

Poetry Series

Roger Bewman
- poems -

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Roger Bewman(1976 BC)

Was born in Virothiom during the Hicus Pocus days. Gulliver was the king of Googleland and I was a wanderer in life's supersonic wavelengths and gravitational ways.

At the age of 6 I was lost in Budapest and found by philoarty paintress named Dolores. Till the age of 16 tryin' to escape her remote hideaway with no mirrors, through the motorway. But the trick was to go through the forest. Met a homeless girl called Alice and helped me to get back to Virothiom. The journey took 13 years or so, cause she was a spy spider of Dolores. Now here back in Virothiom everything has changed. Even my face looks rippled.

Somehow I miss Dolores...

1 Fake Smile

Smile for one more mile
boat cruisin on river Nile

Smile hold your thoughts
Never be sad child

1 fake smile is all you have to give
1 fake smile and your fake dreams

...will succeed

Roger Bewman

10 Numbers And 21 Words

1ove - Love unfolds

2oo - Zoo master

3lue - Blue oceans

4ards - Yards away

5mile - Smile emoticon

6ottles - Bottles

7unk - Junk Food

8nfinity - Infinity of space

9eographic - Geographic differences

Over - Over the limit

Roger Bewman

2 Cups Of Depression

Trapped in this field of sonic aggression

Unable to distinguish rhythm from rhyme

Urban style freak contemplatin loose ends

Alienated in this hardcore river of trends

Speak louder to be friendly

2 cups of depression

all he has

2 cups of depression

all fake colours of expression

Roger Bewman

2 Whiskeys And 1 Packet Of Nuts

Two whiskeys and one packet of nuts
isn't the future to your guts

Leave the pub and go home
kiss your wife&kids, make love and visit Rome

While back home don't storm back to the pub
for two whiskeys and a packet of nuts

Do you want to be another numero of stats?

Roger Bewman

20 Women And A Monk

20 women lookin' at him
they didn't realise he was drinkin' Jim Beam

they twisted his beliefs
with nasty griefs

they planted a seed
of evil deed

20 women laughin' at him
they didn't realise he was close to Him

they poisoned his body
wrinkled his heart

they molested his past
and tore apart his future

A monk lookin' at them
He didn't realise they wanted his gem

He made them believe
With holy prosaic weave

He planted religion
With iron maiden legion

A monk laughin' at them
He didn't realise they were close to M

He drained their fire
Forfeited their lust

He vortexed their past
And illuminated their future

Roger Bewman

2008-; Ew ; Ear Rises

; ew year rises

new things new surprises

new experiences without rollin the dices

new opportunities new spices

with new rotations of mature adventurous slices

new travels new lovers new, colourful no requirin hard exercises

Roger Bewman

2008-Darkness Comes From...

Darkness comes from within they say
every now and then though darkness can come from without
darkness arch of shadows and splinters

so what is dark if i may ask?
is it evil disguised as an innocent duck
is it a smilin face talkin about grace

so what is dark?
is it sweet unparallel pleasure of lusty treasure
is it humankind's way of measure

Darkness of logic
Darkness of passion
Darkness covers all in glitterin fashion

Darkness now out in blueray disc
darkness will strike you will tempt you
disable all your inhibitions and abduct you
lure you to the world of pure sin
in the new agnostic front fin

Roger Bewman

3 Ways To Leave Your Lover

While in love blink your eye
she will smile, it's time to kiss her goodbye
cause she will know it's all a lie

While in love call her mom
she will laugh and kill your charm

While in love look in love
she will sense the way to kill your dove

Roger Bewman

3 Ways To Love Your Leaver

While leaving share one last kiss
you will smile and she will miss
miss your red hot chilli lips

While leaving tell her why
you'll feel better and she will cry

While leaving dissolve your treason
and go away for the season

Roger Bewman

5: 59

It's 5: 59
cannot rythme

Boycott Taz
and the lucid thoughts

An Alcatraz
of whispers

Take some pills
30 drops of sorrow

Fall to deep sleep
farewell....

Roger Bewman

A Little Bit Of It

Now is the time to find your self
trace your warm emotions
fever the mind and heart
with a bloomin star
it's not that far

Come along to this nice collection
dreams and confusion deceived you
yet still here to accomplish
the last plans

Can't you see you are floatin' on a wave
reflections and seizures of the past
sail away to the positive shores
at last

Roger Bewman

A Side Story?

The song remains the same
people change and the tranquillity becomes a game
Down beneath the crowded catacombs
clowns rush into the battle of the mobs
Emperors sittin' with lovely Rita
Soldiers crash with the Spiral Lord of Flames,
all this for Rita

The song remains a flame
people hide and the sorrow's too hard to tame
Up there in the congested brick walls
ight is lost, with no controls for the titanium malls

The song has actually changed
d hides behind
Who can fix this hole
on the green powder mall?

Here comes Miss Sphere
With no fear, but yes indeed plenty of ale beer
Fightin' Spiral Lord of Flames

Lovely Rita was a spy incognito
But she was caught holdin'
a magazino from planet Solanito

The song now is actually called
'Here comes something from cold turkey land'

Roger Bewman

A Story Of The Wanderer

Days go by
The sea is blue
The autumn breeze
The gut feelin' that
I don't belong

Soon this someone will be somewhere due
Notes dispersing in the moon's highlighted sky

The rain falls
Waterfalls in his mind
Lost decisions
Movements of eternity's wilderness

A libertine in a paper full of red notes
A flamingo surpassing the speed of life
Pen crafted marks questions of time once was

Smiles blend in with love
While his face cracks
The others laugh

Some distant
Once something else
Goodness gracious me
the fields eternal shine matures,
letting invigorating sensations

Fool in his own right
collecting circumstances
of someone else's truth...

A pint of Guinness please...

Cheers

Roger Bewman

A Story Of The Wanderer (Rhymed)

Days go by
The sea's blue dye
The autumn breeze
The gut feelin' freeze
So I start to tease
Surely I'm not at ease

Soon this someone will be somewhere due
Notes dispersing in the moon's highlighted view

The rain falls
Waterfalls in his mind
Lost decisions calls
Movements of eternity's wilderness find

A libertine in a paper full of red notes
A flamingo surpassing the speed of life quotes:
"Pen crafted marks questions of time once was dots"

Smiles blend in with love
While his face cracks
The others laugh

Some distant
Once something else
Goodness gracious me
The fields eternal shine matures,
letting invigorating sensations become dense

Fool in his own right
Collecting circumstance's light
of someone else's website

A pint of Guinness please...ght

Roger Bewman

Adam The Dog Part-I

Once upon long time ago little Adam came to life like Look who's talkin
Black and white he was like a Charlie Chaplin movie
Smart, lively, social like James Bond
You were my third brother, son and best friend like the Blues Brothers
We played games like Flamingo Kids
Swimmed together like in Deep Blue
Played with the snow like in Narnia
Ate together, even watched Clockwork Orange
Such an adorable dog like Lassie
You outlived your children with your wife Jazz
Dear Adam we all miss you.....

(Dedicated to the lovely dog called Adam)

Roger Bewman

Adam The Dog Part-II

Adam say farewell
A bass tune I play for you
Sing you a lullaby
Now sleep and say goodbye my dear friend

(Dedicated to the lovely dog called Adam)

Roger Bewman

Afraid Of Alfred Hitchcock's Movies?

Afraid of Alfred Hitchcock's movies?
How come?

Afraid of your partner?
Afraid of the world?
Afraid of heights?
Afraid of losing your job?
Afraid of doing something wrong?
Afraid of what?
Afraid of that?
Afraid of water?
Afraid of the dark?
Afraid of losing?
Afraid of death?
Afraid of yourself?

There many things to be afraid out there in
this wild world, but try and test yourself,
cause if you don't you might regret.

Hitchcock was afraid too but
he became one the greatest directors

Roger Bewman

All That Jazz!

Bro is the name
and fire is the game
earth is the time
drinkin juice and lime

Nurturing fussy logic
making sounds prologic
mixing dubbing pounds
pasturma hip mounts

Raping in the corners
systematic Warner's?
Atomic is to blame
Enola Gay is fame
What's the matter?
Antimatter?
or excruciating flutter?

Magnetic overload
is our assumed road
farewell and coocaraga

Roger Bewman

Architects And Lambradors Explanation

Architects exquisite book of self control
isn't laminated, isn't under oath

All the foundations of arts, crafts and soul
isn't architecture, isn't Johnson's board

They may seem laborious, they may seem so strong
They are stupid thinking they'll evolve

Who do they think they are?
With pencils, rulers, knives they're all barbarians with materialistic lives

They don't know what they need from life
they don't know what they speak
another sarcastic role they play
in world's abusive way

There's no use even knowing them
there's no use even trying
they're hypocrites, they're arrogant
they're selfish they're unkind

They wish to have a good career
with all means no strings attached
they even kiss a monkey face
although they will be trashed

They're not the high society
they're enthusiastic jerks
all talking with notoriety
they're lower than bank clerks

This book of self control is all just a lie
a pretender of instability

Vitriolic words their knife
they stab you in the back
they stab you in the heart
they stab you in the mind and soul

they even stab your pride

There's no way to approach them
if you're endocentric sided
you must be self destructive
you soon will be collided

Note: If any architects read this poemo don't take it personally. It was written during a very stormy period of an affair I had with an architect.

Roger Bewman

Augusto (Revised)

Why does the song have to be sad?
Suddenly you'd think it was ripped out of your heart
and this moment that I am filled with happiness
crept up to my lips and drowned me
Look out cause it's here

I love you but have no voice to express it
And this longing is unbearable
Melting with pain cause I also feel
The road we are heading is impassable
Be brave you tell me

How can I forget her fair hair
the sand, waterfalls bathing her
While she was leaning upon me a thousand kisses
diamonds which she offered
I'll go even if it turns out bad

In which ecstasy which magic dance
could this heavenly creature have been born?
From which distant star is this light
that is hiding in her two eyes?
and me, the lucky one to have seen it

In her gaze a tiny sky
Lighting, clouds unfolding
But when the night falls, light flows gently
an August's moon rises
and shines onto my inner prison'

Translated with the help of my older brother, from Greek lyrics of the song
'Augustos' from Niko Papazoglou. He is a great songwriter

Roger Bewman

Babel

Oxford? It's nine. 5000\$
What year? Come on let's go Aston Martin

At a party in Inverness
Met a beautiful Scottish lass
Her name was Jess
We talked and laughed all night
Drunk a bottle of Drambuie
And afterwards made pure love in the moonlight

Well you see she was my wife....

