/06

Charlie F. Kane

Poets' Rock

I sit atop of a poets' rock,
Writing my cares away.
I sit atop this poets' rock
And watch the beach slide away.
I wonder how long,
Before the sea decides to strand me
Atop this poets' rock.

Charlie F. Kane

Purple Blues

Got that feeling again.
Same as it ever was.
Loneliness? Perhaps.
Always the same,
Up-down,
Who gives a damn.
I can't explain this,
I am just miserable,
Or perhaps just crazy.

I guess I am lonely,
Thinking of being without,
I am just a child inside,
Little boy lost,
Only hope can save me this time,
Though I am running short of it now.

You know it's not good,
When you keep listening
To Leonard Cohen
And Lennon's 'Yer Blues'.

Charlie F. Kane

Queen Mary In Two Acts

Queen Mary holds onto my memory
And resides inside my dreams,
A sad-eyed beauty of distant country.

And then Queen Mary,
Tied of touching hands
Wraps herself into daydreams
To destroy a poets heart.
And now she is my Queen
And I presented her a throne.

Her reign goes on too long,
So it is time for a revolt.
I never wanted a Queen I could not love
For fear her King would kill me.
I take your crown, Queen Mary,
I take your jewels and your finery.
I ask you to leave this kingdom
And just be Mary to me.

©Charlie F. Kane

14/05/08

Charlie F. Kane

Radio Ode

Wake up in the morning
To the sound of a familiar voice.
In the car wherever you're going,
The sounds from the radio keep you moving.
Invisible airwaves flying through the air,
Humming with life and sounds and music
That keeps you going on.

Shelley had his skylark,
Charlie had his muse,
All I've got is this radio,
So this one's for you.

Playing that song you've got
Stuck in your head when you switch it on,
It keeps you humming through the day.
Playing that song you haven't heard it ages,
The smile as the intro starts and the song begins.
The sounds of a guitar solo get you moving,
Carries with you throughout the day.

Shelley had his skylark,
Charlie had his muse,
All I've got is this radio,
So this one's for you.

The power of the music,
Changes the way you feel,
Bringing you up when you feel down,
All from the patter of your radio.
I believe that music will last forever,
In 2112 they'll still bob about to their favourite tune,
All coming from the power of the radio.

Shelley had his skylark,
Charlie had his muse,
All I've got is this radio,
So this one's for you.

© Charlie F. Kane

23/07/06

Charlie F. Kane

Rain Fall Down

Rain fall down on me
And wash my sins away.
Wipe away the bitter tears
Of an embittered argument.
Wash away all the things
I said and did not meant.
Remove the pain from my mind
And the tears from my eyes.
Rain fall down on me
And wash my sins away.

Charlie F. Kane

Romeo & Juliet

There's my Juliet,
I used to have a scene with her,
Underneath her balcony,
Sweets words flowed between us.

I met her at the party,
I was a love struck Romeo,
Didn't know what happened to me.
She saw me and said,
"You better out of here, Romeo,
Before my parents see you here."
Oh, Juliet, I said I did not care,
It was written in the stars for us.

I wrote you a love song,
You liked it loads,
Said it remained you
Of Shakespeare and his sonnets.

Do you remember, Juliet,
Been in my arms,
As we watched the
Dying light of the day?
You said to me,
"Romeo, you know,
I'm going love you till I die"
Well, I knew just how you felt.

I don't care about your family,
If they don't like me I don't care,
Juliet didn't you know that
They don't control you?

Why did you stop it, Juliet?
Were the families too much for you?
Because, Juliet,
We said, "I love you till I die",
Well, Juliet, did you think that I would lie?
Juliet, did you think I would not care,

I'm just your love struck Romeo,
And I'll love you till I die.

Oh, Juliet,
You know I wouldn't lie,
I said I love you,
And I will until I die.

21/04/06

Charlie F. Kane

Running Up A Hill (A Metaphor For Life)

I suppose that life is
A little bit like running up a hill.
You don't know why you're
Running up a hill,
You think that there might
Be something on the other side
Of the hill,
But you just can't be sure.
But when you run up the hill,
You often don't focus on the scenery around,
You think more about
Where you're putting your feet
Than of the ever changing landscape around you.
And as you're running up the hill
You hold the small hope that the journey
Down the hill will be quite easier.

Charlie F. Kane 17/04/06

Charlie F. Kane

School Days

So why d'ya praise those fools
That thinks themselves superior than thou?

So why d'ya treat `em with respect
That they never earned?

So why d'ya encourage them
So that they applaud themselves?

So why d'ya think their brilliant
When they've done nothing different?

So why d'ya feel that they deserve special treatment
When they're not all that?

So why d'ya increase my sorrow,
By making them superior?

©Charlie F. Kane

1/07/06

Charlie F. Kane

She's A Running Girl

I don't know who her parents were,
Her background is hazy,
She never talked about her past,
Because she's just a running girl,
Never stays in one place too long,
Because she's just a running girl,
And she was always just born to run.

On the run for something she didn't do,
Disowned by all those who loved her,
Stabbed in the back and betrayed,
And in a flash she was staring down
The barrel of cops long black gun,
Caught in middle of nowhere,
Condemned for something she didn't do.

There was a guy once,
Who tried to run with her,
Her got about a mile or so
Before he fell by the wayside,
Unable to carry on,
She didn't want to leave him,
But she couldn't stop running.

I know you'll never stop,
Because you're a running girl,
Just born to keep moving.
Maybe someday you'll
Have someone to run with you,
So you won't be alone.
A running life's a lonely life,
But it's the only one you've got.

You're just a running girl,
You were always just born to run.

8/05/06

Shine

If you have the light,
Then you have the power to shine.
To shine is to bring light
To those who need it,
So shine on,
And make us all happy.
Because sometimes all
People need is some light.
So shine on.

© Charlie F. Kane

27/3/06

Charlie F. Kane

Smile.

Oh how he smiles.
I used to smile like that,
When I was with you.
I don't smile so much any more,
Or grin or laugh,
I find it does not suit me.
Instead, I frown,
I grimace and scowl.
Smiling does not become me anymore.
I smiled so often with you,
And now without you,
I'm not sure I remember what to do
To drag my face into a smile.
But you are with him now,
And, oh, how he smiles.
I wonder if before long
He'll be frowning too.

Charlie F. Kane

Some Men...

Lucky men could cause the world to fall,
While other men are content to play the fool.
Some men will waste their lives
For a dropp of drink or an ungrateful wife.
While rich men are content with their wealth,
While poor men strive to make it that way.
And me,
I want to see if love is real.

Great men will fight for their rights
And weaker men will fall to their might,
Some men will always be the best
And some could never be anything else but the rest,
And some men just get lucky
While other men get all the money,
And me,
I just want to find if love is real.

Some men will struggle in vain,
While others will breeze through life without strain.
And some will go gently into the night
While other would wish to stand and fight,
And there are those that dread that final goodbye,
And there are those who are too painfully shy,
And me,
I just want to see if love is real.

