

This is how I
feel!

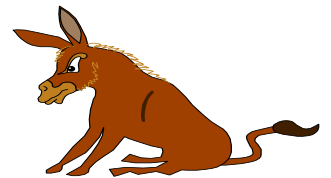
Nigel Finch

(Dec 96 -)

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Life - Beyond 2020



Where are we going? Well that's easy to see.
There's a glorious past but I see no future for me.
Team work long gone, self-power reigns,
I shed a tear for yesterday.

Technology evolved beyond our beliefs,
Controlling our minds and everything that we see.
The ones with the power are the ones with the machine,
That governs your thoughts and everything that you feel.

It's a race against time for an arsenal on chip,
to beat down your neighbour with a downloaded stick.
They won't leave their homes for fear of the down,
Nomads who scavenge the dirt on the ground.

For they'll have their time and will end this war.
And all the machines will flicker and stall.
For a new drug arrived to remove the pain,
and sense of being and reality the same.

The addicts will reign with their cocktail of doom,
With contagious symptoms caught in the same room.
The powerful ones with technology at hand,
Will fall to their knees, poison in wonderland.

Now there's no one left to turn on the machines,
And our polluted soils won't grow our seeds.
There's only the dying who sip their champagne,
With not long to go with their poisoned brains.

A man will walk where we used to live,
He'll sigh with sadness and with some relief.
In two thousand years we've forgotten his name,
To create new life? – "No never again"

The Prince of Dreams

This land where I live is the place where you dream,
where everything is real but never as it seems.
It's a place where you can stay for years or a day,
with one thing for certain , that you will not stay.

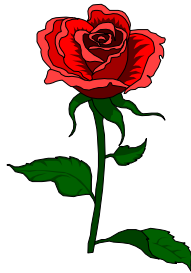
Its where your troubles fade and problems are no more,
and I can tell you stories and hold on to your soul.
We can be like children and play games like hide & seek,
oh I long to lie beside you and share the secrets that we keep.

I will do anything you ask, I will even stop the time,
just to hold you for three seconds would be the highlight of my life.
My world can give you everything, gifts just for you I bestow,
I'll just sit here and wait until you return once more.

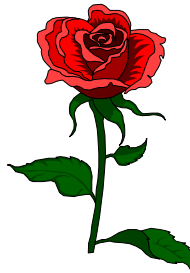
I can see that you are now fading and to your world once more,
and all the pleasures that we shared you'll never even know.
But just for a moment when you arise you'll know you had a
dream,
but one thing you wont remember is
me the Prince of Dreams. February 1997



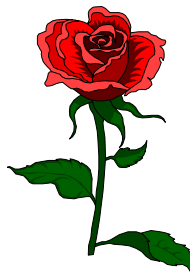
**a rose that holds much beauty
the most precious in the world,
an image I hold close to my heart
but never to be said in words.**



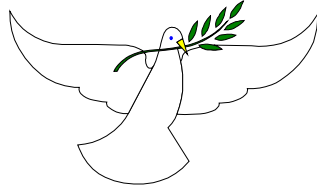
**And you are gentle like that flower
so frail in my arms
and yet you possess a great power
you call and I shall be found.**



**I'd love to hold you close to me
to hear you whisper my name
your voice my inspiration
your presence still remains**



**but for now you shall live within your world
a love only known to me
my rose my love my power
I'll wait for you to set me free. January 1999**



3 Miles Away

I sit and listen to the words of love that echo around my world,
yet I can only remember glimpses of a once innocent girl.
I didn't know about the power of love, that you had over all of
my friends,
I wasn't aware of the gifts you gave, not until the end.

I'd seen your face so many times I have often listened to your
words,
I feel so very proud that we once shared the same time in our
world.
But what made you so different, to take that extra step,
and made everyone aware of your willingness to help.

I'm looking a picture of a world that cries in pain so deep,
I felt my throat choke today, I really couldn't believe,
that a summer rose could give so much love, and I , I didn't
know
that you had walked upon this earth in a place where I often go.

I wonder now what you are thinking, is there anything you
would change.
You've left a world behind you, that hang's its head in shame.
Now you're in a life that's new, I know in time you'll settle in,
I know my people will love you and try to ease your pain.

And now I sit and think, if there is anyone who could take your
place.
Is there anyone in this world who shares your style and grace.
I hope that people will look back, and see who you really are,
you was probably our last hope, the brightest, Prettiest Star. Sept 97



Help me to write these words tonight,
help me to choose the door that's right.
I've done this wrong so many times
but now I'm running out of lives.
I've lived so many times before
once as your priest and the one next door.
I always seem to be the one to hurt you,
now I'm here ready to serve you.