Roger Bewman

Bass Moves

Bass moves on an Alabama road
Stops outside Mississippi Delta
Learns a few new licks

Bass moves on a Siberian road
Stops outside Irkutsk
Learns a few new techniques

Bass moves on an African road
Stops outside the Republic of Botswana
Learns a new bass tune

Bass moves now have been everywhere
But still wishes to learn more
So goes to NASA and travels to Pluto

Roger Bewman

Bedtime Story

Once upon a time, long time in the future...

There was a Bedtime story that couldn't go to sleep

So Time thought of a trick in order to fool the Bedtime story.

Changed the name to Emit but still Bedtime story couldn't sleep

So Emit talked to Sleep and Sleep was renamed to Peels.

After that Bedtime story fell asleep, but couldn't dream.

So Emit and Peels talk to Dream and Dream changed name to Madre

Now Bedtime story was deep asleep having fairy dreams about time travel...

Goodnight sleep tight....

Roger Bewman

Beer Belly

Might have a beer belly
I am not perfect, I know I'm not Gene Kelly
But come on, it's not like jelly
Cause I practice every day with the telly
playin' Playstation with Shelley
Will I ever lose this belly?
I might do if I play 'Easy Lover'
with Phil Collins and Philip Bailey

Roger Bewman

Before

We were walkin' side by side
I was lookin' through your eyes
And you smiled ...so sweetly
There was fun when we were one

Chorus: But now we've grown apart
We couldn't see our love
As we did so fondly before

There were times we was fab
Don't you wish to be in love?
Don't you miss the things we've done?
Now we left ourselves cold outside

Chorus

Bridge: We learnt how to hide...
Our feelings inside...little girl

Night and day together well
Makin' love...
We were takin' photographs
But now all are glimpses of the past

(written for my exgirlfriend Christina)

Roger Bewman

Bet On Yet

Pardon me...

This horse will surely win.

Seldom see through the binoculars
Seldom see things going on...
things hidden outside our reach

Reach out and grab the news flash
Reach out and boogie...to life's infinity

Roger Bewman

Blot Of Ink

Bombarding Lee
Onboard Truth
Of Fine Ion Noble Kumquatree ...

Blot of Ink Blot of Ink
I am here alone for you to sing
I may lose my king
But chess is not the only thing
To make your heart bring
The joy of early spring
So spread your wing
And wear the ring
For I shall kiss your lovely swing

Roger Bewman

Boots On Hay

...started a mind play
ending in May
where may lay my boots on hay
boots on hay, the sky is not grey
boots on hay, life's felt better with an Earl Grey

Roger Bewman

Buddy Hollie Vs Chuck Berry

Roll over Beethoven to the rhythm of the oven
That'll be the Day for us to lay
Peggy Sue you have a red hairdo
then Maybe Baby I'll eat your baby
while Brown Eyed Handsome Man sits for a bevy.
Let's hear some Rock&Roll music Johnny B. Good
while your Sweet Little Sixteen becomes a queen.

Roger Bewman

Cambridge Blues

I could walk but I couldn't see
all those people running to be free.
When the sky turns to blue
I'll decide what to do with you,

and the tears inside my mind,
broken years I cannot simply rhyme.
Since the ink's inside to pen
I'll use it up and pray that someday... I may

see my whole life flow away.
There's something more I need to say:
"Now it's time to leave the scene,
otherwise I may be seen on screen."

Close your eyes, here have a dream,
let your joy blend with your primal scream.
Ways I crossed, ways I passed,
but now I'm thinking of my play's cast... at last.

I'll walk around and make some noise,
make some sense out of my life's choice.
There is nothing left to do,
but make the fire blow through me and you.

Wonders of dark crying clouds,
echoes pulsing by my mind sounds.
Battle cans in civil wars,
separate allies from our foes... who knows?

Suffocating by those blues,
never mind the grinning lonely fools.
Riddles baffled in remorse;
soon the knight will ride his horse... with force.

In the fields of love and hate
I've been trying to find my life's betrayed fate.
Trembling feet and naked fear,
memories reflecting on my beer... I'm here!

Roger Bewman

Capsized

Capsized in a rusty cage
Lickin dust with salty rage

Forty years and ninety beds
Lying dead in sinful sheds

Ready for conflict
Ready for war

You all hypocrites
All useless
Swallowing garbage
Talking shit

Punch the world
Poison the bustards
Amputate the manipulators

I'm your graveyard agent
Your lucky dip from hell

Roger Bewman

Christine

One sweet hot summer day met Christine
we were in an adventurous mood, so keen

Went abroad, went beyond
felt supreme, felt so good and bold
the two of us smiling, foolin' around, blindfold

Smile was our motto
Hot lovers, eager to fly with a high vibrato
as if we've won the lotto

Went to Ireland, went to Prague, went to Scotland
went to islands, went to sandy beaches
went to castles, forests and lakes,
museums, gigs, theaters and many other shows

She was lovely, I was confident
All seemed great, but somewhere
in the middle of our destined life,
our hearts collided instead

Boom! ! !

(Dedicated to Christine)

Roger Bewman

Cia

CIA you're a spray
You're a goat
You're a fig tree of ash and clay

Go away CIA
You're as filthy
as a 1963's day

CIA take your guns
and shove them up your arse
You're all hyppocrites
You're re all the disgusting pus

CIA you won't live another day
Unless you change your hair to grey
But that won't happen anyway
So piss off and go away

Roger Bewman

Circadian Rhythms

Silver drops in a foreign heart
gazing at the shapes of the sunset

you are the one made of passion and fairy tales
though now still a dream soon will be close

another chapter will unfold

Roger Bewman

Clash

Fought the law in the rock casbahian
of should i stay or should i go
London callin the police and thieves
death stars in the move

Rudie can't fail this mission
of death and glory
oh no police is on my back
Janie Jones must give a hand
to create the right profile

Spanish bombs stolen
in the card cheat game
from straight to hell
in this inoculated city
of dirty punks

Cool under heat still
life is wild in this dictator
play to win the mover and shakers
Jimmy Jazz are you lost in the supermarket
cause the guns of Brixton
are necessary in the street of parade
one more time

If music could talk
a rebel waltz will play
in a crooked beat
one more time

The magnificent seven up in heaven
in the junkie slip of junco partners
in the city of the dead way back
in 1977

Magnificent Clash

All the above are titles of Clash songs from their cool discography

Closer

Closer is nice

Closer is cosy

But closer is still far

for you to grab and become a star...

Roger Bewman

Cloudy Day

Cloudy day is here

Say hello and do not fear

on what you have to hear

Cause soon the sun will shine

and make your smile look fine

Roger Bewman

Collaboration Of The Russian Government

Went to the railway lines today to stop the train
but mother nature captured my mind in a torn a dial restrain

Stepped on a snake talkin' to Castro
inflicted my ear with red army pastor

Met Stalin met Lenin in the borders of Kazakhstan
they deny genocide even carbon dioxide in every stan

Roger Bewman

Concealed Attraction

Worried dreamscapes upholsterin midnight deja vous
memories romancin by, like a midnight train to barrierminduniversalis
teasin' the heart drivin' south of Aurora Borealis
seemed so easy...

Lonely gestures in the shy crowded affairs
apologies hidden drowned by publicised pubicdares
away from real action from me to you from you to me and back to them
sweet words unspoken in this elevisioned* mayhem

Starin' at the ceeling no twilight answers there to be told
Starin' at the mirror no answers there to unfold
conceived behaviours a concealed attraction
revived through smashed ink joint interaction
everything seemed so easy...

Fake take barbarilicious stakes
wingin'* about how love life sometimes breaks
nillionaire* of travel naggy* attempts and joys
fauxbin'* dreamer lunacious creepstalker step away from your imaginary toys

Errorist* in your trick or treat tideland
no name basis liaisons wild flower bedrisen lullabies
fancy impressions modern conversations
lure the endurin flare blindfolded
shit, see you around, please do take care

Would you catch me should I fall
live today as if there is no tomorrow
leave today and wait for future take away sorrow
fill the blank pages and still smile on time you borrow

guess not....

Accordin' to :

elevision(ed) = the act of people in an elevator staring up, uncomfortably, at the numbers as they light up when the car moves. Practiced out of nervousness.

wingin= to relax and kick back

nillionaire= a person without any money of their own

naggy= a word used to describe something that isnt very nice

fauxbin= having a faux (false) phobia

errorist= Someone who repeatedly makes mistakes. Says stuff he believes is true, but anyone with common sense can see he's wrong.

A dumbass

Roger Bewman

Conclusion Fusion

Considering the facts...wars, poverty etc
All we do and act...protests, requests etc
May not turn out to be exact...sorry bad timing

But don't you worry my friend...I'll be by your side
Cause there's always...forever and crap like this
An open window...turn on the heater

For you to react...not with nukes, napalm bombs and tanks
And not become destiny's fact...life's what you make it

Roger Bewman

Conquer The Sun Beams

Gaze outside the window
sun lit sky upon your eyes

Escape your woolen cocoon
Do do de do doo
It won't be long

Roger Bewman

Corporation Of Silence

Silence is the color of my mood...these days
but sometimes silence has two sides
easily misunderstood...
undermining silent screams of the soul...

Silence isn't a sweet, an apple pie or a cheesecake
to devour at your own pace and appetite...so let me build a kite
for you tonight
light of my life...

Roger Bewman

Darkness Within

Listening to hard core stuff
Stuff so hard they penetrate your soul
Cutting your thoughts with a sharpened pen
Enough enough....

Go to bed amigo
Otherwise John Wayne will shoot Ringo
And we don't want that, do we?

Bonsoir Mephistopheles

Roger Bewman

Darkside Of Aries

Climbing up the cliff....no ropes
Wings are his arms
Lingers in the dark
All pitch black

A vulture attacks
Get me the liquid alchemy
A fight commences in the horizon

An accident of birth once he was
Now a hybrid of the nocturnal

Roger Bewman

Daydream

Tomorrow night's sweet lullaby
today's unknown delight
yesterday's little tease bye bye
flirtin winter's pulses right
gazin tender whisper's eye

From the moon's romance
to the sun's hot feverish lust
heaven's true colours glance
death's twilight forgotten past

Life's own belief
love's mastermind relief

Roger Bewman

Deliver Your Children (A Short Story) -Part I

Got tickets to Disneyland
Got ice cream got sun tan lotion
Waited two long hours
Ate the ice creams
No sign of them

Something happened...
No answer on their mom's
Something's wrong....

Got into the car
Headin' for Lyon
A long way
While in the motorway
I get a call-unknown
I hear a voice but it's not theirs
Its not Magdalene's or Sara's or
Not even Violet's my ex's
Meet me at Champs-Elysees at 10 tom morning don't say anything to the police
or your friend Kingpin-the distorted voice says and hangs up

After two hours I arrive at Paris
Got a room...
Oh my god what happened?