Charlie F. Kane

Someday

Someday,
There will be a place for us,
A place in time on our own,
Where we just be Heroes,
Just for a little time.

Someday,
There could be somewhere for us,
Free from this misery,
And There will be peace for us,
Someday,
We could be together forever,
Someday,
Where we no longer worry,
Someday,
Where every dropp of rain was just for us
And ever star that shines in the sky
Would be blazing for us.
Somewhere,
Where we could be as one,
Someday,
We could be in love and just forsake everyone!
Someday together- just us!
Someday,
In the heat of a summer evening
Dancing behind a clear blue sky
And we shall forsake all others,
Someday!

And someday,
We shall be in love,
And nothing else will matter.

Charlie F. Kane

Somme

This poem is only one part of 'Never Again? - An Anti-War Poem Cycle'

The deep black mud of the Somme
Was only highlighted
By the flash of light from a falling bomb,
Emphasising the blood of a former comrade.
Private Jones sat with them in the trenches,
Cradling a rifle as if holding a child.
Like the rest of `em,
He was waiting for the whistle to blow.
Then they would jump to attention,
And over the top,
In a vain effort
To move the dearly beloved
Field Marshall Haig's
Drinks cabinet an inch closer
To Berlin.

When the whistle came,
The good ol' boys
Of Company E,
Leapt over the top,
To drive headlong into their graves.
Private Jones ran fast as he could,
Running from the devil,
Who was only chasing him into Hell.
Private Jones last thoughts
Lay with his family in Wales.
He thought fondly of the Welsh countryside
In which he had a childhood he never forgot.
He thought of the smell of his dear old Mam's
Cooking on a Sunday morning after church.

He smiled thinking of his life before the war,
And he kept on smiling until seconds later,
He was caught in a hail of bullets.
And Private Jones lay down
With the rest of the Sacrificial Lambs.

©Charlie F. Kane

28/4/06

Charlie F. Kane

Song For Bob Dylan

I've been listening to you
For so long now
And you've learnt
More than I could ever know.

Hey, Bob Dylan,
I tried to write you a song,
Like you did
For Woody Guthrie too.

I've tried to be like you,
Went to a party
Dressed like you
But I could never compare.

Hey, Bob Dylan,
I tried to write you a song,
Like you did
For Woody Guthrie too.

There's no one quite the same,
As the Jokerman,
The Poet and the Rebel,
Guess you're a one-of-a-kind man.

Hey, Bob Dylan,
I tried to write you a song,
Like you did
For Woody Guthrie too.

©Charlie F. Kane

27/02/08

Charlie F. Kane

Song Of Redemption

When I left my home,
I was only just a boy,
Eager to make my way,
'Cept I didn't get very far.

I want a shot at redemption,
I want another chance at life,
To prove my worth,
And I'm sure I'll change my ways.

Stole from stranger I had never seen,
Fought more people than I dare admit,
Smack a person or two or three around,
All of which I regret.

I want a shot at redemption,
I want another chance at life,
To prove my worth,
And I'm sure I'll change my ways.

Ok, so I stole a thing or two,
But, hey, what do they matter here?
Forgiveness is what it's all about,
Isn't it?

I want a shot at redemption,
I want another chance at life,
To prove my worth,
And I'm sure I'll change my ways.

I just want a chance to change things,
In my life I never got that chance,
Never received any shot at redemption,
But here I think I could start all over again.

I want a shot at redemption,
I want another chance at life,
To prove my worth,
And I'm sure I'll change my ways.

13/08/06

Charlie F. Kane

Southern Man

Southern man,
When you gonna understand?
Southern man,
Don't you know it doesn't have to be this way?
Things aren't as bad as them seem,
Southern man,
Are you going to try and understand?

Southern man,
When you gonna realize,
That she needs you,
Southern man.
Can't you see,
That she really loves you,
Southern man?

Southern man,
Don't be a fool.
Are really willing to throw it all away,
For your foolish Southern pride?
Southern man,
You're a fool,
And you're not gonna change your ways till you understand.

© Charlie F. Kane

31/8/06

Charlie F. Kane

Space- A Poem Cycle

1-Launch

Goodbye, world.
I'm on another voyage.
On my own again
To travel to the stars.

Sitting in this little tin can,
Heading beyond the sky.
It's strange,
They always said Heaven
Was in the clouds.
They got it wrong.

Blue skies fade away,
Only darkness lies
Before me,
As I fly on.

2-Anywhere But Earth

Darkness surrounds me.
There's only darkness
In Space.
If I look hard enough,
I'll see the other planets beyond.
I'd like to go to
The other planets,
And find out what's there.
Anything better than earth.

Earth isn't the nicest place.
They all argue and shout.
And she's there.
The one who doesn't love me
Is there on earth,
Probably hoping I never come back.

I'll just fly around

The Earth a few times,
And then I'll be back.

3-Communication Breakdown

Sparks fly from
The panels of
This ship.

Crackling,
I keep trying to
Call for help
But nobody's coming.

The radio's dead.
I'm on my own.
On my own in Space.

4-The Astronaut's Song

It gets lonely up in space.
Floating around on your own.
Stuck in a little tin can
For weeks that never end.
The same walls day in,
Day out.
It feels like it'll never end.

Sitting here,
Wishing something
Would change.

The wonders of the stars
Do not last.
You see them shine
And shine
And shine
And shine on in an eternal cycle.

Sitting here,
Wishing something
Would change.

I fly round the moon again.
The craters all look the same.
I try to find the
Dark side of the moon,
But there isn't one.
In fact, it's all
Just dark.

Sitting here,
Wishing something
Would change.

Fly around
And around,
And maybe something
Will change.
But it's lonely up in space.

5-Only Darkness

Still only darkness
Up in Space.
I start to think
Strange thoughts.
I see no God up here.
I can't see Him anywhere.
It's not nice,
I begin to wonder
Why he doesn't show
Himself to me?
I mean,
I must be in His Space,
He can't be anywhere else.
If he were here,
He'd show himself,
Wouldn't he?
Why didn't he help
Me when she,
The one I loved,
Marooned me on
My own?

Maybe he isn't there?
Maybe he doesn't care?
Perhaps he isn't there at all.

6-Screaming and Shouting

Isn't someone there,
Beyond the radio?
Someone must be listening.
If I shout, will anyone hear?
If scream and sing and shout
Will anyone hear?
Can't the radio work?
I don't touch it
Or else it'll never work
Again.
It's getting horrible up in
Space.
I want to go back,
But I don't know if
Anyone wants me back.

7-Cabin Fever

I hate the walls
Of this pathetic tin can.
Grey, grey, grey.
That's all there is.
I hate the stars.
They don't do
Anything.
I wish they would explode.
I hate the radio.
I wish someone would
Come and fix it.
But no one else exists
In Space.
No one's coming for me,
And I don't want
To go back to Earth.
I don't want go back.
No one needs me.

Why won't this just stop?

Oh God.

