

## A MOMENT CAME

A moment came when I held a grain  
of sand in my hand by the sea—  
and I became that grain of sand,  
and knew all its history.  
I'd started as part of the sun,  
as a fragment of star-debris  
was flung into space, cooled down into a mountain,  
then as the earth shifted restlessly

found myself part of a coastline;  
was worn down inexorably  
by the ocean, who with fathomless patience  
fashioned me  
into this miniscule jewel, so  
astonishing, so ordinary.  
Then gathered up, stained with colour  
in a remote monastery,

given a place in a sand-mandala,  
I was blessed, then returned to the sea...  
turned into a pearl as the grit in an oyster,  
and pearl-fishers harvested me  
to live at the throat of a queen  
in opulent luxury:  
she then grew tired of her toy,  
in vinegar dissolved and swallowed me.

I passed through her body,  
was flushed down the sewers of the centuries,  
to find myself held in my very own hand  
contemplatively.  
A song pearl at my throat rising like the moon,  
a moment came as I ran by the strand  
when I was no longer a man singing a note,  
I was a note singing a man.

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## THE BEST YOU CAN DO

Trying to get a grip on reality,  
trying to keep a sense of normality,  
keeping one step ahead of all your maladies—  
is that the best you can do?  
Trying to keep abreast of developments,  
trying to avoid false embellishments,  
living in a room that's too small, 'cause you share it  
with the elephant—is that the best you can do?

A break in the clouds convinced me that there is still a real connection,  
a chance for our lives to move in the right direction;  
retying the knot that is The Resurrection  
of the Child of the Light, crucified day and night.

That the food we're force fed leads to indigestion,  
that the more that's been our creed only leads to more congestion,  
that the golden age has gone around the S-bend—  
that's beyond question.

Was that the best we could do? The best 'do' we could do?  
That my little song here could do with another verse,  
that we took a wrong turning back along, then another, worse!  
That we're up shit creek without a paddle  
(in other words) is obvious too.  
Was that the best we could do?

The crack in the dam presages the inundation,  
New Heaven New Earth is built upon the old foundations,  
it seems to arise even in the most mundane conversation  
that in the wall there's a secret door—and, hey, what are doors for?

The spark in the grass it leads to the conflagration,  
the turn of the tide it comes at the crisis of the situation,  
that it all hinges on you right here right now—that's The Revelation:  
the darkest part of the night gives birth to the light...

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## TRACKING THE STORM

Tracking the storm  
in differing forms  
far away from here

it's happened too many times  
it always takes a good friend of mine  
far away from here...

Cracking the code  
where is the peace  
far away from here

of the inane and sublime  
we were looking to find? It seems it's  
far away from here...

Breaking the news  
from pillar to post  
far away from here

you don't want to pass on  
from father to son  
far away from here...

Counting the time  
of the wars that you won,  
far away from here

counting the cost  
of the love that you lost  
far away from here...

Climbing the walls now  
beginning to wonder  
far away from here

it has to be said  
if I'd be better off  
with my friends far away from here

'Give us this day, Lord,  
but if you're wheat-intolerant  
but to be far away from here?

our daily bread':  
what do you ask for instead  
Far away from here...

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## AS YET UNTITLED

I could have told you that  
They would have sold you that way,  
I should have told you that  
They would enfold you someday  
in their cocoon of sterility,  
then deny all culpability.

I should have warned you that  
They'd seek to pawn you just so,  
but my scorn it was such  
the effort seemed too much  
to let you know—  
They'll stop at no expense  
to procure your obedience...

Ev'rybody's gotta live,  
must have something they can give now,  
ev'rybody's gotta live now, but  
what if you've nothing to give?

Now that the scales have tipped  
new growth must be nipped in the bud,  
must we be so resigned  
that contracts are sealed and signed now in blood?  
If you have no utility  
you meet with no civility...

I caught the big parade,  
heard the last cannonade gently fade...  
They played that trick before  
to sneak in the new laws that they'd made,  
that were completely arbitrary,  
they change 'em from day to day.

We've carried the stigma  
of Your grand enigma for so long.  
The principle principles  
can't be ensnared in just one song,  
nor the Divine Symmetry-  
at least not in this one by me.

It's as yet untitled, like its writer,  
and soon night'll fall on down,  
and soon all the fight'll be  
completely drained from me—  
from root to crown:  
then you can watch them swoop on down  
to escort me to crazytown...

Ev'rybody's gotta live,  
must have something they can give now,  
ev'rybody's gotta live now, but  
what if you've nothing to give?

Don't admit you're incompetent  
or they might make you President.

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## CONTINUITY

This crazy life we lead is passing strange.  
The only continuity is change.  
Guys in the control room must be deranged,  
the only continuity is change.  
Where are we now?  
Strapped to the prow,  
They don't allow any stowaways...  
This crazy life we lead is passing strange—  
the only continuity is change

The world is just a Ferris wheel that spins,  
centrifugal force will hold you in...  
Can't hear yourself think for the din  
of all the screaming.  
How long does this last?  
Tied to the mast—is that the sirens that  
I can hear sing?  
The world is just a Ferris wheel that spins.  
Centrifugal force will hold you in.

There's hell to pay if you want to get off.  
You'll be leaving anyway soon enough.  
Best just to relax into the ride,  
throw your reservations over the side.  
Just hold on tight,  
it'll all be alright  
that's what the law of gravity says!  
This crazy life we lead is passing strange.  
The only continuity is change...