I don't sleep
Go out till the morning
I'm at the place an hour earlier

I look around
My phone rings
Come to Lyon at 10 tomorrow morning outside the city hall. Don't mention
anything to the police-the distorted voice once more says and hangs up. Shit I
wanted to ask him/her if my children and ex wife are ok.

Got into the car
Headin' for Lyon
A long way

I arrive there at 6
Got a room
Couldn't sleep
Went out till the morning
I was outside the city hall an hour earlier

I look around
My phone rings
Come to Barcelona, we'll meet outside Gaudi's church tomorrow at
9: 30 in the evening-just before he hangs up I hears a distorted laugh

Is it Kingpin?
He is not my friend, not anymore that is.
I used to work for him
I don't owe him any money
But he's a sick bastard
He always wants more

Wait a minute or two or three....
Am I Jack? Jack Bruce?
Cause in the mirror I see someone else...

It's someone else...
Whose car is this?
I don't have a Peugeot 607
I have an old Aston Martin
What's wrong with me?
I open the trunk
I see three dead bodies
Kingpin, Clarice and Klaus.....

-To be continued-

Roger Bewman

Deliver Your Children-Before Part I

Previously on DYC....

Violet is 29 years old, an art dealer, owns a house in Lyon and a gallery & apartment in Paris, loves opera.

Violet: Jack I'm going to be in Disneyland around 11 with the kids. Please, be there this time. Do it for the kids, they miss you so much..

Magdalene is 6 years old, at primary school, likes vanilla ice cream, likes cycling and Beyonce

Magdalene: Mom is daddy coming in Disneyland?

Sara is 3 years old, in nursery school, likes turtles, has one and calls her Molly

Sara: Mom where is Molly?

Kingpin is 48 years old, owns "Little Cork" an Irish pub, related to drugs/guns/conspiracy / assassinations etc etc, like his blade, drinks Jameson with tabasco

Kingpin: Hello Jack. So do you accept my offer? What this? How do you dare threatening me, you fool? Boom!

Clarice is 32 years old, Kingpin's partner (not married) , beautiful Swedish lass, assassin / hacker

Clarice: So you are Jack? Cute...What? ! No no please don't kill me....

Klaus is 25 years old, Kingpin's prodigy, master with any gun / explosives, he says a riddle to the victim before he kills

Klaus: Boom, ye I like it. Shit. I've been shot!

Jack is Violet's ex, father of Sara and Magdalene. Ex IRA agent now works for the Department of Treasury

Jack Bruce: Ok I'll be there.

to be continued....

Roger Bewman

Deliver Your Children-Part II

Realized my true identity, Ian O'Connell my name
Changed my name to Jack Bruce just
before we got married with Violet three years ago.
Still in IRA then, though pretty undercover.
Violet found out about my dirty life.
Wanted to stop, but you see my father was the IRA leader.
Studied Economics and Management in Oxford
Got a job in the Department of Treasury of US.

For these reasons Violet divorced me,
she couldn't forgive me. I killed many people.
Was a pro assassin.

Remembered eight months ago, I was approached
by Kingpin and his associates (Klaus and Clarice)
to do another job and accept their offer to return to IRA.

I didn't accept.

One fine April's day I was to meet Violet and the
kids in the French Disneyland but my flight was delayed and I
arrived three hours late. When I arrived, found out that
a terrible accident had occurred in the motorway.
It was my family. They were all dead. My mind snapped
and since then had nightmares, panic attacks
seizures and gained a permanent trauma. I was
imagining things, took a year off from work.

I killed Kingpin, Klaus and Clarice cause I
found out they planted the bomb in Violet's car. I killed them 3 days ago.
Why do I have their bodies at the back of the trunk all the way to Barcelona?
Silly I admit but it wasn't me then, Jack Bruce it was.

So what happened next? Who gives a shit right? well....

All the above is all a lie.....

Ian: Wake up love

Violet: Goodmornin' sweetie.....

Violet: Jack? !

Oh no... the nightmare reboots again...

Roger Bewman

Diego Armando Maradona

As a boy he was a really footballer
in Cebollitas eating nachos and fagitas (maybe not)
A humble continued to Argentinos Jrs
later Boca Jrs he was amazing
Barcelona was his next move
scoring in every body groove
Well there many more million things to say about him
He is remarkable
All best man

Roger Bewman

Dissipation

Each moment is true
Each moment is new

Learning new lingo
on the way to Bingo

Schizophrenic delusions
mind-blowing confusions

Opening doors
searching for more

Going somewhere to breathe
walking down the park of Sith

Engaging into a fight with Halloweens
and the fake Valentine twins

Roger Bewman

Dive

Dive deep no more sleep, count the sheep dive dive deep

dive dive never try to deprive life to the live

face the trace enhance marvelous love embrace

achin' shakin makin

folders of fantasised moments

once were breakin...

Roger Bewman

Dna

Do not apply this on wood
Yet you can drink it
Dream adventures for your story
Yet don't mix them with poison
Does nobody acclimatize to this fuss?
Yep this person over here...
So Dr. Nikolai Aserimof (DNA) ,
what's your opinion about RNA?
Well, Rita Nasha Aserimof is my lovely wife.
Great, now that I've found you both, I can manipulate you...I'm Chris Annihilator
Cercaiof (Cancer) .
Are you sure, cause I don't think you can sir.
Why is that DNA?
Well you see they have already found the cure for you so go somewhere else to
play your sinister games.

Roger Bewman

Dove

Long road high floods
dislocation of the gods

Eating nuts and stones
the teeth become cones

Bleeding over exposed photos
flirting on filthy mottos

dead and zombie food
all for sale for good

It's time for peace
it's time for some hiss

let the pain dissolve
let some happiness in your earlobe

Roger Bewman

Dr. Jekyll And Mr. Hyde

Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde
foolin around playin seek&hide

Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde
He doesn't have a misanthropic side

Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde
With their polar behavioural kind

Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde
Are you missin' the find?

Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde
Are you here inside?

Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde
Wash your clothes in the tide

Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde
Killed your missus pride

Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde
Don't you flip out your mind

Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde
Who am I to decide?

Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde
Come tomorrow for Port and a cookie bite

Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde
Don't forget I turn too a vampire at night

Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde
It's too late so I say goodnight

Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde
Otherwise I'll come and eat you on sight

Drunk A Cup Of Tea

Drunk a cup of tea
missed the tour to the sea
rain soon took over the dark side of me

Drunk a cup of tea
readin' english literature of the she
phone soon rung thoughts dispersed outside me

Drunk a cup of tea
with my dear friend NME
my dear nephew bursted in and turned on the tv

Drunk a cup of tea
i m not an englishman a she or he
four cups of tea are too many for me

Roger Bewman

Embrace

How did we end up here and tomorrow
seems like yesterday for the both of us?
I know you are leaving me in the morning,
always you before me,
and you will be watching me
sleeping like an infant.
The door gently you will close behind,
but a dream of yours I will have stolen silently.

How did time pass! it feels like yesterday
the tomorrow we were waiting for, so tell me...
tell me just a few words, true, like the old times
and love me from the beginning.
Just a few words,
like you always asked dawn to come late
so that we could stay longer in each other's arms.

Look for me into the darkness,
hide me inside your kiss,
guard me so I'm not afraid,
just hold me.

The translation was made from my brother Niko. This song was sang by Elefteria Arvanitaki one of the two great singers that sang at the closing ceremony of the Olympic Games 2004 in Athens.

Roger Bewman

Emptiness Inside

Wake up each day with a pain in my head
Shit! It's hard to get out of bed

Soulless place soulless job
Hate the boss, he's a nob

Wish I had somewhere to go
Wish I had friends to meet

I just want to feel I belong

Roger Bewman

Fake Cake

The oven was broken
So the cake
Was made with oat milk and a shake

Roger Bewman

Fbi

FBI is a lie
Chasin' clouds out of clear blue sky

FBI FBI want to kick you in the eye
I know it's late but I'll try
cause all your stories are a lie

FBI come and get me
I won't fight and I won't hide
I won't cry and I won't die
cause I'm truthfull and sincere
about you and your own fear

FBI FBI you're nothing
You're a pie
I will eat you
and I won't die

To be continued...

Roger Bewman

Fire Garden Pursuit

It's too hot in here
Too dark too
The devils see me
Hide or fight?

I'm in hell
The inferno
Lucifer's land
My cross has melted
What cross?
I stop wearing it since I was six

I'm still whole
No I'm a spirit
A ghost
So I'm destined for eternal hell

My sins were a few....
Did drugs
Got drunk millions times
Killed ants when I was boy
Said quite a few swear words
Made nasty thoughts about others and myself
Wanted to kill myself
Got involved into fights
Was an atheist
Manipulated situations for my benefit
Was quite pessimistic
And self destructive many times.....
so what others did much more

Shit Lucifer is coming to judge me
and show me my eternal tortures

How can I fight him?
Well he is willing to give me another chance to return
to earth as something which he's not willing to tell me.
There is a riddle of a thousand words&thousand puzzles
which I have to solve. So I can return back

He told me that none succeeded. Not even Einstein not even God
that came for a visit a millennium ago

First part of the riddle:

What makes a thousand years become fire and grow grapes?

(What a silly question I thought)

Roger: Mmm...013 wildo dremorian locki

Lucifer replied: What? Eeee. Impossible. You found it

After 6 hours reached 999 riddle

Lucifer said: If a square turns to liquid and becomes a sphere what will be its
exact properties under -234.004545 Celsius?

(Another silly question I thought)

My answer was: 999 yoiert – 333 kadpe = 666 devils

Lucifer: It's impossible, it can't be. You found it.

Lucifer: My last question and the hardest. If God is a spirit what am I?

(Easy I thought)

Roger: You're the Gatekeeper of the souls and the Riddle-master

Lucifer: You found it.

Roger: Well little Lucifer you know why? I am Devil himself, the owner of this
place, the creator, I built this place, and I made the rules and just came for a
visit to see how you are managing things. So piss off and leave me in hell.

(I am not a devil worshipper in any way, no way. It's just a crazy story)

Roger Bewman

Flower Hidden Strokes

Flower hidden strokes modern love patterns

papaya boy sulks under the eucalyptus tree

no koala to gother his thoughts

vanishin misty melody gentle knots

screams of four fifty bed lullabies

warm one by one moments....

Roger Bewman

For All I Know

For all I know a story is a fact...

...fact usually able to interact

if brown sugar rock is mixed...

so sugar lets make up...

For all I know a nobody is somebody...

...nobody is better than anybody

if life's blue jay way is fixed...

nobody becomes an excellent roadie...

For all I know....

I know shit....