It's her.

She's sitting next to me.

Oh God,

I wish she'd go away.

She's trying to talk to

Me but I don't

Want to hear.

Please go away.

I don't want to hear

What you've got to say.

God, won't you

Help me?

Please take her away,

Make her stop screaming

And shouting at me.

I don't want to

Hear how much she

Hates me,

I already know.

Please,

Remove from my

Sight the one

I loved,

That is, if you

Truly exist.

8-Snap

I don't want to go home!

She's screaming at me!

I can't go back to Earth

When nobody wants me!

Goodbye, cruel Earth,

I'm flying away from you

Forever!

9-Beyond The Stars

I turn my little tin can
Away from the Earth
I've set my controls
For beyond the stars.

The radio kicks back in,
They say it's ok,
I can come back to Earth,
They don't understand
I don't want to come back,
Now I've the set the controls
For beyond the stars.

I'll travel away from them,
Those that cause me pain
Will be forgotten,
I'll start life afresh,
A new page,
A clean slate.
I'll never come back when
I've settled myself
Beyond the stars.

So on I go,
Passing all the dull things
That will soon be forgotten,
And I'll be free
From all the pain and misery
She caused me.
So I'm on my way to
Beyond the stars.

10-The Undiscovered Country

Will they welcome me
With open arms when I arrive?
Will the gates be opened
And I praised as a God?
Will they laugh at my
Technology?
Will they laugh at my tin can?
The power's running out.

The fuel won't last long.
I'm sure if I hope hard enough,
I'll make it beyond the stars.

3/04/06

© Charlie F. Kane

Charlie F. Kane

Stand By Me

Stand by me,
Because I think I'm going to fall.
I see myself hitting the ground,
And it is my own doing.
I need someone to help me out.

Stand by me,
Because I need you beside me,
I need you to guide me
Through this dark time,
And make me see the light.

I can see myself falling,
Hitting the ground
Because I need to hate something,
And I am the easiest target,
So please stand by me.

©Charlie F. Kane

7/06/07

Charlie F. Kane

Stars

If I should fall
As once Lucifer fell,
If I should fall from grace
Would you be there to pick me up?

And if the stars vanish from our skies
And night-time blinded me,
Would you help me find my way?
Would you be a star in the night?

And if I should fall
As once Lucifer fell,
If I should fall from grace
Would you be there to pick me up?

And if tomorrow does not come,
Would you stay with me today?
Would stay with me in this moment?
In this darkness, guiding my way?

©Charlie F. Kane

9/03/07

Charlie F. Kane

Stream

I aint got no shoes
Some hobo down in Lobo
Thought that I should lose.
Then Darth took the mark
And brought me the news
But the trees told me
Where all the leaves did go.

©Charlie F. Kane

28/7/08

Charlie F. Kane

Student's Night

There was fighting on the dance floor
And Converse on my feet,
The place it smelled of beer and sweat,
But the music sounded so sweet,
Takes me back to the decade that I shall never see.

New clothes- White shirt, black tie,
Maybe catching somebody's eye?
Did she just look at me?
Oh, god no, it was the guy behind me,
Sighs as the girl in the green dress walks right by me.

Friends around me now,
The group will be fractured and
Broken in the next few months,
But we do not care about that tonight,
As the drink quickly disappears.

1 A.M return home.
The road, so busy by day
Is now dead by night.
I walk in the middle for a few moments,
Knowing I am perfectly safe,

Tip toe quietly in,
Silently as I go,
Ears ring and eyes ache,
The thought of friendship and
Music flow in my mind.

(19/4/07)

Charlie F. Kane

Summer Rain

Hazy day and lazy nights.
Not much to do, not much to remember.
Head pounding, only one way to stop it.
Another drink is you all need.
Another drink to see you though the day.
Another day, then you'll give it all up.
Another day, and the need might go away.

Summer rain falls once again,
You know the sun will come through the summer rain
Because you know what it's like to feel the pain.

Peoples stare at you
Like a monkey in a cage,
You don't know what you've done,
But you know you've gone too far this time.
This is your life, lying in a police cell,
Nursing a sore head.
This is your life, but do you want it to be this way?

This is your chance, why don't you change?
A chance of your life;
A change for the best;
A change for your world;
A change you know won't be easy,
But in the end
It'll be worth it.

Take the step.
You have to face the bitter winter
Before you feel the
Summer rain on your face.

© Charlie F. Kane

21/3/06

Charlie F. Kane

Summertime

It is summertime
And all the clouds run away,
In the summertime
The glare sears my eyes
Raise your hand high,
I shall lurk in the shadows of summertime.

Water boils, pavements crack
In the summertime.
Heat keeps you awake,
Sweat becomes another skin
Attached to bed sheets
In the summertime.
All the pretty summer girls,
In their pretty summer clothes
Lie at night with their pretty summer boys.
I shall lurk in the shadows of summertime.

©Charlie F. Kane

11/05/08

Charlie F. Kane

Summertime (Edward Hopper)

(Inspired by the painting 'Summertime' by Edward Hopper)

Heat bleeds from pavement,
A nervous foot dangles
Over that final step.
The cars buzz and hum past
Flying to bring honey to the queen.
A gentle wind blows her dress-
It's the colour of 3AM snow.
She waits to move from the shadows
Into the sticky heat and fried egg streets.

©Charlie F. Kane

31/7/08

Charlie F. Kane

Sunday Morning (Coming Home)

Oh every moment,
Every moment I get,
Just wave it by.
It's destroying me,
Why don't red lights
Change to green?
It's Sunday morning,
Coming home.

Amy,
I just missed you
As I thought about
These words,
I was going in circles,
Waiting for a green light.
To stop me from starting
In the wrong direction,
Because I'm coming home.

Just a cup of tea.
Makes sense,
It solves everything,
Shakes off the memories
Of Saturday evenings
Pass me by,
Hazed colours and
Sin just doesn't work,
Because I'm coming home.

©Charlie F. Kane

Charlie F. Kane

Superman

I want to be a Superman,
But I'm just a weed,
With string-bean arms
And a xylophone rib-cage,
I aint no Superman,
And this doesn't please me.

I got to think of bills,
And beer tokens,
And going out with friends
When these poverty,
Terrorism and corruption,
'Cos if I was Superman
I would sort 'em out.

If I were a Superman,
Perhaps I'd not be so unlucky in looks,
And maybe it'd be someway to get
People to notice me.

I tried walking with my pants
On show,
But the police told me not to do it again.
I said if I were Superman
They'd just let me go.
They just laughed at me
And called me Superman.

I wish I could be a Superman.

Charlie F. Kane

Televsual Delights

Saw myself on TV, tell me-
Do I really look that small?
Is that how people see me,
Or is it because you're all so tall?
I saw you 3 times today,
I ignored you the last time because I was scared.
The times before I only saw a glimpse
As I channel surfed through people's faces
How could I be sure you were looking at me
Or did I just imagine it that way?
With your hair of dying embers
Eyes so deep and green
Polka freckles on snowy skin
I should have asked you to marry me
Like I see all the time on TV.