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## FRAGMENTS

'These fragments I have shored against my ruin'.  
Well it's always hard to say  
where the trouble might be brewin'...  
These ruins I have stored against my fragment,  
but now I think I'm understanding  
what the man dressed up in drag meant—  
he was issuing a warning,  
could see the way the wind was veering,  
could see the way that we'd be torn  
in the night that is arriving  
that might never lead to morning,  
bringing a blight that might well blast  
each and ev'ry ear of corn,  
and leave no shelter from the coming storm.

These pigments I have stored up in my paintbox,  
these figments I have stored up in my brainbox,  
these...oddments, and now all that I require  
are Blake's 'lineaments of satisfied desire',  
what ev'ry woman ev'ry man wants,  
and evr'y creature in between wants,  
while we're grooving in these strange days  
to what are possibly the last lays  
of all the mariners before us  
who set out for unknown waters  
they never really did return from—  
they have stories we could learn from,  
and thus true from false discern,  
these are stories we should learn from,  
not arrogantly turn from  
if we don't want our world to burn...

These judgements will soon be meted out to many...  
You have to wonder where the swag went—  
I sure as hell didn't get any...  
All these back rents that have been piling up for ages,  
it seems they're absent from the ledgers,  
and they can't find the missing pages.

So what becomes now of the lodgers?  
Must we all be so degraded?  
And will parallels be drawn  
through eyes of men alone, unaided  
by the Watchers for the signs  
who in silence have been waiting  
through the aeons with such patience  
for just such a situation?

These soiled vestments will soon be going in the laundry,  
bad investments handed out to all and sundry,  
these regiments will soon be marching off to glory—  
so we'll no longer have to worry  
we didn't get to our appointment  
so no-one got to hear our statement;  
and all the time and effort misspent  
couldn't make us feel more sorry  
that the sky is now a torn tent,  
and what was once a flawless garment,  
perfect whole and seamless  
now is ragged, frayed and sleeveless,  
so may your sleep be deep and dreamless,  
yes, may your sleep be deep and dreamless...

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## THE DOLL'S HOUSE

*Children:*

'We leave behind a breadcrumb trail  
to find our way back through the woods,  
but something eats the breadcrumbs up—  
I fear we're stuck here for good.'

What are they doing in the doll's house?  
Is it what they shouldn't do? Is it what they should?  
What are we doing in the doll's house  
deep in the dark dark wood?

Little girls and little boys  
no more it seems come out to play—  
they pulled the stopper from the jar  
and an evil genius came to stay.

Chorus

*Witch:*

'I love children, sweet and fat—  
you'll melt down nicely in the vat.  
Your skin, of such a lovely shade,  
looks better still on my display.'

Chorus

We've come full circle, so it seems.  
In my mind's attic someone screams.  
No-one will admit to be  
author of this dark history.

Chorus

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## UNDER THE SUN

I've heard it all before, caught all this the last time,  
I've seen it all before, telling the beads of time's my pastime...

Where is the point that you can point to  
on a circle, say 'there the circle has begun'?  
It can't be done. It's the whole, or nothing,  
All, or none.

The Wise ones say that there's no new thing  
under the sun—  
where can you say that that which has no ending  
has begun?

Unity divided by Infinity stays one,  
and one add one you know is two,  
and one subtract one is none.

The Universal Mind's working towards its sum  
goes on forever, forever goes on.

One divided by itself, or multiplied, stays one.  
Where is the point on a circle you can point to,  
and say, 'The circle has begun'?

I've heard it all before, caught all this the last time.  
I've seen it all before, telling the beads of time's my pastime.

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## 'TEARS IN THE RAIN'

All of our pleasures, all of our pains,  
tears in the rain, tears in the rain,  
all of our losses, all of our gains,  
tears in the rain, tears in the rain,  
all our frustration, all of our striving,  
our highs and our lows and our simply surviving,  
the somethings and nothings that hold our attention,  
all comes in the end to that thing we daren't mention...

All that we treasure, all we're afraid of,  
tears in the rain, tears in the rain,  
all we can measure, all that we're made of,  
tears in the rain, tears in the rain,  
all that restricts us, all that confines us,  
all that obstructs us, all that defines us,  
all that we wish to attain, or escape from,  
the blood's very blueprint we all take our shape from...

All that we question or take for granted,  
tears in the rain, tears in the rain,  
all that we have, all we've ever wanted,  
tears in the rain, tears in the rain,  
the traps that we fall for despite every warning,  
the reasons we get out of bed in the morning,  
the things that we'd steal for, beg for, we'd lie for,  
the things that we'd kill for, or yes that we'd die for.

A child on the beach invents civilisation,  
science, religion, bureaucracy, nations,  
age old laws, time-honoured structures,  
parasites, prostitutes, sermons and lectures,  
bread and circuses, transport, technologies,  
wars, rites, drugs, agriculture, mythologies,  
then the tide rushes in once again,  
and with a sigh all is one.

We're arrogant, weak, selfish and vain,  
tears in the rain, tears in the rain,  
ignorant, cruel, short sighted, insane,  
tears in the rain, tears in the rain,  
we're also courageous, creative, loving and kind  
thoughts of some far far far far greater Mind,  
once we establish what we came here to find,  
we return to that source, leave these bodies behind...

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