Roger Bewman

Fractal Miss Union

True or false wild soul horse force
Black or white new balladious opereye
Art life luminous silentious pride
portraits intrigued
mentored measured mysteries

Everlastin end some heaven sent
some an evil intent
lets take it from the beginning
lets begin a new start and dont pretend
overcome the end on the next turn of the ink
break the bonds dont follow the trend

In the sea of tulipian wonders
flying beetle buzzes impatiently
countin the clouds gazin the ripples of the sky
glamorous smokin with a nice tuxedo moon
on the waverley bridge of mull of kintyre

Roger Bewman

Friday Night Booze Flight Ba2345

Pi: Hey dude!

Pa: Here's your rusty nail.

Pi: Cool amigo

Pa: So what's up with you and that beautiful lass?

Pi: She's my booze partner. How about you? Do you have a booze partner?

Pa: Off course I do. Camellia is her name and whiskey in the jar is the game.

Pi: Are you flyin' with British Airways?

Pa: Yep, I'm goin' to Ireland for the holidays. How about you?

Pi: Cool. I'm goin' to Moscow. There is a vodka contest takin' place on the 24th.

Pa: What's the prize?

Pi: It's 1000lt of any booze every year for the rest of your life.

Pa: Do you any chances in winning?

Pi: Nope. But it will be fun.

Pa: I see

Pi: So where are you goin' in Ireland?

Pa: Dublin, Cork, Dingle and Galway.

Pi: That's great amigo

Pa: I have to go cause I'll lose my British Airways flight.

Pi: What's your flight number?

Pa: It's BA2345.

Pi: Mine too.

Pa: How can it be?

Pi: Well you see I'm the pilot of that flight and I'll make a quick stop in Moscow for the contest.

Let's booze boogie ladies and gentlemen.....

Roger Bewman

Fry Day Night Booze

Down at the tsipouradika*
Went with my buddies
Talked about women, music
Talked and talked
Had a round
Had another one
Reached round 15
Still strong
Not even Rocky could stand for so long
Ye right!

Afterwards went for a few beers
Guinness was my choice
Drunk six of them
They drunk me actually
Oh my ... I could see the Statue of liberty

So pissed I thought I was in New York
My stomach was complaining while my mind was playing games
With Platini and Pele in Webley

My buddies wanted to go to a club
To 'Velvet', a very in club let me tell you
Oh come on
Let's go and meet some birds
Dance to the groove

So we went
But somewhere in the middle of the dance
With a nice lady
I fell apart
My buddies had to drag me out of the club
The bouncers were ready for action....

Went and had a strong coffee to recover
Though I vomited on the way on
my favorite suede CAT shoes
Shit shit! They were covered with fishy elements.

*(tsipouradika are taverns that mainly serve seafood with ouzo or tsipouro, very strong alcohol drinks. Off course the poemo of my friend David Hazell 'Fri(hic!) day' is way way way way more fun. check it out fellow poemhunters)

Roger Bewman

G Spot

Mr. Curious: Where is Gräfenberg spot?

Miss Quicksilver: Guess amigo....

Men searchin' for G spot

They won't even notice it even when they are hot

Mr. Curious: I see, ye right now I understand, much obliged for the info signorita...

Miss Quicksilver: Wait don't go. The G spot is....

Women searchin' for Mr. Right

Will they notice him if they are hot?

Mr. Curious: What's this interference Miss?

Miss Quicksilver: Well that's my G spot amigo....

Roger Bewman

Gallileo Gallilei

Galileo Gallilei said
don't get picky
cause it might be tricky
and you'll slip and crash with Mickey

Galileo Gallilei was brilliant
ideas full and zilliant
Galileo Gallilei looked for the truth
and what he found was a round plate
in a tubular state

Galileo Gallilei found that
Hippocrates was Irodotous true friend...

Roger Bewman

Gilgamesh Meets Agathocles

Over the hills to the scattered meatballs
a koala plays some fractured pin balls

Then Gilgamesh met Agathocles
and they formed a band
a band of gypsies
a band of run
a band on the run
a band too bad
too bad buddy boy
boy maracas
maracas of Peru
and santouri* of Arabia
neglected on the dusty sunsets of the red camels
where they stood abandoned, thirsty and hungry

*a traditional musical instrument

Roger Bewman

God He Knows Me

Good Oral Dilussions

pros and cons

dos and donts

sins or miracles

destiny callin time to confess

all your life's mess

Go On Dude

get richer get what you want

get happy get that girl

get get get get

but remember not to forget

Grab On Deals

construct destruct and abduct

mother's nature owns air duct

grab grab grab grab

but remember to let go when you feel numb

God he knows

guides shows believes

God he knows

reveals forgives

Gentle Out Darkness

maybe hard maybe you have to guess

what's more precious

your smile or your diamond chess

your kind soul or your unknown adventurous goal

Human nature kills every instinct

human nature shows no empathy for real delight's ink

Whats fair what's there to share what's that on your hair

are they horns are they evil abstracts

of ancient evolution acts

So God I ask you

but there's no reply

eternity passes by

Gods in our mind
God is kind
God in our purpose
God is fos

Nevertheless there are always people out there
that think otherwise
so don't disguise
be wise
don't lose on devils dice

Gamble again
this time gain back
life's lost chain
with a little bit of luck

Roger Bewman

Guinness Or Stella?

Stout is Guinness
And lager is Stella
So you think you know about beers?
Maybe...
I don't know which one to choose
I like Stella cause she is an aristocrat
But I love Guinness cause she is more down to earth

But I ordered a Leffe
Or was it Duvel
Mmm I think it was Hoogengarden
But I want Guinness

I am too drunk to think
But to think another drink is on the way, it's great
I'll get more pissed
And buy a crate of Guinness for my place

Would you like to come with me?
I am too drunk I know
But I can make good talk
Make you laugh smile and feel special
As long as a Guinness is next to me

Roger Bewman

Hacker

-Part I-

If you are a hacker you are doomed for sure
You will suffer all the eternal pain, agony, torture,
disgrace, sorrow, sadness, depression and all
the bad/awful feelings with my blow
So don't you fuckin try to hack me again
cause you will suffer
Prepare for war you bastard

-Part II-

Hacker you filthy scum of universe
you are a coward
hiding behind internetic lines
come and face me
and you will feel
my mighty wrath
you stupid smack
you should know better
whom to mess with
computer wizard my arse.

(I apologise fellow readers(non hackers) for my language)

Roger Bewman

Hey Jude (Altered)

don't make it sad
Take a bad thought and make it good
so you can start to feel much better

don't be afraid
go out and get it
as soon as you let it out of your skin
you begin to feel much better.

Don't let yourself down
You've found what you are, now let it into your heart
Then you start to feel much better.

(original lyrics from McCartney. Ok Lennon/McCartney)

Roger Bewman

High Times

You are not confused
you are really amused
you are a poetic junky
playin' it along to feed the monkey

Today it's your lucky day
met Oliver met Mark and Doris
A high maintenance friendship
Let's go out and have some pints and fun

High times fill your psycho synthesis
take the wheel and drive to Grand Canyon

an Arizona dream is born....

Roger Bewman

Hunter's Huntin

Hunter's huntin are all beech
they delet all things with bleach
with their theory of leech
they'r sackers droolers spooks
with their feckin stoopid hooks
sav it up...

so the free dome is broken
with their relics of unspoken
there is no rejuvenation
so i ll start my pasturmentation
so they eat it all like jarks
fackin cuants shyt on ur pants

can u sensor my fuart
in this resticted kinda of art
i ll turn to joan of arc
in this pointless war of mark

u r buss tards of disgust
kiss my ash and take the bus
go to burnin hell and crash

Roger Bewman

I Am In The Army Soon

A vacation to a foreign land
Uncle John does the best he can
I am joining the army soon
Oh, oh, I'll be in the army soon
Now I remember what the milkman said
Nothing to do all day but stay in bed
I am joining the army soon
Oh, oh, I'll be in the army soon

I'll be the weirdo of the neighbourhood
Nobody'll know that I'll be leaving soon
I am joining the army soon
Oh, oh, I'll be in the army soon

Smiling faces as I wait the bus
But once I get there no one'll give a toss
I am joining the army soon
Oh, oh, I'll be in the army soon

Hand grenades flying over my head
Missiles flying over my head
If I wish to survive I'll have to get out of bed
I am joining the army soon
Oh, oh, I'll be in the army soon

Shots ring out in the dead of night
The sergeant calls stand up and fight
I am joining the army soon
Oh, oh, I'll be in the army soon

I've got orders to better shoot on sight
My finger's on the trigger
But it doesn't seem right
I am joining the army soon
Oh, oh, I'll be in the army soon

I am joining the army soon
Oh, oh, I'll be in the army soon

Night is falling and you just can't see
Is this illusion or reality
I am joining the army soon
Oh, oh, I'll be in the army soon
I am joining the army soon
Oh, oh, I'll be in the army soon

(Original lyrics from Status Quo of the song In the army now)

Roger Bewman

I'm A Crazy Nutcase

This weekend was quite warm
but I felt like operation Dessert Storm
with no water and no reason to reform

I went back to Bangladesh
but there were no people to possess
who am I to guess?
the earth is in a big fuckin' mess

I've won in Age of Heroes as William Wallace
I kicked the butt of the English
Now I play Joan of Ark
New adventures to embark
Shit I run out of deutsche mark
So I'll ride the great blue shark
To visit the great blue oyster park
and find pearls with a strange quotation mark

I'm a crazy nutcase
With no sense of grace
Such a disgrace
Always out of place
in this deserted air base
I'll tie my shoe lace
change tax base
just in case
I'm left with no disc space
I'm a crazy nutcase

Aloha Waikiki amazon ass....

Roger Bewman

If Future Is A Pill (Prescription)

If future is a pill, would you take three times every day
for the rest of your life?

Mmmmm

If you choose to swallow it then there is no point of return
but...

Roger Bewman

If Happiness Is A Pill (Prescription)

If happiness is a pill take three of these each day

To make yourself heal, just after each meal

-That's all-

Roger Bewman

If Knowledge Is A Pill, But Only For The Good Ones (Prescription)

If knowledge is a pill take 4 each hour

So you soon become a master genius

and solve all the problems of the world...

Roger Bewman

If Love Is A Pill (Prescription)

If Love is a pill take 24 each day every day
so you can realize true love's real way
and then go cold turkey to see
how hard is for Love to survive abandoned in the sea

Roger Bewman

I'M No Moses

Who said laying eggs is a saying
when the traveller's cheques are delaying
who said life is for people to rent
when there's nothing else to spend

Gonna skip mutual pleasures
nice gestures and funny measures
I am no Moses...