©Charlie F. Kane

28/08/08

Charlie F. Kane

Tell Her I Said 'hello'

When you see her, tell her I said 'hello',
And let her know that I still think of her.
Tell her I miss her hair, her fingertips,
And the way she reads books.
Tell her I miss the way her lips spell words
And when she smiles you'll know
Why I promised to follow wherever she'd go.
If you kiss her, ask if she ever thinks of me
And that I still lie awake at night and think
Of some foolish thing I could have done,
But she may have forgotten me by now.

Whenever you see her,
Just tell her I said 'hello'.

©Charlie F. Kane

28/7/08

Charlie F. Kane

The Astronaut's Song

It gets lonely up in space.
Floating around on your own.
Stuck in a little tin can
For weeks that never end.
The same walls day in,
Day out.
It feels like it'll never end.

Sitting here,
Wishing something
Would change.

The wonders of the stars
Do not last.
You see them shine
And shine
And shine
And shine on in an eternal cycle.

Sitting here,
Wishing something
Would change.

I fly round the moon again.
The craters all look the same.
I try to find the
Dark side of the moon,
But there isn't one.
In fact, it's all
Just dark.

Sitting here,
Wishing something
Would change.

Fly around
And around,
And maybe something
Will change.

But it's lonely up in space.

© Charlie F. Kane

3/04/06

Charlie F. Kane

The Boy Who Fell To Earth

I was caught in the rain
But I was too busy dreaming
Too notice that I was getting wet.
In life you are so faithful
To a better man than I ever am
So I shall keep you in my dreams.

Don't you know that I am
Thinking of you in ways
That are not quite right.
I wish these arms were holding you
So close and so tight.

But the dreams are better in the night
Because when you hold them up to light
They all seem to disappear
And illusions don't seem so near.

I do not wish to take happiness from you
Or to inflict pain upon you
But I do wish you were mine.
When I fell to earth I found you first
And did not know you had caught me.

Well, you've got me now, it's for time to tell
Whether I shall keep dreaming
Or whether it should all come true.
And with these visions formed in shades of gold
You know I'd never want to let you down.

©Charlie F. Kane

28/5/08

Charlie F. Kane

The City At Night

The city is very beautiful at night.
To see the shimmering lights
In the buildings around,
Beacons to the minds eye.
The cars slide through the dark
And then disappear again
Into the dark corners of the nights.
The people weave in and out
Of the fabric of the night air,
Appearing briefly as a
Silhouetted puppets in the night sky.
The city is always very beautiful at night.

© Charlie F. Kane

6/04/06

Charlie F. Kane

The Finer Things In Life

Sometimes life goes
By so fast,
You can forget to stop
And take it all in,
And you forget
About the small things,
The finer things in life.
Like a cold drink
On a sunny summer day,
Or your favourite
Song playing on the radio,
Or the dark hush
Of the cinema before
The movie starts.
Or the smell of
You home when you
Return after a holiday.
Or singing along to
Some old song
With your friends.
Or reading your
Favourite book again,
Or walking through
The park on a sunny day,
Watching the people
Mill about,
Wrapped up in
Their own lives.
Sometimes it just
Makes sense to
Stop and look around
For a while.

© Charlie F. Kane

1/04/06

Charlie F. Kane

The Grass Was Greener...

The grass was greener
When I was younger.
Or, at least it was greener
In my mind.
In my memory of a
Long, forgotten childhood
Lots of things are different,
I remember the long, endless
Summer of eternal sunshine.
I remember the winters to
Be full of snow,
In which I would run and play,
Hoping that Santa might
Come this year.

Why isn't the grass
As green as it was in my mind?
Why aren't the summers
As long and so full of sunshine
And joy? Now, they are
Full of summer rain.
Why aren't the winters as
Fun in the snow? Now,
I only feel blizzards blowing
Me away, and making the buses
Late for college again.

It gives no hope for the future
If the grass was greener
In my mind.

© Charlie F. Kane

29/03/06

Charlie F. Kane

The Guests At This Hotel

The moon shone bright
And it made the stars hide away.
Marilyn watches from a window
As she makes up her face,
And cries "O, Romeo, O Romeo"
But Romeo does not hear her cries,
But the Phantom of the Opera
Living next door listens silently to her call.
And Jean Valjean is trying to shake off
The remnants of number 24601.

Helen and Paris do not make a sound,
They are afraid of who might hear,
They tried to be heroes once,
Doomed to failure they now lie together in piece.
Poe ties up his shoelaces,
Wishing that he had somewhere to go.
Superman sits in the bar taking no joy in a gin,
He has hung up his cape now the criminals
Have become replace by so-called freedom fighters.

There is a little stage in the bar,
One spotlight and a fog of German Expressionist smoke,
And a piano where Mozart used to sit.
Well Janis Joplin sings for the first hour,
Till she is replaced with Lady Day.
They sing songs of love and loneliness,
Because they know how it feels to be that way.
And all the patrons are shouting
As Cain and Abel strike up a fight,
And Dylan Thomas groans at the noise,
And orders another for the road.

When the noise quiets down
Lennon cleans his glasses
And moves a knight to E4.
To which Brutus moves just a pawn.
Calypso puts a love song on the jukebox,
In the hope that Odysseus will see,

But he has turned his attentions onto little Joan of Arc.
Hidden behind sunglasses the disgraced Jocasta moves in
And pulls up a seat next to Bette Davies.
She strikes a cigarette and Bette asks if she has one spare.

On the balcony above Hamlet looks at the moon
And thinks about his place in this lonely world.
All he can hear is the sound of the TV
That Jim Morrison listens to next door,
And will probably be hearing in all night.
He laughs as he sees Ophelia cradling flowers on the floor.
She thinks he is romantic as she plans her grand gesture
Of unrequited suicide by drowning in their bath.

Down in the kitchens they prepare for the feast,
They sharpen their knives and go looking for a beast.
It takes a lot to fill a crowd,
And they are so many of the patrons of this hotel.
In the restaurant decorated in tasteful reds and golds,
Dionysius eyes up the wine list,
And thinks about getting back to the show.
A voice rises "Excuse me, sir, I think you better be leaving
You are invited with invitation only,
And we can only turn you away if you cannot produce one."
And I return out of the door,
I walk past an arguing Anthony and Cleopatra,
They cannot decide who should drive the car
And I laugh at how much they look like
Richard Burton and Elizabeth Taylor,
Who I had seen eating a meal not two minutes before.

And as I look up at the moon-filled and star-less sky,
I think that I was pleased to see only a glimpse
Of what curiosities lay in that establishment,
Though I carry the caricature
That van Gogh painted for me.
And I wonder what the purposes could be
When Casanova flicked peas at Leo Tolstoy.
I wonder what the purpose could be,
I can imagine that I shall never see,
And perhaps I should not know.