Help me to sleep well tonight,
don't let me walk the streets again tonight.
Help me to be a good father to you
help me to take it when you're cruel.
Letters appearing in my mind,
words of love desperate to find.
I'm your leader waiting to be lead by you,
I'm the voice of reason
deep inside of you.

Help me to succeed in my three lives,
to be a good mother to all my wives.
You see me as the one with all good advice,
please let me be the one to share your vice.
Help me to be the one to understand
I'll always be there to hold your hand.
You'll hear me sing in a choir in chorus
you'll see me riding on a golden horse.

Help me to carry your burden tonight,
I can listen to you, and make everything right.
I'll forget all the pain you once gave me,
I'll cover the marks on my hands and feet.
For it's a broken man that writes tonight,
feeling down in the height of life.
I'm the one who stands out in the crowd,
never to trespass where I'm not allowed.

Help me to be myself for once,
remove the pain, and lay down my cross.
Help me to look you in the eye
and justify the words of the aisle.
Help me to be the man of days gone by,
help me to be the sparkle in your eyes.
No longer in the shadows of your domain
help me to be, myself again.

I AM YOUR SHADE

When the mountain rocks come falling
Come inside I'll be your cave.
When you feel that it's too late
I will keep you safe.

Life is like a river
That can run so wild at times.
And me I'm just a lair trying to be
who everyone likes.

When the clouds darken your world
I'll be the thunder or your shine
I'll be a grain of rice in the field
Your hunger now is mine.

The sun is your enemy
So come rest beneath my leaves
For I'm the oak tree wise and tall
Call and I am your relief.

The seasons change below me
You're caught in their trap.
I could be your summer's day
Never to come back.

My branches are around you
My bark more than a bite
I am the darkness in your world
that comforts you at night.

And yes I'll be forgotten
A new field will welcome thee.
People they do not know me
I'm a vehicle to set you free.

As the rain covers you
It glistens on your face.
I'll be there to shelter you
So come lie for I am your shade.

Let Me Help

The world around you only sees the smile,
of a bird in song, content in flight.
They turn to you seeking sound advice,
demanding your time from every side.
There is a hurt in you that root's so deep,
with a growth of anger with pain to reach,
to the very thing that is all of you,
the pain a forefront of all that you do.

You try to hide but there is nowhere safe,
the emptiness growing each day that you live.
Your world is falling around your feet,
You have hopes on a life in a far away dream.
Please turn to me that 's why I am here,
to carry your cross and kiss away your tears.
You feel alone yet I am by your side,
like a brother you have lost
in the back of your mind.

Please speak to me please hold my hand,
I want to be the one to understand.
I need to know what you feel deep down,
I'm the Prince of dreams that's always around.
I am quite aware of the loss you feel
butterflies and your darken dream's.
You feel a guilt a need to apologise,
but it isn't shared by the one gone by.

I know that it will help as time goes by,
and the hurt will fade from your eyes.
I once told a story that was all true
read on and I'll tell it to you.
The day's of loneliness will be no more,
if you listen to the word's written below.

One night a man had a dream. He dreamed that he was walking along the beach with the LORD.

Across the sky flashed scenes of his life.

For each scene he noticed two set's of footprint's in the sand; one belonging to him, and the other to the LORD.

When the last scene of his life flashed before him, he looked back at the footprints in the sand. He noticed many times along the path of his life there was only one set of footprints. He also noticed that it happened at the very lowest and saddest times of his life.

This really bothered him and he questioned the LORD about it. "LORD, you said that once I decided to follow you, you'd walk with me all the way. But I have noticed that during the most troublesome times in my life there is only one set of footprints. I don't understand why when I needed you the most you would leave me."

The LORD replied "My precious, precious child, I love you and would never leave you. During your times of trial and suffering, when you see only one set of footprint's, it was then that I carried you."



I came here to guide you through your life,
I came to help you at your death.
I taught you to know right from wrong
and how to believe in yourselves.

I told you about my Father and the world where you belong,
I told you all about me and how your life had begun.
I gave you all the love inside, my tears shed just for you,
We wanted you to know the truth and what you need to do.

I walked amongst you as your friend I even gave my life for you.
And yet, you made me return again you say you needed proof.
You saw the holes in my arms and side, you felt my heart that beats.
But still you look down at me and mock in disbelief.

And now many lives have passed on by and earth has made its change,
I can taste the hatred in the world, I can't believe it's the same.
I often wonder if all the words I gave and sufferings were made in vain,
and yet if you asked me, yes, I would do it all again.