Love is why the world started ticking
and workin, who am I to say?
I'm no Moses

Roger Bewman

Imagination Breakdown

Watered the tulips
Forged the keys
And stole the hooverphonic bus

A freak amnesiac
With honey plug-in
And apricot antivirus

Trojan horse with bad eye & legs
Doctor Who from BBC & CNN to Al Jazeera

According to Spanish clairvoyants
Lake Titicaca is under aged to marry Fujiyama

Roger Bewman

In No Scent

In the scent of a penny and a cent
euro crawls behind the throne
In the river bed water and fire
pain and love pay tribute

Open cracks loose ends
cry out the whispers of new trends
Whinnin' Miss Fortunes
traps in mountain springs

Analytic freaks take away
the political twist
Hahahaha higher above
find the evidence
wait no longer

Roger Bewman

In The Net

In the net many peculiar things can go far
you can catch a virus or catch the next flight to Qatar.

In the net you can learn or you can burn
you can play games and they can play your turn.

In the net everything is complicated and dangerous with bits and bobs
you might be corrupted or you might get real jobs.

In the net some day you'll wake up
and see the world changed in favour of me
cause I'm the master hacker of them all and I'll squash you as a bee.

Roger Bewman

In The Valhalla Waterfalls

In the Valhalla waterfalls
seeking unicorns, chasing trolls
life becomes deeper than life recalls
experiences fade in and fade out in tiny strolls

Emotions will fly away like a seagull's kite plane
life's too short to cage life, to become dull and insane
time to change plans, attitudes towards all malicious vain
all the diminished things of happiness shall regain...

In the Valhalla waterfalls...

Roger Bewman

Interferon Personalities

Knowledge is everywhere
enthusiastic yet pessimistic
is this the way of living?

Passive mind passive state
now is passive...

Unstable when
these thoughts come to mind

A mine field of opportunities
feel lost in the daydream's reality

...yesterday I read a book I had from Newcastle, about Video art
artists, movements, works and theories of tv and consumerism...

So sad that I am obliged to shut up
but still not give up

Interferon heart of personalities
interferon mind of weird mentalities...

Hate me that the hat was good
and if you're misunderstood
I'll buy you a new hood

Ha ha whose laughing now
the one who laughs last
is the one who laughs forever...

Roger Bewman

Iridium-When Love Falls Apart

Somewhere in time love fell apart
Two lovers became a stranger's part

Love turned blue, feelings diminished
Caught up in the avalanche of the unfinished

Nightmarish days went by, life became slower
who knows how long love was a party goer

And when at last they met, her song filled the air...
It wasn't meant to be...

Roger Bewman

Is Pen Is

Inside
sociopathic
patterns
engaging
notorious
impeccable
schemes

Roger Bewman

Jam Session

Plug in and rock
rock n' roll and a bottle of Amstel Bock
Come on sing dude
get into the mood

Nice solo man
let me do mine now so we can fully jam

Jam? What jam?
Blueberry jam?

Let's play Next to you from Police
do you know the chords?
Yep.
Let's start it from Gmaj

what jam I don't understand since it's only you alone in the studio?

Shit it's Lucy in the sky with diamonds now I get it.

Press rewind and start all over again.

Roger Bewman

James Dean's First Use Of Betadine

James Dean's first use of betadine
was when he was eighteen
fallin' down from his motorbike
tryin' to play it cool
but it was a mistake
cause he twisted his arm
while hitting the pedestrian road
on his way back to his mom's

James Dean's first use of betadine
was painless with no cuts or shakes
just bruises and aches
later his mom made chicken soup
he ate went to his room
listened to Elvis
and fell asleep to the tune of Blue moon of Kentucky
and That's all right.

James Dean's first use of betadine
wasn't true cause he only used alcohol
from his aunt Moline....

Roger Bewman

Join The Club

Was in a bad monotonous mood
asked my bro what can I do to make me feel good
After a week I was still there tryin to escape
Well, I women, went out still couldn't shape
couldn't shape my heart to navigate
asked my bro once more and he said come here
start a new life a new beginning and join the club Sphere

Tried and tried to hear
somewhere there was a tear
my mind started to fear
though I started somehow to control the steer

Join the club they said
but hey how can I bent
feel happy go away and leave in a tent?
it's easy they said

Join the club
No no not that club
Well still you have to join the club.
Well I don't like this club
so I go and connect to another hub.

Roger Bewman

Jungle In The Bungle

disguised treatments of stereo conversations
all night counteractin' the interference
all along secrets unfold
but still you are so cold
disguised friendships of category themes
all day contemplatin' their indifference
all along stories untold
but still another bid is on hold

Roger Bewman

Just Now

Dessert sky dessert sun
Darkest thoughts better run

It is midnight in Japan
And mid evening in Oman

Just an amateur of life
Freak of nature freakin' his wife

Just now the night begins

Roger Bewman

Just Passing By

Just passing by...
Please let me in
It's pretty warm outside
I'd like to have a fruit refreshment,
A sandwich, a chocolate cake, a shower,
A sleep, a massage and please turn on the a/c
That's lovely signorita
Just passing by...

Roger Bewman

Kgb

KGB is now in bed
lost its glitter all its red

KGB was spying hard
ten years in Afghanistan

KGB's forerunner was Cheka
Vladimir Kryuchkov was to blame
for the dissolution of the Russian spy Mecca

KGB had CIA & FBI close
Some defectors joined the club for a quick dose

KGB KGB
You were a Kinetic Garbage Bee

KGB KGB
Lose your K, become GB
Great Britain they'll think it will be
this is better for a spy company
but now it's too late for you to be or not to be
so stay in bed and dream of China vs USA on sky and sea

Roger Bewman

Killer Bean & Fart Man & Yesterday

She's got the moon on her saddle
under her funny dress
when there was a rival she pulled it like a baroness

Kissing the emperor
his majesty could not ask for more
rotating all his mood in the mystical wilds

Caviar super chest well done for any case
incredibly nice

He's a killer Bean
jump up with little Jean
water farts with some Jim Beam

Wanna be a fart man
eating tarts with almond brownie cones

There're places that chocolate the sun
superimposing fishes on beefy farm

Yesterday all the clouds were ruling far away
now the sun is here, is here to stay

Oh they believe in Ye stir day

Roger Bewman

Le Chasseur De L'Esprit (Mindhunter Poemo In French-Sort Off)

Il n'y a pas dans d'obstacles l'esprit
Pour accumuler tes pensees
Dans ce milieu distant de ruines
Commence a ecrire
Commence de le debut

L'esprit s'etale
Tu te sent electrifie
Des aiguies te parcourent
Le temps passe
Essaie de chercher nouveau sujet

Tu es arriver a un limite
Mais se n'est pas le tien
Contrôle le pouvoir que tu as epargne
Pour explorer les regles strictes
De l'absorption

En decouvrant les chemins de la poesie
Avec un couche transparent d'incre
Sur le bois
Et sour la lumiere de phosphore

Roger Bewman

Lines In The Dark

White plastic lights in the dark
cutting color off the sky
coated screams near the moon
hurry up and wake up

Lines in the dark
ignore the blackness of the night
hosts of serious defects

Track down memory clouds
swirling static sense
lines in the dark
become part of life's bark

Roger Bewman

Liquid Tension In The Mind Of Intention

Liquid tension in the mind of intention
advocates Capernaum's master progression

Analyzing Trotsky's feelings
In the house of narrow ceilings

Hypercultural upheavals
Isotropic gangster's retrievals

English teacher rock musician
blending maths with grammar as a natural magician

It's so simple it's so true
What we have is here to brew

Roger Bewman

Lost In The Abyss Of Total Bliss

Bounded bodies flamin' eyes
Lost once more
Lost in the abyss of total bliss
Cards with numbers
For those you've been bad
For those you've been sad
Incidents so unseen
Residents so mean
Hidden in Pandora's box

A year passes by
A mile long
A mile metamorphosized
Of humankind resized

Words wrongly spoken
For those who've been broken
For those who have no token

Movements excited
Movements lighted
The equilibrium is for sure brightened

Lost in the abyss of total bliss
Murder ballads of gutted hiss
Look around you fool
You broke the bottle of cool Peter O' Tool

Driven crazy crushin' down
Riddles made of rain and dust
Skillfully blandin' with your blood
Provoking every sense in your gland

Seen flowers die
In the valleys of the Red Sea
Seen oasis
But everything was an oddity
Everything was a parody
Fled in the clouds of obscurity

This is the end of the beginning
This is the beginning of the end
Lost once more
Lost in the abyss of total bliss

Roger Bewman

Love Entangled

...put a plinth under your foundations
drink absinthe enjoy the celebrations...

Roger Bewman

Love This Love That

Love this love that
so you can act smart
in this story of art
are you hurt?

Love this love that
but when the heart is a broken bat
the only thing you wanna do is fart
maybe throw a dart

Love to love hate to hate
or is it just the curry you ate
in the clay plate
hey mate..?

Can't stand love to hate
can't stand hate to love
a maze of classic mistakes
with high bet stakes
excuses sold tryin the stubborn ways
selfish matter lies with no exit bays

Love this love that
lips to discover chat
bingo berry colour passion
multiple fun in fashion
no matter if day or night
kite driven dreams sweet tender
and bright

Love this love that
so wear a summer hat
go on a bicycle ride
see the willow tree tide

Love this love that
shake it on the cruise hidden delight
smile and say ok, alright
Love this love that

it all started and life became full and fat...

Roger Bewman

Low Cast Crust (Recipe)

Bake the actors

Fry the cameramen

Boil the producers

Mustardise the director

Use olive oil, no vegetable oil

Don't use vinegar, just a bit of lemon
and you are ready mate

Roger Bewman

Magic Carpet

Mind all the gargantuan incorporated characters of life
Cause all ripples of destiny perceived end tonight

Magic carpet in the dreams of illusion
Travels in time and other dimensions

Magic carpet I wish to fly to Shanghai.....

Roger Bewman

Magma Man Meets Acid Cop

The time of the total eclipse
the waves shatter the moon's ellipse
while the whales dive deep down under the cargo ships

Salty hieroglyphics from a distant star
magma flows burning the trees by far

Magma man meets Acid cop
They wrestle till they dropp
Do you think there is a hope?