©Charlie F. Kane

Charlie F. Kane

The Last Of The Romantics

The last of the romantics,
Last of a dying breed.
A rose held in a tight grip-
A present for the thought
Of the one he loves.
The last of the romantics.
A red rose encased in barbed wire.
The last of the romantics,
One among a dying breed.
The last of the romantics-
Proud to be individual,
Hates feeling so alone.
The last of the romantics-
Dancing in the rain.
The last of the romantics-
Kissing under moonlight.
The last of the romantics-
Raging against the light,
Fighting against been torn down.

As long as romance exists there is hope,
And the last of the romantics will remain so.

Charlie F. Kane

The Lottery

Money does not buy happiness,
But if I won the lottery it would certainly
Give me a helping hand.
I would spend it on removing
Those students debts
That will keep on dragging me down.

I could start a theatre company,
And we would tour and perform
If I won the lottery.
I could buy my parents a new house,
Probably by the seaside,
With a chair in the sun.

I would buy myself a Plymouth Fury '58,
Red and cream,
Then call her 'Christine'.
If I won the lottery,
I would buy you a monkey,
Or a llama or a duck.

If I won the lottery
I would buy any crazy thing
You asked me of me.
If I won the lottery,
Some of it would have to go
To a charity.
If I won the lottery,
You and me,
Might be so happy.

Charlie F. Kane

The Mole People Players

The Mole People Players
Are in rehearsals today,
Getting their show on the road.
Let's do this; let's do that,
With the Mole People Players
There's a new idea everyday.

The Mole People Players
Are rehearsing today,
Let's make this more surreal,
Let's make this bit more humorous,
We'll make 'em laugh,
We'll make 'em cower.
Slowly their show comes together.

When they're told
To change this and that,
The Mole People Players
Pay no attention to the outsider.
'We do this our way, '
Said the small one,
'This is our piece,
Our art,
We do what we want to do'
The Mole People Players agree
And their rehearsal goes on.

The big day for
The Mole People Players is today.
Today is the day
They get their show on the road,
Today is the day
They show all they've done.
Today is the day the Mole People Players
Feel proud.

Lights go down,
Nerves kick in,
And the show of

The Mole People Players begins.

23/3/06

Charlie F. Kane

The Motorbike

The motorbike before me
Is a bleak tribute to industry.
It leans slightly to one side
Balanced only by some rod.

It mocks me.
With its dull metal body,
Its spokes and gears
All added to an insult to Nature.

I think of all the people,
Who have been killed on or by a motorbike.
How long will it be before the riders' time is up?
Will he take anyone with him?

Right now,
I would give anything to be rid of it.
An insult to my plans
And an insult to Nature.

1/07/06

Charlie F. Kane

The Odyssey

Illiums' ruins burn behind me,
I stand on the shore and
Stare out across the wine-dark sea.
I pretend your standing on the shores of Ithaca,
Looking out across the sea for me.
I still see your face in my mind,
10 years cannot have changed your beauty,
Because now I'm coming home,
Coming home for you,
And I pray to the Gods that you're still waiting for me.

The Gods curse me,
They do not give me a pause from my toils.
We battle on, but my crew are weary,
The years have rolled by since Illium,
And I still have my memory of you,
And I hope that you think of me too.
I'm doing all this so I can come home to you.

Gods, I pray,
Make sure she's waiting for me,
Gods, please make sure she's waiting for me.

I grab onto a branch for dear life.
I have seen my crew slaughtered
In front of my eyes, I truly am alone now.

Waves carry me along,
I have lost everything.
How many more lives will the Gods take,
So I can see your face again?
How much more must I do to see your face again?

Trapped.
Stuck here against my will.
The devil woman makes me suffer.
She has beauty, but nothing compared to you.
I pray every night and day that she will let me go.
But I have little hope.

All I have is the memory of your face in my mind's eye.

Escape,
I sailed away from the nymph's island,
I sailed to a land of friendly people.
They treat me nicely, I tell them of my journey.
It has been 20 years since I last saw your face.

They are taking me home.
They put me on a ship with everything I need,
I am back in power, the men at my command,
But most of all I'm coming home to you.
I'm coming back to see you face,
Time and trials have withered mine,
I hope neither have touched you.
I shall see your face again,
After all my trials,
I shall see your face again,
I pray to the Gods that you have waited for me,
As I have for you.

© Charlie F. Kane

25/2/06

Charlie F. Kane

The Only Living Boy In Brum

Taking the train back homeward bound,
A poet with a suitcase in hand.
The people walk into me like I were a ghost,
They just can't see beyond where they want to go,
Looks like I'm the only living boy in Brum.

Break a tenner into change-
Enough to carry me home.
I sit on the bus as it goes through the city,
See all the places I used to go,
They only hold memories for the only living boy in Brum.

Selfridges looms like a tower of golf balls.
Somebody climbed it once,
I saw the pictures on local TV,
But I watch a different channel now.
The only living boy in Brum.

There was a time,
That this place was the world to me,
But I have moved on
And it does not welcome back the only living boy in Brum.

Charlie F. Kane

The Phantom's Requiem

I look back and I think,
Is this what I wanted to be?
I lay back and I think
About the life that I remember.

I hid my face away.
I was told that none would care to look upon it.
I tired for a time to pretend that it did not matter,
But masks can only stay up for so long.
Instead my heart was breaking,
The smiles I was faking,
Just to fade the tears away.

When I was young I tried to fit in.
But the way the others treated me
Was enough to make me feel like
I wanted to just hide away.
When I was young that made me feel appearance
Was, oh so, important,
And they did not change as they got older.

I tried to escape by writing,
And, I suppose, it's the only way I could.
That brief moment when your life does not seem as important
As those that are played out before you on the page.

The music gave relief.
The more I learnt the more I developed.
With each new song I would become enveloped,
Praising the arrangement or the playing,
Or the singing, or, most importantly, the words.
It gave me something to aspire to.
That if I could write so well,
People would see the truth of me,
Not just some caricature.
I once imagined myself as the singer,
Although I would never admit it to others,
But I imagined the accolades and the attention I would receive.

Above all,
Above everything,
I wanted her to take notice of me,
I wanted her to love me as I loved her.
I loved her.
I loved her so I wanted her to be a success.
I wanted her to receive all the attention I could not,
I wanted her to speak the words that were on the pages I had written.

But it was never going to be.
She could not see beyond the mask,
I could not even dare to open my lips
To repeat the words I had written for her.
I could not dare to tell her how I feel.
The mask pulled me back.
I could only dream of been without it.

As I lay back and I think,
Of the life that has gone behind me,
I can only sit and think and dream.
Otherwise I face only loneliness and regret.

Charlie F. Kane

The Poet At 19 And 9 Days

The poet at 19 and 9 days
Has not entirely changed.
Still I fall into my old ways
Even though I should have aged.

Still I bear that sad look on my face
Still I brood over another girl,
I cannot seem to find my place
Where I shall find a treasured pearl.