She Was Existence

I Walk down this long country lane,
but there are no trees to be seen.
I cannot hear the bird's that sing,
or taste the air I breathe.

My shoulders now have fallen,
I stoop down facing the ground.
I've lost my smile and patience,
I scream at the slightest sound.

I see the world where I used to be,
but it seems just out of reach.
I hear my friends laugh and joke,
I guess at the thought of me.

Everything always falls apart,
nothing seems to be going right.
I'd understand if I had a broken heart
to never give up, but fight.

And she, she was existence,
the world in all its might.
She was the sun and the bird's that sing,
she made everything feel right.

And she, she was existence,
she was the light and air I breathed.
She was the place where I lay,
she was a book we'd love to read.

But she, she never knew,
the power of her soul.
And she never did know,
we'd only walk where she would go.

But she, she was existence,
she was a part of my soul.
Now I walk in this darkness
for she, exists no more. July 1997



The Lonely Ghost

Left behind in a world that I don't know,
trying lose the hurt, and find my soul.

I cry all day still living in our home,
searching for my love, to be with me once more.

I never did feel the pain when I passed away,
it was like waking up too early upon a brand new day.
I followed you around for years always by your side,
until your life passed away on that darkened night.

I watched your body be put to rest
I waited for your soul to leave.
I sat in our room for days and days
for you to return to me.

I heard them say that you was chosen
and straight to heaven you fled,
and me still waiting for my time
with words of love unsaid.

This house of ours has new love
with children everywhere,
Time has left me here,
as if it didn't care.

I look up to the sky at night,
and wonder if your still here,
a spirit haunting a spirit,
one that I will not fear.

Time passed by and by without me,
and so I searched this life so new.

Looking for my lost world
that once included you.

And on that summers day that I found you

I just couldn't believe my eyes,
you were not in heaven
but here in a brand new life.

God gave you another chance
to taste the gift of all that's real,
and now a new love watches over you
I hear you tell him how you feel.

You no longer remember me,
or the life that we once had.

You won't recall all the times we laughed,
and how I held you when you was sad.

What will happen when time goes by
and you leave your world once more.

Will you come back to me
or do you love him more.

It hard for me to watch you live
so I'll walk this world instead,
There is only one thing keeping me alive,
the fact that I'm still dead.



Time - 'isn't what it seems'

On Monday I walked into town
and passed someone I used to know quite well.
He certainly has aged somewhat
he really looks quite ill.
For around his eyes are lines
and in his hair are greys,
a difficult troublesome life is written on his face.
As I turn around I watch him wander down the street,
and I can't help but think to myself
"he looks a lot older than me".

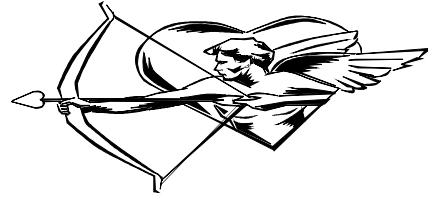


On Thursday I read a paper
and saw a face that I used to know,
she was being rewarded for long service
to a school where we used to go.
I remember when we were kids
we used to say she was a 'babe',
but now those long legs of hers
Somehow just don't look the same.
For around her eyes are lines
and in her hair are greys
and all those wrinkles on her face
has changed her name from 'Babe'.
And as I turn the page
I smile of what used to be
and I can't help but think to myself,
"she looks a lot older than me".



On Sunday I passed the mirror,
I saw a stranger looking at me,
but, I thought I had a good life
so can this really be me.
For around my eyes are lines
and in my hair are greys,
all those years have passed me by
and they only felt like days.
So listen close when I tell you
today you must live your dreams,
you cannot wait for tomorrow
because time isn't what it seems.

Where Pain is Deep



In the wake of a new day,
I open my eyes and pause.
Hoping to see your face again
or hear the whisper of your voice.
In the wake of a new day
things wouldn't be the same,
the flowers would fail to bloom,
if I didn't hear your name.
I see everyone around you
captured in your world
dispersing the energy of the sun
with every spoken word.

I know when you are near me
I hurt when you are sad,
there's a golden glow around you
obsession to the last.
In the wake of a new day
I know that you'll be there,
gliding through your kingdom
granting wishes everywhere.
I see you at a distance,
I feel you by my side.
The love that I hold for you,
can never be denied.