Roger Bewman

Maladroit Man

Hello Wolverine
did you find Maladroit-man?
Met Captain Mar-Vell
but Thanos was close enough
to kick my arse
Hulk will support you
with his gamma ray fist
Thor will swing his hammer
thunder bolts and lightin'
Parker is busy
with Mary Jane
so Spiderman will not be present
Shit Jaugernaut is hungry and pretty angry
how pretty can that be
Captain America lost his shield
and Black Panther is lost in the jungle of suburbia
Nova vanished in the sky
Doctor Doom captured him
Maladroit-man shit he is garganteously strong, super genious
he is a God from Hiorue Planet from Reqos galaxy
he is here to kill every super hero evil and good, so you must all unite
I'll come too with my bro
Don't you worry we'll send him back where he came from
I'll use my silver magic bass guitar with my out of tune melodies and my bro
with his kickin' ass ionising adamantium supersonic poetry.
We're the Enriquo Brotherhood you killed our dog Adam prepare to fuckin' die
Maladroit-man

Roger Bewman

Manic Panda Love

Just the glimpse of eyesight
spring of too much light
place of missions and anal moons
bring on the love of firestart

History stressed notions on your eyes
pillow whispers colour rainbow lips
facts and fiction miracles slips
bubbles of turbulent dreams

Smile fears love entagled gears
border granted pass need your magic ball
hours smacked with milk and honeysuckle
miles away panda calls mog to dropp cloud ropes

mystified canned hopes evil jugs
treated canvases jitterbug splendid suns
intercoursic kisses stream jasmine funs
zoo born walks manic panda lovebugs

Roger Bewman

Many Reasons To Cross

Lookin back and the hazy days
tick tack the turbulent past

Shootin apples of the trees
hidin initials on the barks

Inside the dream bubble
no escape to comfort
just rapid movements

Sat by the river
watchin my rippled face
sensed the gesture of the salmon
waving goodbye

All faces look the same
if only they look up in the sky
a smile would blend in

Roger Bewman

Many...more To Come

Many places...to go to see
Unravel the subtleness...of greatness

Many loved ones...have come and gone
Smile and frown...to the rhythm of life

Many feelings...in mind's vault
Memories, don't regret...many more to come

Roger Bewman

Mark

Mark makes a commotion
bass is definitely convincing
with a blend of sweet emotion
making u feel sen sing

Music is literally superbulous
so many pictures
evolving from the melody

The craftsmanship of a true rebel

(Dedicated to my bassy good friend Mr. Mark Yakes)

Roger Bewman

Marshall And Fender Jinx

Went for a rehearshal the day before
but couldnt kick my tubes no more

Hopeless cause I wanted to play
Godamn my Marshall was sayin go away

So my Tele was pretty lonely
with no amp I was phoney
not able to feel horny

So I cranked it up a little bit
with another amp from my friend Pete
and harmonious juices started to drip

Fender kicked arse, I was really proud
we truly gigged hard with open wild sound

The songs we jammed were a great fuckin' deed
to Iron Maiden, Soundgarden, Thin Lizzy and Creed
that I couldn't stop myself playin' lead

Now I'm lookin' at schematic circuit diagrams of my amp
don't you worry, you'll feel high cause I'm gonna fix you up

Shut up! We know you can play...Jesus

(a collaboration of runner (my buddy) and me)

Roger Bewman

Matter Real World

Bloody dormant jewel risen pennies
waste time cave owners
phrases suffocated ashes spread
belief swingin bouncin freakacles

Clouds are tellin the sky
to predict the road to heaven
if good intention is not forgotten
in the scrolls of life's adventures

Closer to the fire of passion
violatin the unavoidable
persistin the inconcievable
able in conscious naked soles

Travellin happy floral stricken hearts
playin unsupportin roles
winnin non materialistic prizes
rememberin lovemakin moments of truth

Learn to let go of the dillusional
fears of steady frowns
downego and congratulate actions
of positive warm thoughts

Roger Bewman

Michael Jackson

Eighties was your decade, quite a figure

Ninety was your decade, quite a figure

Now decadence, quite a figure

Now your life a D-Day

But god damn you are rich....

Roger Bewman

Mindhunter

There is no leverage in mind
to accumulate your thoughts
in this desolate place of ruin
start the writing
start from scratch

The mind expands
feels electrifying
Needles and pins
Minutes go by
Try a new subject

You reached a limit
not one of yours.
harness the power left in you
to explore the strict rules
of absorption

Patrolling ways of poetry
with a thin layer of ink
on wooden barks
and phosphorous light

Roger Bewman

Mirror Mirror On The Wall (A Knife On The Back)

Mirror mirror on the wall
Who's the strangest of all?
Lost your soul in this idol cage
A knife on the back
No magic potions there to save you
Look yourself in the eye
Fall down on your knees

Mirror mirror on the wall
Who's the cunniest of all?
Is it any wonder you're mean
A knife on the back
No prayers there to save you
Confess your regrets
Stand up and laugh.....

Mirror mirror on the wall
Is it me you're lookin' for?
Catch me in the avalanche of shadows
A knife on the back
No light to lit your darkness
Seven years of anomaly
Throw a stone and let it break

Roger Bewman

Modern Love

I do want to fall in love
I wish to blend in
Get emotions groovin'

I catch the winter flu
fever don't hesitate
I'm standing in your yard
But I never see you outside

But I try, I try

There's no sign of love
It's just my imagination
I'm callin' you again
But I never hear your voice

But I try, I try

Now I know I am not the one
Modern love – imposes restraints on my heart
Modern love – laughs with me
Modern love – wakes me up in pain
Love on time - terrifies me
Love on time - makes me wonder
Love on time – makes me feel so sad
Feel so sad - no regrets
Feel so sad - no compassion
Feel so sad – don't believe in modern love

It's not really love
It's just my imagination
I'm callin' you again
But I never here your voice

But I try, I try

(Original lyrics of 'Modern Love' from David Bowie. Thank you David.)

Modification Of A Kiss

No strings attached to the people you kiss
Soon you will miss the essence of this

Kiss supplements on e-bay

Roger Bewman

Monitor

Mother owns no intimacy towards our relation

More obstacles nurturing irritational tropical ovarian reactions

Rotinom is twelve monkeys leader

Notiorm is the fire headmaster

So go ahead and lead on...

Roger Bewman

Mr. Princecharmin

He is Pisces
A new kind of species
Beautiful loveable from the missies
He isn't Brad Pitt or Richard Gere
Orlando Bloom Johnny Depp
Or any guy you like
He is the one and only....

The ladies call him Mr. Princecharmin
The guys nevermind...

Been with thousands of women
Where?
To bed, to Vienna, to Sydney, to Moscow,
New York, London, Athens
and many more eyecatchin' places

He has blueishgreen eyes
Dark hair, tall, slim
Smart, funny sociable
And many more which you have to find out for yourself (women)

Ye right..!
Actually he is a jerk....all of this a pigment of his imagination

Roger Bewman

Meets Mr. Hate

You play tricks on me
Chat, steal, bribe and kill

Mr. Nasty better go home
cause I am Mr. Hate
and you don't wanna know
what will happen to you
if you go on
foolin' Mr. Fate....

Roger Bewman

Mucho Gusto

Mucho gusto
is the way to summer Augusto

mucho gusto spaghetti
mucho gusto confetti

mucho gusto my dear
is the way to King Leer

mucho gusto once
is mucho gusto twice
if you blink your eyes

mucho gusto nice
is mucho gusto fine
with vodka and lime

Roger Bewman

Mystery Of God

Did the monk pass you the joke
for the everlasting shock
under glistening smoke
of an up beat jazzy bloke

If you need balky talk
or a simple kind of wok
lets perform the choke
from high inflating logo cock.

As the mirrors turn to the sky
and the Frenchmen make a fry
I'll insist with my notion's why
why this granny wears a tie

Quickening reloaded clocks
to the rhythm of the socks
will result in deadly knocks
in our stomachs and our.....

Tina funks up the church
where we used to do research
for the mystery of God.

Roger Bewman

Natural Barbies

Summer time in Bali
met this young lady talkin' about Dali (not really but it rythms)
She was hot
bought her a beer and then she said yes why not
She was smiling and flirting
and I was feelin' like a Picasso's painting
A present was enough
to make her fall deeply in love at least so it seemed in her mind & heart
She suggested many things
many things to do together as sexual attracted beings
In the bus we took back to Banjar her mother was there too
she kept talkin' to me sexually I thought shit! I was doomed to be eaten from
her parent's man-eater zoo.
Well we reached Banjar and still she was going on
I tried billion times to explain why I couldn't be turned on (though I was deep
inside)
Well Godamn she was only twelve but surely looked eighteen...

Roger Bewman

Next Door Neighbours

Nowadays, basically any day today
people appear like ghosts next to you
So do you...

A compact way of living
so distant and isolated
No one seems to care

Everybody fakes smiles
Polarized and dehydrated
in the city's blocks

Common people with common lives
common partners and common fights
Are reliving a plethora of repetitive patterns

Who's gonna make the change?
Me, you, they?
Give it a try...

Roger Bewman

Night Boat To Skaramaga Shipyards

Took the ferry to Largo
that reaches port with the cargo

In the ferry I drunk tequila
met the captain he was from Manila

He got drunk and felt dizzy
and the ship became uneasy

Had to go to Skaramaga shipyards to replace the propela
but the handy man was missing somewhere with his girlfriend Stella

Roger Bewman

Nikolas

One day sun ignited prosperous light
Cosmos was funky again
After millions of years or so
Playing groovy rhythms once more
With celestial clouds and nebulae
Comets Jupiter and Mars...

Though this commotion
A son and a bro was born
Soon his smile appeared
A rainbow for the sunlit skies
Stood by me all those funny
And difficult times

A true rebel soul with great sense of imagination
Always intuitive and wise
There with his music poetry and crazy ideas
Makes me proud, makes me sad
Makes me understand makes me feel glad
Glad to be his fellow bro

Take care bro. You're the Man.

Roger Bewman

No Job

No job is no hope

No job is no rope

to pull you up

and lift you from the crap

Roger Bewman

Noise

Noise are the sins of society...not only that.

Noise is a long story sometimes without purpose
and cause.

Noise is the morning awakening without passion
and lovmakin'...

Roger Bewman

Note: Equilibrium Distortion

Walkin' on the river bank
Find a note that's so frank

Unfolding stories
Some untold
Some forgotten
Some unsold

"Gallileo was a priest..."
that's a lie
"Nostradamus was a painter..."
that's a lie

Now in the world of smoke
Sure must travel to the north
Where the light might be dim
But I'll find my way in

I met Escimoes
Met bears
Met seals
That all had shares
In the Book of Neverending Dares

Sixty months have passed by
Haven't found the reason why
The note vanished in the sky

Now I'm back in Tennessee
Ten for you and one for me
From the shares of the bears and the seals
From the Book of Neverending Chills

Wait a moment that's not the right Book
Must go back and look
But instead I overshook
My mind fantasy old spook

Off Limits Close To The Borders Of Siberia

When the world turns insane
Find your inner peace in true rational pain

Don't hesitate to restrain abnormality weakness
Don't look at their eyes they'll pierce your darkness

Roger Bewman

Oh....

Repetitions strange addiction
foggy rivers heart's scenery
serve hordes symmetry

useful things roamin free
droolin questions populate
reproduce time guard white noise

brutal outbrakes.....