I have not written a masterpiece,
And I carry more ideas around than cards
I search to find a niche
But I'm just another of the angst filled bards.

So goes the life of the poet at 19 and 9 days,
Still looking for a job that pays.

©Charlie F. Kane

23/1/08

Charlie F. Kane

The Real Me

Would you still be able to love me,
If you could see behind this façade?
How would you feel if you saw
The Real Me?

This mask I wear
Is only for show,
To ease the pain
Of being. But,
What would you think
If I let my mask slip?
What you hate what you
Found behind its hollow eyes?
Would you make me take
The rest of the mask off,
So you can see The Real Me?

Behind the mask
Is only me, the part
Of me that hasn't seen
The light of day,
Would you still be able
To love me, knowing about
The Real Me?

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28/3/06

Charlie F. Kane

The Sea

Foam horses lay across the shore
Before disappearing,
They become like golden flecks of light
In the early morning sunshine.

The sea is timeless.
It will flow long after I die
It will carry on its eternal and endless cycle.

I am not a man of science.
I do not pretend to understand how is all works,
I just watch and observe
As the tide creeps in
And swallows the rocks.

The sea is timeless.
It is eternal and immutable.
It spread so far
It eventually disappears
From my vision.

The sea is timeless.
The sea is unforgiving.
Those caught within the grip of its icy claws
Can only be prayed for.

But beauty lies in its power,
For every life it claims another one is fulfilled.
The sea is timelessly beautiful, it could swallow
You whole or leave you afloat.

The sound is one I repeat in my dreams,
The waves building and rising,
Then they crash
Against the
Sand.

Such calm within such power.

Oh, to hear that sound.
It is one that could never be forgot.

The sea is timeless.
I am not the first to be amazed
And I will certainly not be the last.
What I would give to take out my mobile phone
And hurl it into the sea so it can claim another one of its victims.
I can release myself of these shackles,
This weight holding me down,
I will toss and hurl it
Into the belly of the timeless sea
And it will drown
The anchors holding me down.

The sea is timeless,
And so is anything
That it stakes a claim to.

©Charlie F. Kane

Charlie F. Kane

The Street Where All The Happy People Live

A bright and early summer morning,
Though it's not really summer
This side of town
Is always full of sunshine.

You turn left and pass
The street where all the happy people live.
The first house you go pass
Holds the owner of the local pub,
His wife and his kids.
He's a happy man,
Loves his job,
Loves his kids,
Loves his wife.
It's only a shame
They don't love him back.
The house next door is
The cellblock of
Former jolly man,
Whose family were killed tragically
In a car accident.
He holds his head high on the street,
They respect and admire him for it,
But inside in the dark he cries bitter tears.
There's another family next door,
The most loving couple
You could wish to meet,
As long as she does exactly what he says,
For fear of what he'll do to her again
If she does not do as told.
On the other side
Lives another jolly family.
Expect for the young boy,
Rejected by parents who so
Rarely acknowledge his existence,
So he plans to move away permanently
To that old undiscovered country.
The next-door housewife
Sits alone all day

And the nights in the company
Of a different man.

As you move out of
The street where all the happy people live
And you see distant rain clouds on the horizon,
A storm is looming,
Perhaps it isn't summer here after all.

© Charlie F. Kane

6/04/06

Charlie F. Kane

The Vampyre

The crypt is cold and empty,
Moss growing upon the wall,
The monster sleeps alone.

The bats have left the belfry
The graveyard is full of
The victims of the Undead,
Undead, Undead, Undead.

Black satin cape,
Red velvet lines
Flowing down a virgin's neck,
Undead, Undead, Undead, Undead.

The bats have left the belfry
The graveyard is full of
The victims of the Undead,
Undead, Undead, Undead.

The monster sleeps inside
With the stake above his chest
And is plunged down
Undead, Undead, Undead, Undead.

The victims are all bleed,
Servants to the Undead
Now the Monster is slain
And is dead, is dead, is dead Undead

©Charlie F. Kane

Charlie F. Kane

These Cold Eyes

So,
You want to see who's inside?
You want to know what lies beyond these cold eyes?
Then you'll just have to claw your way through this disguise.

So,
You want to go inside?
To see the truths hidden in these cold eyes?
Then you'll have to claw through all of my lies.

You think you can tell who lies beyond these cold eyes?
You think you can see the monsters that lurk within?
But you have never been inside the icy hollows,
You have never seen through these cold eyes.

Charlie F. Kane

These Words I Write For You...

These words I write for you I know you will never read,
Because you do not know that they even exist.
I write these words for you because I think I love you,
Or at least, I love my idea of you,
And you will never know about these words I write for you.
If I did not write these words for you
Then these words would not get communicated at all,
And they would be left inside my head,
Boiling over till I can not contain them anymore,
And so it produces these words that I write for you.
If only you knew of these words I write for you,
But you do not know they exist at all,
And I wonder what you would think,
If you knew about all of these words I write for you.

Charlie F. Kane

Thief

You are a thief, because there is an empty spot
On the shelf where I used to keep my heart.
You must have got pass the CCTV,
Charmed the security guard on duty,
Snuck past the barriers and climbed over the walls.
And now these if dust gathering
In the spot my heart used to be.

I'm not asking for it back,
But I do ask you take care of it,
It's very fragile, it's been broken before.
Polish it every now and again
And don't forget that it's yours now.

©Charlie F. Kane

9/04/07

Charlie F. Kane

This Is My Life

So the newspaper tells me to change my ways,
'The outlook is bad for Capricorn for this week',
Well I say 'It's my life'
And I'll live it how I want,
Because this is my life.
I'm taking it how it comes,
Because this is my life.

Ol' Frank Sintra told me to do it my way,
So that's my mantra because this is my life.
I don't want to live any other way,
Because, after all, this is my life.
I think that since this is my life,
That I'm the best person to know how to handle it
Because this is my life.

I wouldn't want to trade,
I've got what I want
And I don't brood on what I haven't
Because this is my life,
And it's the only one I got.
I'm not changing myself
Just to live my life your way,
Because, after all,
And you can never take away the fact,
That this is my life.

13/08/06

Charlie F. Kane

This Is Your Life

Wake up for the dawn chorus
And the cold rain of the shower.
Then you move on to
A piece of burnt toast,
But only if you have the time.

You find yourself asking,
"Is this my life?
I don't remember it starting?
Did I miss the word 'go'?" "

Monotonous hours watching
A grey computer monitor
Whirr and churn away
Like a meat grinder,
Cutting up another piece of your sanity.

You find yourself asking,
"Is this my life?
I don't remember it starting?
Did I miss the word 'go'?" "

You get home and watch
A black box of dull images
And shiny, shiny faces.
They tell you if you live like them
You'll find happiness in the surgeons' knife.

You find yourself asking,
"Is this my life?
I don't remember it starting?
Did I miss the word 'go'?" "

You right,
This isn't your life,
You should be running free,
Doing what you please.
You should be out in the air,
Making each like the days

When you were a child,
Running happy and free.