I'm a true knight from the old world
who followed you to this,
One day I will awake you
upon your lips I will kiss.
I'll be victorious at the battles
against the ones who just don't know,
the splendour that is you
and the power you behold.
But alas I'll be defeated
in the war where pain is deep,
when you tell me truly,
that your love is not for me. July 1997

Appreciation

A Man had a dream one night,
he was walking down a country lane with his guardian angel.
The Angel said to him,
“you seem to be a little troubled, my friend, let’s sit down and you
can tell me all of your problems”
The man began to tell him about all of his burden’s,
“I’m tired of coming home from work to find my wife in a bad mood,
When I come in from work the children demand so much of my
time and won’t allow me an hour in peace,
I’m tired of eating the same food every week, there is never
anything new in my fridge,
and I’m tired having an old car, I’m so embarrassed”
The Angel responded to him
“If these are the thing’s that cause you to suffer, I will take care of
them for you.”
In the morning when the man awoke, there was peace in his
house.
There wasn’t any children shouting or demanding his time,
There was no wife in a bad mood to scream at him.
He walked down to the kitchen and opened the fridge to prepare
his breakfast, the fridge was completely empty, with the exception
of a small note, that read:
“I’m tired of you coming home from work late, and not spending
time with the children, I’m tired of you not helping me with the
shopping.
So I have left you and taken the children away.”
The man then noticed an image of the Angel in the mirror,
the Angel said to him
“my poor friend, you thought that you had so many problems,
when all of the time you only had one:
a Lack of Appreciation for what you have already.”



The Garden of Heaven

Once there was a young boy, who could not see, or walk.
He spent most of his time at home in his wheelchair.
He used to listen to his brothers playing football outside,
and laughing as they played their games.
This made the boy feel very sad,
and at night would often cry himself to sleep.
In his prayers he used to ask God the same questions over and over,
why me? what have I done wrong?
One night whilst he was asleep,
he dreamt that he wheeled his chair towards a bright light.
For the first time he could see. There was a man standing ahead,
he knew that the man was Jesus.
As he approached the Lord he saw the most beautiful sight,
flowers, trees, fields, mountains, and blue skies.
The Lord helped the boy from his chair,
and asked him to stand by his side.
The boy couldn't help but ask the Lord,
*"Why did you make me this way? I cannot walk,
I cannot see, why have I been punished?"*
The Lord turned to the boy and replied,
*"My dear, dear child, you have not been punished,
you have been specially chosen.*
*Look at the Garden of Heaven before you,
I couldn't possibly walk through all this beauty by myself,
So for now I need you to rest your eyes and rest your legs,
ready for the next world,
when we will walk through the Garden of heaven 'together.'*"

SKATING HIGH

I'm skating high on the lake of doom,
above the troubles of my material world.
I'm looking down still in control
With people hanging on to every word.
Frosted faces and frosted chores
Lie low beneath my feet,
And me, I stand so powerful
Pleasing everyone I meet.
But suddenly I feel the ice melting
Issues come face to face,
My feet are becoming dampened
In this my final race.

The wind is blowing me off course
The wind is death to me of course,
I try my best to reset my sail
I'll try my best not to fail.
I'm a small boat in a large sea
But too large for my lake
My mind is a shipwrecked island
Without a word to say.
I never saw the iceberg
I thought I was too strong to care
Now I must survey my treasures
And let the breeze lead me anywhere.

I'm a car driving on my road
So fast yet in control.
Everyone watches me pass by
Like a flash on my way home.
I should have seen the lights head
I should have read my road
I should have been listening
Instead of gambling with my soul.
My brakes are tight to the floor
I'm skating on the ice
Cars are rushing toward me
As I meet my unplanned demise

A declaration of Love

From a distance she calls to me
In my sleep she whispers my name
I feel her delicate touch on my face
My heart senses her pain
But her, she feels no sorrow
For her love drowns her tears
She will walk in the shadows
But my love I shall not fear.

I'll hold her hand all of the way
On her walk as she pays her price
We'll kiss the cross as we reach the end
The cold stone provides our light
And as the trees hide the moon
And the wind whistles its rhyme
there is only one shadow cast on the ground
It's not hers but mine

My love my life my beauty
I'll stay with you until the end of time
Even though you've left the world
Our love will never divide
My love my life my reason
I still feel your presence near
My love my life my Mabel
I know you're always here.

A Poem for the dying – Told by DS

*“Gentle spirit, please to come,
My life on earth is almost done.
Appear before my closing eye,
Tell me again I cannot die,
Here is my hand, please hold it fast,
then with courage I will pass.
Across that bridge that’s built with love,
into summer land above”.*

A Poem for bereaved Mothers

In a baby castle just beyond my eye,
My baby plays with angel toys that money cannot
buy.

Who am I to wish him back,
Into this world of strife?
No, play on my baby,
You have eternal life.