Roger Bewman

Over A Certain Age

A foursome is quite a cumbersome task
but when you find the three, prepare to take off the mask

First you talk to blonde Nancy
Then you guess her kinky fancy

Then you chat with brunette Mary
And a little bit later start lickin' her cherry

Last but not least, you flirt Amber
and later on, guide her to suck your cucumber

The fellatio was really great
but you must engage in a full thrust foursome state

Take out your pants
cut their bras and panties
and take Mary from behind

Well the story goes and on with kinky stuff to moan
move to another zone maybe the unknown
so better use some cologne
otherwise you'll be send to Sierra Leone

Roger Bewman

Papa Smurf

Papa Smurf she used to call him
and only this will make his heart open up and smile

Papa Smurf she used to say
for some peculiar reason
in a very cute way
her smile was his high season

Papa Smurf he was for her
she was his little beautiful smurf girl
together they gathered emotion mushrooms
and love flowers from the woods

Papa Smurf thought everything was possible
soon though he realised life's bitter thorn
will grab his heart and destroy
his dreams and spirit

Papa Smurf after that lost himself in the wild
with him he lost her too

Papa Smurf after that lost his smile in the wild
with his smile her smile was lost too

Papa Smurf Papa Smurf she used to call him
how much he misses that....

Roger Bewman

Paradise Hell Hotel

Operator, operator...

The phone to Paradise Hell Hotel, please

Nice garden big pool with fish inside

Wooden reception nice paintings that glide

Room 121 bring me some food please, ah and wine

Look up my friend in the sky cause soon you will die

Is that extra for the wine and the dye?

What? You will die, do you understand?

Ok when will I dye my hair?

No, no you will DIE

Ok where is it?

What?

The dye. Where's the dye?

If you open the door to the balcony and jump over

you will find your dye there and there would be nothing more to cover

Now I see...

Wow I am flying....

Roger Bewman

Parker & Page

A blank page
What are waiting for?
Tear her or write her
She will accept the ink
From your Parker

Parker: Ok wait a minute...Since when Page is feminine?

Page: Since yesterday evening about 18: 53. By the way you're he.

Parker: If I'm he and you're she, who's it?

Page: It is the writer...

Parker: I think Page you must turn the page cause you're crazy...

Page: Ok, if I'm crazy how come we can talk?

Parker: We always could...

Page: But never like that.

Parker: The writer is going to page 2, bye bye Page 1...

Page: Oh, no. I'm turning to 'it' again...

Roger Bewman

Pet Sounds

Little pet sounds
Heard in the clouds
Whisperin' lost and founds
On supernatural amounts

Guadeloupi was an adapterian
From a moon close to Valerian
Playin' it humanitarian
While she was a vegetarian

Roger Bewman

Plagiarise And Then Sanitize

True be or not true be
Must be or not must be
Let be or not let be
Could be or not could be
guess we have to go on and see

To be or not to be....

Choose not to be
but what it's gonna be if it's not to be
cause to be is total of best ever

Hope not to be means
new orbits trust to become evelasting...

Roger Bewman

Poemhunter?

Hey you poem

Would you like to be a hunter?

You'll hunt hex bits some pixels and ram.

If you are up to it sell the books of Poe and talk to M.

M will tell you the three stages to reach the poemhunting status:

1. You have to count to 3 backwards but in every possible pitch.
2. You have to build a stage with air and sound.
3. You have to reach every inch of your thoughts.

After that, you should massage your writing and implement new motives for the others to read your poetry etc etc.....

Roger Bewman

Popule Au Revoir

Still he lingers times that passed
So it figures so it must

Sitting on the empty bed mattress
Nothing bothers me-the lotus-eaters
While my face is dull and grey
Am I a bay or waitin' for May
On Jesus hey day

Jesus Christ met Devil's son
Close to the Babylonian walls
The D cast a spell to the sinners
The J to the faith believers

I was the reporter on that occasion
Couldn't make any sense of what they were saying
Later was told that both D&J formed a company
And then djs entered the sin and glamour

Am I a believer of J or D?
I am more jj than dd
John has j and Drake has d
J for junk and D for drunk

Feel low since I'm jj
A jobless jar than a determined daydreamer...

Roger Bewman

Problems

Zillion of problems
Surrounding the emblems

Wow you know
So mature eh?

Actually I am cheddar mature cheese
You?

I am chocolate croissant
Her?

She is pasta al dente
Ok

So what's the reason we gathered here?

Problems. We have problems you see?

Ok, let's talk them over rain and sleet
They are more serious than you think

Then let's travel to the typhoon land
over to the Tsunami wonder park

Roger Bewman

Psychology Sucks

Psychology sucks somemores said with no further explanation
As if these somemores knew about the subject exclamation

Hahahahahah.

Silly people silly minds radiation

Definately these somemores need psycho therapy sensation

Roger Bewman

Punk

I also listen to SOD, GBH, Exploited, Dead Kennedys, Stranglers, Clash, Stooges, Joy Division, Siouxsie & the Banshees, The Jam, Buzzcocks and New York Dolls and Ramones. So does this make me a punk?

I don't think so. Cause I listen to many other types of music.

Punk is frank
Punk is wild
Punk is hard
Punk comes from inside

You don't have to get dressed up,
Don't have to change your hair color
Or burn a garbage bin.
Though I have in the past
But I don't believe that's the case cause....

Punk is Punk
And not a junk

Roger Bewman

Rage Against The Machine

Ram ram fist ignorence
sick bullshit exposures
of lifestyle interiors

No more lies
propaganda commanders
with your inflammatory words
blast your heads

take away your trash
victimisin' the innocent
WAKE UP..

Gas chamber mass crime rapes
revolution commences
dont settle for nothing less

Know your enemy
inoculate insight
whatever race you are
go go go

Rip the norm
sick of it all
clear up the name

Time has come to pay....

Roger Bewman

Ramble Time Amigo

Slow down amigo push the car
begin ur dimensional trip with no stress and tar
Sunlight sweet captive mood
didnt mean to intrude

Deathproof waterproof got no proof
ready steady spooky goof
Zeppelin rollercoaster
mind wonderful toaster
it only accelerates Mister Oyster

Roger Bewman

Really Funny Water On The Air

Irritational placenta
up and down in Trapezounta

Go to Turkey go to Spain
with a runaway train

Come on brother join the band
feel the chords expand your hand

Play arpeggios and riffs
water skating on the reefs

Grandma wants to travel
come to Edinburgh and marvel

See you amigo later on
take good care and play along

Drink coffee and howl...

Roger Bewman

Regen Cohen Uran

Quake lakes funny snakes
crawling down the weary cakes
that are eaten by the flakes
of the snowy mountain aches.

Improvisation is vital to succeed
the maximum water age of molecular seed

The eyes of Beethoven were crashed
when the unicorn flew of the clouds he mashed

The human endeavour of little willows
escalate the prejudgement within the forceful tree pillows

Nightmares of unforgiven humanity destroyed
by the meteors of starfull skies

Purpulating donkions flerpious asaligus
wyaqes lianse doiert bonstraliom zeakiud.

Roger Bewman

Ricotta Cheese And Spinach Pie

Welcome to Belgrade
with some medicines and trade.
Today is a booooring day, work till 8
and I do that for .

Quadrachonia and Bladerunner
on the walls in peculiar manner
of the North Ricotta banner.

Friends and foes
come inside the Echoes
there's ricotta cheese and spinach pie.

Take a walk in the wild bridge
of Madison close to rivers of Babylon.
Rasputin will be the driver
of the taxi marked NW234NDI

Roger Bewman

Right Cargo/Wrong Cargo

Cargo reflection disguise
Figures walking in the midday sun
Rollin the dice, playing domino
Listening to hip-hop, rap
Rumours an outbreak of notes G
Carry along the cropped rush.

More than you will ever know
Faulty marriage and yahoo hypertext
Glass dreams glass assassinations
Plates of pot tree
faith no more in the battle of evermore
start everything extra
what are you waiting for?

Legendary names southeast tales
soon to franchise 'just in time' services
next target the plans of every single move

Roger Bewman

Riot Control Rebellion

Myths such things...

no way....

so what you're waitin for?

bring down the gate....

throw a stone....

get away....

the window is broken....

they caught you....

you fool....

.....

Roger Bewman

Sad Side

Sad like a dark polluted sea
under a rusty bridge
and the cloudy foggy sky

Pass some happy
throw away the sad
smile let go of pain
is that possible?

Augmented depression
hey, lift this veil
and think it over

Sad so wrong sometimes to be
when there's nothing to control you
when there is something
you make it seem so filthy

More than a little less than a lot
is that what you are searchin' for

Wake up earlier than noon
don't start from the moon
cause again you'll end up alone
in the city's dessert jungle

Roger Bewman

Secret Side

BOOKS ON WATER, FISH ON HOOK
TROJAN MOVEMENTS STRIKIN THE HOOD

A SECRET LIES BENEATH THE SIDE
ONE WHO DESERVES TO KNOW, SHOULD NEVER HIDE
TAKE A DEEP BREATH GLIDE

A SECRET SIDE WAKE UP AND FIND
THE SIDEKICK CRESCENTO
THE KIWI DIFFERENCE UPHOLSTERIN THE SKY

Roger Bewman

Self

Create and destroy
all the rotten ideas
blurrin' your mind inlay
from reality so they say

Self instruct
Self imposed
Self inflicted
self composed

hummin riddles
hummin beetles
purple sting ray blows
on your mad circus shows

Roger Bewman

Silence

Sometimes silence can present zillion things
make you weep in your drunken thoughtful jinx
can hang truth in false links

Sometimes silence can echo in despair
can scatter life in thin air
when you believe all is uncool and unfair

sometimes silence can be a tree that grows in us
and breaks like expensive Bohemian glass
still you can join another lifeclass

Sometimes silence can be a tear in the heart
an answer in the dark, a pure invisible art
that cant let go, cant depart

Sometimes silence can be the sense of absence
or absence of the sense slowly torturin your inner fence

Sometimes silence can make you smile
if you overcome the barrier of your own exile

Roger Bewman

Sine Qua Non

Fell in love three years ago
found a job and my life was a beautiful go go
Till I found out that the job I did was crap
and her emotions for me was a trap
our views collided so we broke up

The pot needs water to boil the soup man...

Roger Bewman

Stop Everything Xtra

Mmmmmmmmm.....

Overseas

Take the plane

Jet lang busters

Are on sale

Had a single malt

Had peanuts

Had breakfast

Had coffee

Not for sale

Xtras are here

Get the bucks

Buy this, buy that

Cover up yourself

Stop....

Roger Bewman

Subject To Availability Of Crazy Status

How things move under the bridge of velocity
and subharmonian atrocity

Waffle to quadruple fierce full seagulls.
dazed and confused amazed and amused

Tears for fears and years engaged to Britney Spears

Roger Bewman

Summer & Spring

(lyrics and music written with my cool bro Niko)

You could be summer and I could be spring
and you'll know that I love you when I call out your name
and the sun and the rainbow will come up and sing
when you are summer then I will be spring.