But change isn't so easy
When everyone else is
As stuck as you are.
So sit back down,
And think about tomorrow.

©Charlie F. Kane

6/04/06

Charlie F. Kane

This Moment, This Feeling...

This moment, this feeling,
I feel like King of the Mountain,
Looks like there is a ship on the horizon,
Saved from my isle of loneliness.
Seems like I might have a chance for once.
Upbeat music makes my foot tap,
Await for my phone to start buzzing,
Just to hear from you helps uplift my mood.
The sun shines down and warms my neck.
Glass of coke, not cold but very welcome.
Deep sigh like this- Ahhhhhhhhhhhh.
Oh if this moment and this feeling were to last forever.

(1/07/07)

Charlie F. Kane

Thoughts On Dylan Thomas' Grave

The weather could not have been better
It so suited the grass and the fields.

A simple cross, I had been told, was all it was
But if that were so why were there no others like it?
I said 'hello' and sat by the side and offered my thanks
For he was a portion of why I write these lines.

In my minds eye it seemed like a postcard picture-
Perfectly formed if you ignored the dull roar
Of the traffic that came rolling down the hill.
I instead focused on the colours-
The white and grey of the gravestones,
Green and yellow grass, black words in a special font
Spelling out his name and the date.

I took a stone. It was part red, part grey,
It stood out from the blank rocks that lay around.
I held it in my palms, passing it between them,
Then it departed to my pocket.
I hold it now, and close my eyes.
The postcard comes back.

©Charlie F. Kane

16/7/08

Charlie F. Kane

Through The Motions Darkly

I got no money in my coat,
And my shoes are wearing thin,
And I'm regretting everything I've been.

My hands shake from a thousand drops,
Could do with a dropp tonight,
But my head is bothering me.

Can't feel the rush any more,
I've stayed clean for tonight,
Oh no, not again
As the planet is spinning
And I got no money I know.

So I'm going through the motions darkly,
We all know I'm going nowhere,
Hyped up before hitting that low.

Keep trying to tell myself,
It'll all end up alright,
But oh no, I know,
I mightn't stay clean tonight,
Oh no.

But that feeling in my head is killing me,
Can't shake it off and I've got the thirst,
Not again.

So I'm going through the motions darkly,
We all know I'm going nowhere,
Hyped up before hitting that low.

©Charlie F. Kane

10/03/07

Charlie F. Kane

Two Can Play That Game

You're not the only dreamer,
As you know I am one too.
We chose the muse to fill the shoes
Of whoever we obsess about.
You once dreamed me as a Jesses James,
Then accused me as a Robert Ford,
But it was you who pulled the trigger.
You somehow think that I let you down,
But you know that it isn't really like that,
You say that you're so hurt, then how come
You never speak it? Then again,
I rarely hear you talk at all.

©Charlie F. Kane

15/04/07

Charlie F. Kane

Vincerò (I Shall Win)

You may kick sand in my face,
You may knock me to the ground,
But I remain strong.

Fate may have dealt me a strange hand,
Time might not be on my side,
I may not have it all right now,
But I shall not be defeated.

I can take the reigns,
I can take control,
I shall be my own destiny,
I will not take it lightly,
I will not stand by quietly
And let others hold me.
You shall not defeat me,
You shall not win.

You can not have me,
I am my own man,
I can no longer be held back,
You shall not hold the reigns of fate,
You shall not keep me down,
You shall not subdue me,
Because I shall win!
I shall take control
And I shall win!
You cannot stop me now,
My life is mine to make
And I shall not lose,
No- I shall win.

I shall win.

©Charlie F. Kane

9/03/08

Viva La Revolution!

...round in circles! "
Working hard for
Some guy in a nice office,
Wearing a nice suit and tie,
Probably very expensive too.
I work hard for nothing.
I get enough
To live on basic minimums,
I haven't smiled
Since I was a child.
I can't take this anymore,
We can't take this anymore.
It's time for a change.

We'll be marching on the streets,
Banners waving reds and greens,
Voice raised in unison,
'It's time for change! '
The people fight on the corners,
'The time for change is now! '
They cry, the people have spoken,
Viva la revolution!

The men in the expensive suits sit
Scared in their offices.
They hear the cries of the
People on the streets,
They know their time is up,
The time for change is in.
They make their pacts,
'You go this way,
And I'll go that.
I become someone new,
As far I now know,
I never met you.'
They run away,
Leaving the offices empty.

We're marching on the streets,
Banners waving reds and greens,
Voice raised in unison,
'It's time for change! '
The people fight on the corners,
'The time for change is now'
They cry, the people have spoken,
Viva la revolution!

The change is come.
The people on the streets
Find the offices that
Used to hold the men in suits.
They take it over.
The revolution has come.

We're marching on the streets,
Banners waving reds and greens,
Voice raised in unison,
'It's time for change! '
The people fight on the corners,
'The time for change is now'
They cry, the people have spoken,
Viva la revolution!

The people on the streets
Return to their homes
Weary and glad the change has come.
They will go on to tell
The children of the revolution,
How they marched on the streets,
Banners waving high,
Reds and greens,
How people fought on the streets.
How they cried,
And brought about the change.
A new leader is appointed to
Make their lives better.
He takes a nice little office,
And buys himself a new
Expensive suit.
Out with the old,

In with the old.
"This just goes..."

© Charlie F. Kane

29/3/06

Charlie F. Kane

Waiting For My Muse

Stuck inside alone.
Thinking 'bout what I could be writing,
If I had an idea.

Stuck inside my own head,
Praying for inspiration.
Shifting through half-baked ideas.

But what I'm really doing
Is waiting for my muse.
I haven't met her yet,
And I don't know who she is,
But still I'm waiting for my muse.

I'm sure she's out there,
Stroking her ginger hair,
Or playing with her blonde hair.
I'm just waiting for the day,
That she throws her big brown,
Or green or blue eyes my way,
And I will have found my muse.

When I meet my muse,
I'm sure I'll know it's her.
I'm sure I'll concoct some verse
About how her eyes met mine
And how her face lighted up,
And how we feel in love,
And all the lovely things she does
That gets me writing.

Till then I stuck inside alone,
Thinking of what I could be writing,
But I know that I'm just waiting for my muse.

13/08/06

Wasted Time

When I lie upon my deathbed,
Will I brood on wasted time?
Will I lie and think about all the
Things I have not done?
All the times I spent lying around,
Waiting for the time to change?
Will I ponder about all the things
I was too scared to do?
Will I think myself foolish
For all the times I said 'No'?
Will I pray for another year
So I can make up for wasted time?

I suppose that is years away yet.
I still have some time left.

© Charlie F. Kane

15/4/06

Charlie F. Kane

We Don't Need Big Brother

We don't need Big Brother.
We don't need to watch other people
For our own amusement.

We don't need Big Brother
Following us all around.
We don't need Big Brother
Watching us all the time.