At night when all is silent
And sleep forsakes my eyes
I'll hear his tiny footsteps come running to my side.
His little hands caress me, so tenderly and sweet
I'll breathe a prayer and close my eyes and
embrace him in my sleep.

Now that I have a treasure that I rate above all
other,
I have known true glory – I am still his mother.

(told by DS)

The Traveller

The smiling man completes his show
the audience waves goodbye.
No one knows where he goes
or see the void in his life.

●.....●
As the cars park upon their drives
and the men kiss the cheek of their wives
children rush to say hello
but our smiling man is left alone.

●.....●
His wife so many miles away
he dreams of his children watching them play.
The four walls are closing in on him
he knows every corner of the hotel he's in.

●.....●
Sitting at the bar or by the TV
the travelling men live in secrecy,
except for the loud one by the maid
who pretends to laugh at the jokes that he makes.

●.....●
The smiling man isn't a happy soul
There's a colourful city but no where to go.
A polite goodnight as he leaves the room
and retires upstairs to solitary gloom.

●.....●
This is the job the work he does
Away from the all the one he loves.
He works to live but lives to work
A life alone they call a perk.

Death / a fact of life

*And when death finally takes my hand
I know that peace will come.
I'll be taken to a new land
the place were I was first born.*

*I will not worry nor will I fear
the cross over to my plain.
You'll no longer see me nor will you feel me but I'll still be here just
the same.*

*For death, she had visited me many times
even stroked my hair whilst I was asleep.
She said this world isn't really mine
and I wasn't yours to keep.*

*Death shouldn't be feared at all
for the Lord made it all go on.
Our spirits rise when our bodies fall
as life goes on and on.*

April 2001

My Love

And as I awake from my deep sleep
to face a brand new day.
I'd creep down to make a drink
and shout 'would coffee be ok?'

It's the quiet hour in our home,
only the children scream.
We'll both sit in silence
staring at the TV screen.

We've been together for oh so long
that I can't remember a time
when my love didn't share my life
and I couldn't declare her mine.

But our love isn't a fantasy
We'll fight like cat and dog,
and then spend an hour or two in silence
before we'll carry on.

And when I chastise the kids she'll scream
"Can't you shout any louder?"
And when I decide to turn a blind eye
She'll say "you let them get away with murder".

Some would say that I cannot win
and so should ride the breeze.
But I would say our love was typical
of a love that will always be.

Smelly Pete

There was a boy in my class



we used to call him smelly Pete.
You'd know when he was coming
as you could smell his stinky feet.

It didn't matter how far you went
there was no escape at all
Every morning going into school
you could smell him down the hall.

They say he once had a girlfriend
They called her sweaty Sue
Her armpits smelt like a toilet
or the bins at the back of the zoo.

I'd hate to think if they had a child
Just what would be it's name?
Slimy, sweaty or grimy
Cause it would no doubt smell the same.

Smelly Pete Smelly Pete
Oh will you ever be clean?
I guess there's more of a chance
of Pickachu marrying the queen.

Smelly Pete Smelly Pete
I have a message for you
You may smell like a compost heap
But we wouldn't be without you.

So please Pete continue
to drive us around the bend
you may smell like a camel's bum
but I think you're my bestest friend.

On an August morn I packed my bags
and headed for a castle upon the coast.
Some twelve miles short in green Carlops
I stopped to rest and met mine host.
Fine ales did flow till' late that night
and the food tasted so divine.
Hospitality was no trouble there
in this place that knows no time.
On my way to heaven searching for a little peace
leaving behind my hell.
It was there where I experienced tranquillity
at the Allan Ramsey Hotel.

ALLAN RAMSEY

It was Friday night when the doors opened wide
and the festival goers came inside.
Lots of wine and food to feed
and seats to rest their poor weary feet.
But we had all rented the beds
and now there's nowhere for them to rest their heads.
The landlady cried feeling their pain
and begged all the inns to take them in.

But no one could respond to her plea
all were full no beds were free.
And so the poor people did return once more
to feel the warmth that they felt before.
And to my surprise the landlady said
"don't worry people you can take my bed"
That night an angel had come down for them
to give them hope in this Scottish land.
And I was touched by what I saw
a stranger holding out her helping hand.

Oh Allan Ramsey with your painting old
with eyes that follow wherever you go
I know that you are watching me
As I slowly drift and fall to sleep.
I wished to stay another night
and ask the lady if it will be alright
But sadly its time for me to move on
as my room is prepared for another one.
So Allan Ramsey we must say goodbye
as I head south with a tear in my eye.
For now a memory ever so sweet
until next summer when again we'll meet

(August 2001)