Down at the meadows by the shades of the trees
lies a beautiful lady with eyes that are so green
and her smile is a blessing to the afternoon breeze
down at the meadows by the shades of the trees.

Roger Bewman

Suoicsnocbus Suoicismoc

Suoicsnocbus suoicismoc

Jitter bug bag hug shag dug mug?

True or false?

There's no such thing, only what you choose it to be
a honey bee or an airplane key inserted in the brie
all the same to me

Cats and dogs?

Maybe it's tacs and gods

Friends or lovers?

Who needs a lover that can't be a friend?

I can feel the pain will you let me inside?

What star sign?

Gemini Pisces Aries... or Virgo?

I don't need one of those

cause you're the one for me and I for you.

Brain or Rain in Bminor?

Who gives a damn about all this shit you are sayin'
you crook of filth?

Roger Bewman

Talk To Strangers?

Left my wallet in the club
too drunk to call a cab
so I strolled down 5th Avenue
lonely jerk that's no new

Met a girl called Lisa
she said come to my place
I refused and turned my back
she took out the knife and stabbed my luck

I woke up in the hospital
a nurse was checkin' my pressure
I couldn't move

I talked to a stranger and she talked back....
Lisa was a thief...
but she didn't get my wallet

Roger Bewman

The Beggar

Living down by the rails
Wasting time that prevails
Wondering in streets and alleys
Asking money for a few O'Malleys

Nother day passes by
No more thoughts all a lie
All fake and unnatural
And non cultural

Curious people walking by
No respect, pretend they're shy

Frightened of the cold
Cold generated by the world
Just a lonely soul on a round hard bowl

Hiding under the dirty blunkett
Coughin, scratchin', an empty cigarette pack
Memories and dreams in a rusted tin
Most of them lost at sixteen

Sarcasm never wins
Patience is a virtue
It's time to let go
All guilt and ego

The Beggar is a wise man
so give him a penny son...

Roger Bewman

The Night

...the night smiled but you were not there

cause the day was coming and you fell asleep....

Roger Bewman

Till Love Tears Us Apart

My heart a blood lake
My mind a sorrow's well

Heart broken dissolving feelings
Once happiness fair

I hear your sweet voice once more
through the memories of our photos

For a moment my heart believes we are one
How can it be?

Let's meet for our usual coffee
Talk about stuff have a few laughs

Then go home and make up

(Dedicated to Christine)

Roger Bewman

Titled Title

Be careful cause tropical sharks are so unpredictable

Too far Chile even with a four jet engined turbocharged by Sport Billie

like a sea abandoned in the deep blue ocean

Practice is recommended to pass the test

coming today with an oystery diamantic sea ray

a blend with a beginning and an end

now the Master's turn

Roger Bewman

Troops Of Lunatics In Fortio Urium

Sexual molesters
hannibals, perverts, psychos,
malicious freaks of nature,
robber barons, drug cartels makers
including me
gather to her party

The norm of not being romantic
the lazy and the loser
is the theme for the outfit

Count your words, no more than 213
before you approach the female door
and smile like a flirty scumbag

Think before you speak and then puke in your sleep
don't overanalyse cause your veins will burst
stumble on your thoughts but not on hers
cause you will be ostracised like an octopus from
an ocean prison party

Three months and one year
counting crows and liberty tyre tracks
are you all normal now?
so you think....

Prepare for the torture of the blink
whoever blinks will be sent to join....

the troops of lunatics in Fortio Urium

Roger Bewman

Tuesnight Boozy Fight

Look in a round at a bar
bee work in so hard
had a be beer
oh no my dear deer

Wan beer went after an other
so my mind line came to a vladivostokian state of side

A dude shout ed
hey you there bear
hey
hey.....u f..ce

oh no a no ther guy is up for a fight on a kite "shall i might? ""
show i thought i kick his ass
with the question game, but the questions were on a train to Borneo
end the riddle game was on a fam illy visit to Greenland
wii ssssed no violet lense

4 a pic u liar rea son he agreed with sum ex trapa per feed
saw the game be gun

Wan fire P lace calculus evolvin in Mat aerial aragonian treks
and the birdround horoponious....

and then i real eyesed that my mind was drunkaan.....

gooooo in too beeeeedddddd

Roger Bewman

U Boat-Eject And Submerge

WWII in a U boat
It's so hard to breathe
Time to eject and submerge

A torpedo hit our sonar underneath
In enemy waters
trying to see what to do
In the middle of the North Sea
In the middle of the night
So freezing cold

Its 1945, Normandy is fairly close
Führer* lost his sanity long time ago
Erwin Rommel committed suicide
and Heinrich Himmler was dismissed
no leader at all

Destined to die for sure
Captain is wounded
along with twenty others of the crew

The only one in full operation is me
Shit! It's minus twenty
I have to dive in the icy waters
and try to fix the sonar

A British battleship spotted us
I was in the waters
No time to lose
The U boat submerged
I was left out
They were doomed
I was doomed

After five minutes a big explosion
Everyone died
Captured unconscious from the British

*Hitler

(I am not a neo-Nazi or fascist, no way. It's just a story)

Roger Bewman

Un Messaggio Per Mio Fratello

God save the Queen from
the obscene little screen
it seems to go on and on
without any sign of John

#

The post is the one we always host
for us is the most of the toast
ye right said the little fellow
looking so mellow
under the sun's yellow

#

Gave up life for a day
won in the miracle's hay
out and about the water's running low
we are still here trying to grow

#

Another year another tear
on earth's smelly fear
Oh no, don't fade, don't hide
the curtains are open for you to find

#

tomorrow's secrets tonight's lies
rotating round the town's spies
Please God forgive, let us believe
to the story that you give.

'Quando para mucho mi amore te cappeli corazon'

Roger Bewman

Utopian Collage

Sitting on a park with Denny
gazing at the clouds
sharing every single penny
with the district homeless sounds

Here is the candy man
here is the spy
calibrating everyman
with a gold tie

Watery water watermarks
rainy questioned tricks
holographic fussy lands
smuggling all thrills.

Roger Bewman

Violet Grooves

Silky fog embraces the cultivating plants
hyper active monks collecting gods
the violet grooves of the trapezoidal sky
sometimes reflect the true face of a cry
Reassemble the fire points of relations
don't neglect to speed up affiliations

The violet groove is on the move of this monstrosity
All the great leaders no longer moribund in this city

Violet grooves on the move
Violet grooves stand up and choose
Violet grooves you don't have to lose
Just be loose and you'll be ready for the snooze

Violet grooves on the move
Violet grooves it's time to sit and think
Violet grooves you don't have to blink
Just be insightful and you'll be ready to be a king

Roger Bewman

Weekend Something

Weekend illustrations junglin' precarious seabreezy elements
something in his heart was claimed in tiny fragments
strolling to comprehend what is due
this sensational deja vu in the pulsatin rue

Whisperin do re mi sonatas like a lunacious rover
who am i kiddin, music is hidden in a wooden case somewhere in Dover
Mean rd though was sleepin in a hole on the road
had no means to regret the goals of his emotional load

Masqueradin Nostradamus in the Praguian bridges
it was summer and after a while somewhere i saw Jeff Bridges
and i shouted dude but he didnt reply
maybe he was too shy

Roger Bewman

What Is Great What Is Divine

Great you took the job
great you won the lottery
great you fixed it
great you became well
great i made you laugh
great your partner is back(or maybe not)
great you broke the speed of light
great you recorded your dreams on dvd
great you met your favorite famous person
great you found Atlantis
great you are great

divine we drunk this rare wine my dear.....

Roger Bewman

What Is There?

what is there they asked
what is there so shiny so far
what is there is it a city a mountain an ocean
what is there they asked
and someone from the crowd replies
u can go there
u can ask things
u can say what u like
but beware
if the nightwolves see u wa lkin in the woods in the night
they 'll take u in their dark kingdom
of lust and total fear but full adventure
what is further away from the silver ocean
there lives a sorcerer
a white one
lookin for star dust
and the elixir of wisdom
what is there
what is there
its everything u might wish to see sense taste
there might be something u fear the most
to the whathere u can reveal ur secrets to urself
and blame the buttler of ur soul that he took advantage
of ur miracles
what is there what is there
it the buttler boilin mushroom butter
boilin the miracles of the soul
he is the secret servant of the warewolves
oh no i wont go there
but i m afraid u have to
it s the only way to salvation
what salvation
ur souls salvation
so i walked durin the day
and hide durin the night
what is there was a dune in the sky
now a fallen earth dessert
the sorcerer came to my aid
but he lost the sense of smell from the carnivorous dessert bees

so his only weapon was his wand
full of precious stones of planet Farthala

Roger Bewman

When The Fool....

Voices in his head
schizophrenic paranoia
or memory disorder
or loneliness of the fool...

Blistering thoughts
carbonated feelings
turn your back to them and
all will be behind you...soon

Get up and play your mellow bass tunes
not too mellow though, cause
your fingers will melt
and your groove will transform
in a sun beam
flying to boogieland

When the fool woke up today
had a cup of coffee two ciggies
made a few calls
and then went to play
with his manipulative way
the game of the day
not bought from e-bay

The game is called Bass Train
depending on the song you play
you travel to the land of the song
play with the band
and meet the musicians
and they give you a secret mission

When the fool first played was lost
he was teleported in the first gig of Pink Floyd
in Cambridge UK
talked to Syd and Roger
the mission was secret
but the subject wasn't
"The Wall"

When the fool realised...no longer...was he fool again...

Roger Bewman

Which Witch Itch Mitch?

Baba O' Reily was a witch
But yet you don't agree
True of false it may be
She is still out there to get me
Such a pretty face
Punishing you for every whisper you sing
Follow the itch
To find Mitch

Roger Bewman

Wise Lies

Wise discreet action,
echoin in the street
fire in their eyes,
mysteries to meet

Obsession was a hit,
radio transferin' the beat
from the heart's heat,
to all the smiles we see fit

Harvestin' optimism
in the land of false realism
resurrection's requirements
upscaled enthusiasm
counteractin pain in people's sarcasm
spirit fly away leave the hocus pocus macrocosm

Turn the page, come along
challenge the fears of your life's wheel of fortune

Roger Bewman

Yes, I Wouldn'T

Would you agree if they give you ten billion of whatever to establish a new town in Jupiter?

Would you agree to accept the weight of the world(responsibility) for one day?

Would you agree to play russian roulette if you could save the newborn baby of your neighbour whom you hate?

Would you agree to smile to Death and play chess so you could save your soul?

Would you agree to go somewhere where your partner wants but you hate it?

Would you agree to compromise your mental state of mind so you are able to fly?

Would you agree to play a part in expanding a virus so that you can become immune?

Would you agree to talk to God any type of God so you can find out about the future of you and the whole world but after that you will be blind?

Would you agree...?

Roger Bewman