1984 is 22 years gone,
And Big Brother lives on.
Wannabes and losers vying
For our attention,
Hoping for fame,
Which lasts for 15 minutes,
If their lucky.

What a world we have become,
When we rely on Big Brother
To feed us idiots to follow around.
We have become Big Brother,
Yet 1984 is 22 years gone.

1/08/06

Charlie F. Kane

Weatherspoons

1.

I sit on this table alone,
Our regular seats are taken,
But it will not take long before my friends are here.

I try my best not to listen
Into the table next to mine's conversation,
But it is oh so hard to avoid.

There is a sea of unknown faces around.
The voice become like waves,
Become indistinguishable from each other.
I am drowning on my own.

2.

The couple sitting opposite me
Can't help but watch me.
They face me, not each other,
And I'm sure they ponder what I could be scribbling.
I feel like telling them
That I write nothing about them,
But that has become a lie,
I should tell them my main theme
Is normally and invariably
Me.

3.

People never stop fascinating me!
I watch these forms and entities
Ones who have seen more years than I ever have.
It is hard, for one to conceive,
Of a world where I do not exist,
Or think of a world that turns
When I am not then.

4.

How must others see me?
A hat wearing boy,
He writes in his notebook,

A diary?
The coke close at hand for a swig
Of the rum concealed within.
Can't breakaway,
Can't get out of his mess,
I am putting myself through this
Through choice,
And I only have myself to blame.

5.
I don't mean to suggest.
That I am bitter.

©Charlie F. Kane

1/06/07

Charlie F. Kane

What Do You Mean...

What do you mean
When you say you would have me
If the circumstances were different?
Do you say this as drunken meaningless?
Or do you tell me as the booze
Has loosened your tongue?
Do you wish to toy with this boys heart?
Do you wish just to be nice to me?

No matter what you say or mean,
No matter how much I daydream
The status between us will not change.
So what do you mean
By causing me to dream?

©Charlie F. Kane

23/1/08

Charlie F. Kane

What It Is To Be Lonely

It is without.
It is needing.
It is wanting,
To be talked to
To be touched,
To be human again.

Charlie F. Kane

What You'd Hear

Lord, if you could hear me now!
Just what would you think?
Would it come as no surprise to you,
Maybe you've already guessed
That the words were always about you?
Would you see me in a different light?
Would the status quo between us
B
R
E
A
K?
Would you pity
The poor writing boy?
Would I become another casual lie
To tell all your friends?
Would you believe my bleeding heart
When I say I need you?
Would you believe my breaking heart
When I say I love you?

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Charlie F. Kane

When We Are Older...

When we are older
I shall remember your name,
And I will say I knew you
Long before they did
When you started small,
And I shall say-
I was not the first to love you
But my feelings were true-
I really loved you.
I wonder if you'll remember me too?

©Charlie F. Kane

Charlie F. Kane

Where Has All The Sunshine Gone?

Just another face in a crowded sea,
Just another statistic for you to see.
Hold onto the picture frame,
Lifeline between you and me.

Where has all the sunshine gone?
Why did my love go away?
Where has all the sunshine gone?
Why did she go away?

Counting all the words
Within these lines.
Finding a way of just passing time,
There's nothing left for me.

Where has all the sunshine gone?
Why did my love go away?
Where has all the sunshine gone?
Why did she go away?

Why am I in the rain?
Why do I howl amidst a storm?
Why do I just scream and cry?
Where has all the light gone?

Where has all the sunshine gone?
Why did my love go away?
Where has all the sunshine gone?
Why did she go away?

©Charlie F. Kane

Charlie F. Kane

Who Am I?

Who am I?

Well,

I'm generous and stubborn,

I am and lover and I am a sinner,

I'm an optimistic pessimist,

And I'm a cynical romantic.

I'm a contradiction,

Who doesn't know where he's going,

But remembers where he's been.

I have no plans for the future,

Only dreams of them.

And I'm somewhat more than a bunch of words.

© Charlie F. Kane

9/07/06

Charlie F. Kane

Who Are You?

So, who are you?
Who are you today?
What kind of mood
Are you in today?
Angry? Feeling dissident
Towards society and
The people in it?
Creative? Feeling like
A poet today?
Will you sit down and
Write your troubles today?
So please tell me,
Who are you?
Who are you today?

Perhaps the musician today?
Feeling like a rock star?
Jamming your thoughts away,
Thinking about your next album,
Hating anyone in the way?
No, perhaps today you are
The scholar, you'll sit down
And sit and study.
Maybe enlighten us with
Your knowledge.
Please, who are you?
Because I really need to know.

Are you the lover today?
Brooding over some girl
Who probably doesn't even
Know your name?
No, you look like the traveller today,
As in your mind you're travelling
A million miles from here.
So, who are you?
Who are you feeling like today?
Please, not the evangelistic today,
"The world is going to Hell,

And what are you going to do? "
I don't know, how about you?
So not him today.
Maybe the philosopher instead,
Sitting and thinking
About life and such other
Related occupations.
Please,
Who are you today?

So come on,
Who are you today?
I really want to know.
So you're the passenger today?
Sitting down,
Enjoying the view
And smiling at the scenery.
Good enough,
Let's go.

© Charlie F. Kane

11/04/06

Charlie F. Kane

Why Can't I Say 'I Miss You'?

I never seem to say 'I miss you'
Although I really do.
Being apart is making me mad,
Because together, it was the best time I've ever had.
We did so much in so little time,
But as I sit alone and think on everything we did,
I smile to myself because I know
That'll we'll meet again.

©Charlie F. Kane

16/7/08

Charlie F. Kane

Wish You'd Care

This is a big, big place,
And it be out of line for a guy like me
To so much as began to ask your name.
You know just how pretty you are,
I guess you just caught my eye
But how I wish, I wish you'd care.

I can pretend all I like
To be somebody I'm not
In order to set out to win you,
But I can never change who I am
And you'd never ask me to stay.
How I wish, I wish you'd care.

My drink has run out,
And I don't think I can take any more
So it's now or never
Just to ask your name,
But instead I shuffle right by you,
And I never see you again.
How I wish, I wish you'd care.

©Charlie F. Kane

Charlie F. Kane

You Should Know...

You should know-
I would run to you when called,
I would fight your corner,
If I had more violent fists,
I would argue your case
More than any lawyer,
I would stay by you
If you only wanted me too,
I would sing a hallelujah,
If it meant something to you.
I would do anything
You commanded me to
And I would do it
Because I love you.

©Charlie F. Kane

Charlie F. Kane

Young At Heart

I hope that time treats you well,
I hope that your dream will come true,
I hope that Fate looks after you
And I hope you remain young at heart.

I hope that you are never without,
I hope that your smile stays on,
I hope you will always remain strong
And I hope you remain always young at heart.

I hope you will have courage
I hope love will always find you
Even if it is not me with you,
And I hope you will remain young at heart.

I hope your smile will stay so beautiful,
I hope that age looks after you
I hope you never wish to fade away
And I hope you will remain so young at heart.

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9/03/08

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